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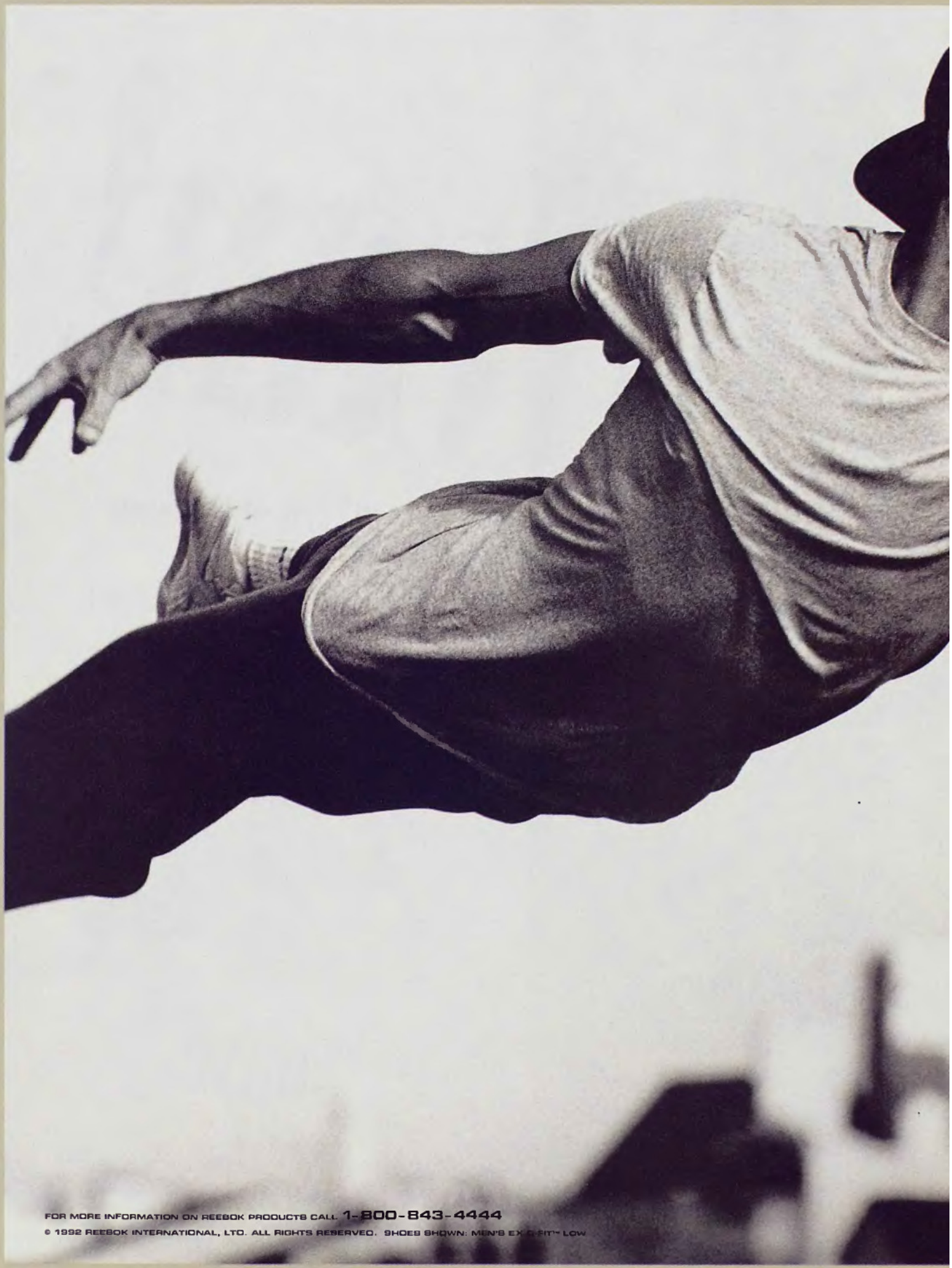

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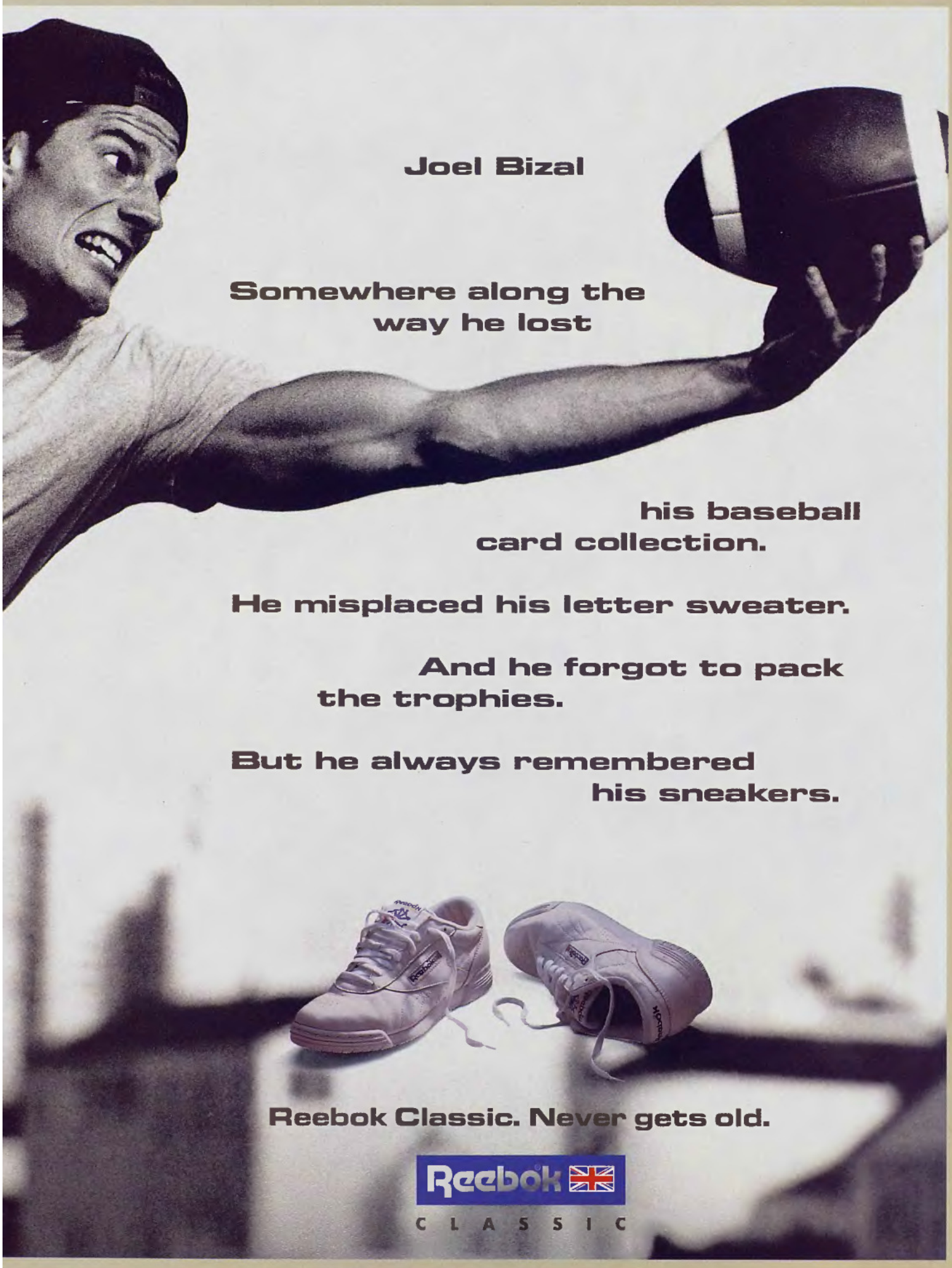
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WHAT'S CHRISTMAS without candid conversation? Remember standing in line for hours to tell Santa Claus your heart's desire, to confess a few sins and misdemeanors, all the while waiting for the goods to be delivered? The wait is over.

PLAYBOY corralled archconservative **Rush Limbaugh** for a *mano a mano Playboy Interview* (the one wielding the microphone is novelist **D. Keith Mano**). Why did Rush—the author of the best-selling *The Way Things Ought to Be*—agree to appear in the pages of a magazine loathed by the legions of dittoheads who listen to and watch his radio and television shows? "You go where the sinners are," says Limbaugh. "So here I am, in the pages of PLAYBOY, attempting in what meager way I can to clean it up." Limbaugh covers the waterfront: Clinton, free-market economics, "feminazis"—and the two times he smoked dope. (Yes, he inhaled. No, he didn't get high, but you could have guessed that.)

While we wrap presents and set cookies by the fireplace, we're likely to listen in on *The Tonight Show*, if not for the conversation, then for the music. In a sharp *20 Questions*, **Neil Tesser** sat in with America's hottest late-night bandleader, **Branford Marsalis.** The Grammy Award–winning saxophonist riffs on success, playing with Sting, musical slavery and why he'd like to ass-whip Keith Jarrett. Marsalis is a man who refuses to be categorized, which makes it difficult to find just one place for him in our annual *Playboy Jazz & Rock Poll*. So, loyal fans, vote early and often. You'll also want to read Tesser's ode to **Ella Fitzgerald** in our *Jazz* column.

As we recall, the best part of Christmas is making a list of who's been naughty and who's been nice. (We always thought those were one and the same.) **Harry Maurer's** *Sex: An Oral History* is the ultimate in confessions. The author toured the country, getting Americans to reveal how, when and where they get it on. We've culled a set of revealing tales from the forthcoming book (to be published by Viking/Penguin).

If you want to move from the hot and heavy to the meaning of it all, check out *The Playboy Forum*'s package on sex. The "State of the Union" describes some obstacles to truly astonishing sex, while a companion piece asks such erotic visionaries as **Lisa Palac** (editor of *Future Sex*), **Susie Bright** (editor of a series of lusty literary anthologies) and **Marty Klein** (sex therapist and frequent contributor) to describe the future of sex.

Because we think sex is the greatest gift, we've put a few more surprises under the tree. **Bruce Jay Friedman** spins a tale of honor and lust in *The Gent* (illustrated by pop art master **Larry Rivers,** who wrote his unauthorized autobiography, *What Did I Do?*). How do you behave when your best friend's daughter is sitting next to you, skirt drawn back, tanned legs kicked up on the dashboard? Remember, Santa Claus knows everything.

Science fiction author **Robert Silverberg** recounts the discovery of an out-of-this-world sexual contortion known as *The Sri Lanka Position*. Would you buy an 80-minute VHS cassette that promises Himalayan heights in bodily joy, or double your money back? Artist **Jim Spanfeller** helps you visualize the event. We have to add the warning: Do not try this at home.

'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house, electronic messages flew with the click of a mouse. **Robert S. Wieder** presents imaginary holiday salutations from cyberspace. Last year's celebrity telephone messages have become this year's *Celebrity E-mail*.

One of the few places on earth more remote than the North Pole is the island of Tetiaroa near Tahiti. During the filming of *Mutiny on the Bounty*, **Marlon Brando** fell in love with the place,

MANO

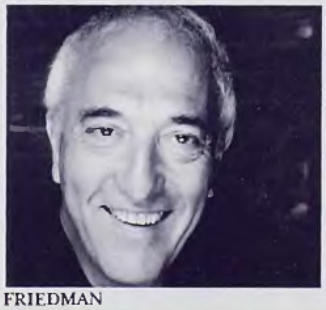
TESSER

MAURER

PALAC

BRIGHT

KLEIN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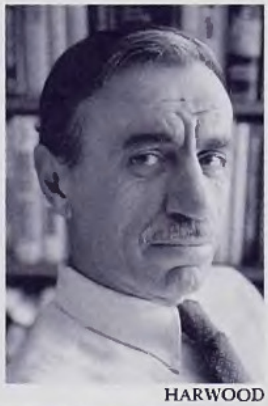


HARWOOD

RICHARDSON

STAMBLER

telling an assistant director, "I can go around barefoot, stripped to the waist, wear anything I want and nobody pays attention." It's time someone did. The actor's quest for privacy and an environmental utopia has turned into a scene from *Apocalypse Now*. **Peter Manso** recounts the tragic fall from grace in *Marlon Brando's Paradise Lost*.

Speaking of apocalypses, there appears to be one brewing in Afghanistan. In *Reporter's Notebook*, **Robert Scheer** details the threat of fundamentalist-run terrorist camps—with personnel trained by the CIA. Maybe it's time Clinton revealed what we sold to whom. At the moment there are 300 Stinger missiles unaccounted for, any one of which can knock down a 747. Another regular contributor, *Men* columnist **Asa Baber,** tells a gripping story about a tragic murder in Wisconsin. It's the grim side of the war between the sexes. On a lighter note, Baber will be debating that very conflict with Nora Dunn of *Saturday Night Live* fame in a funny, feisty show on Playboy Cable. It takes to the air November 6.

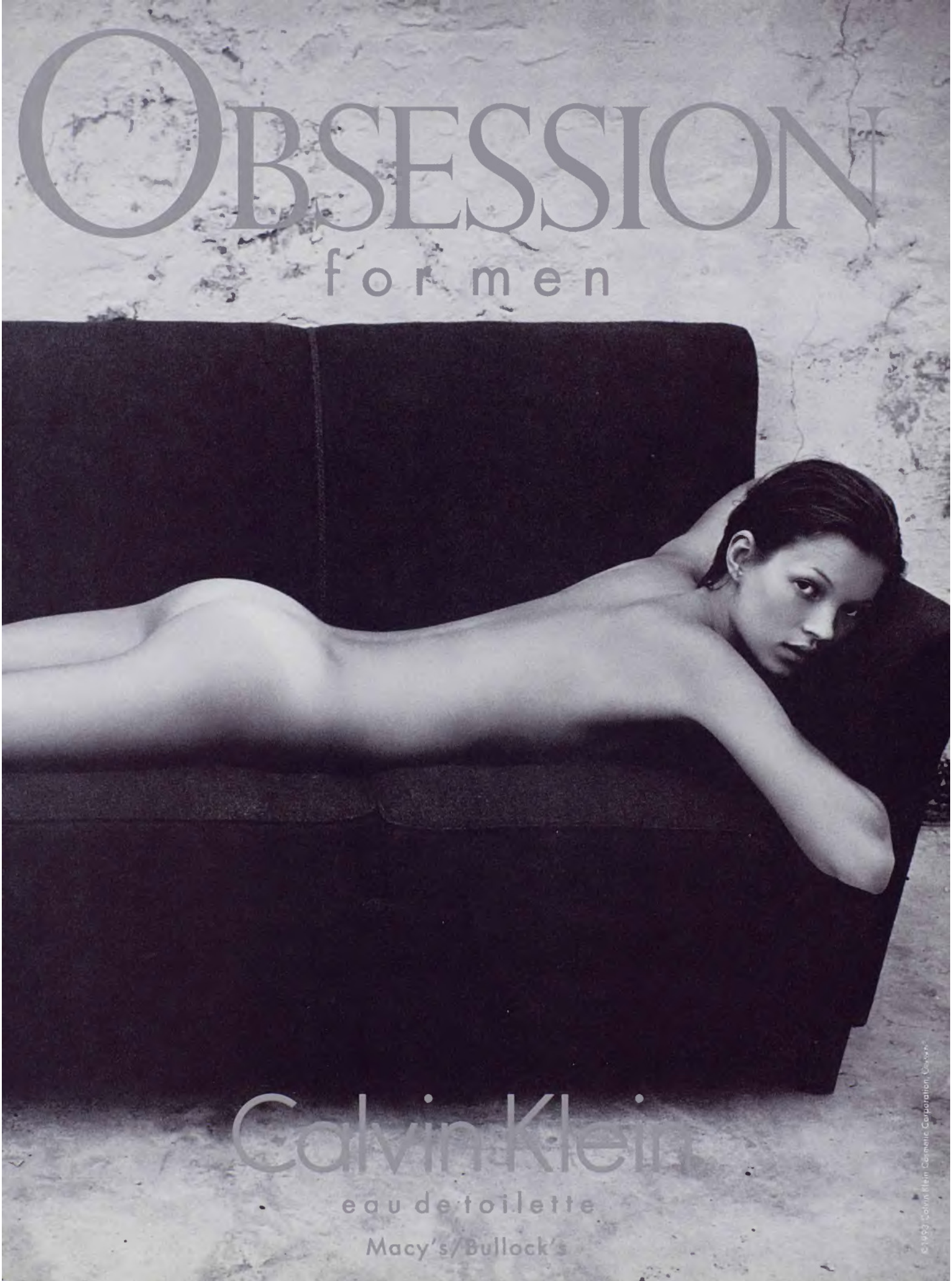
If winter travel plans take you to Florida, best to go armed with **Carl Hiaasen's** *South Florida Survival Guide*. (**William Joyce** provided the illustration.) Hiaasen, a *Miami Herald* columnist, is best known for his wildly funny crime novels (such as the one in which a guy uses a Weedwacker to settle etiquette questions). It turns out the dangers are just slices of real life toned down for the conventions of fiction. A sample of his advice: "If during your Florida vacation you should find body parts at your hotel, call the front desk and demand a new room at the same rate—and be firm about it." Be wary, too, of dolphin lust and falling bales of marijuana.

There was a time when life was ruled as a meritocracy. Not so in this era of lowered expectations and paltry job prospects. The Nineties will be known as the time when sucking up was a necessary skill. We offer a few articles to help you figure it all out. **Glenn O'Brien** maps out the new terrain in *Sucking Up*, and **Joe Queenan** gives us *Obsequiousness in the Modern Era*. The artwork is by **Rhonald Blommestijn.** We round out the package with *A Pucker-Up Primer* and our nominees to the Order of the Brown Nose. Hey, Santa, you're my main man and I like how you motivate those elves. Your product line this year is fab. It sucks that we honor you only once a year, you know?

We also present our annual forecast of the college hoops season. Sports Editor **Gary Cole** gives us *Playboy's College Basketball Preview*. The event allows us to indulge in a little gift-giving of our own: the announcement of the winner of the Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete Award.

At Christmas some people are dazzled by the lights. They find romance in the flicker of a candle in the window, a string of bulbs around the tree, the glittering reflections of ornaments. We find it in the soft explosion of a strobe light on a set in our photo studio. This issue is a visual extravaganza. Start with a gift-wrapped celebration of **Erika Eleniak,** who began public life as a Playmate and went on to star in TV's *Baywatch* and the movie *Under Siege*. Don't miss her in the upcoming film version of *The Beverly Hillbillies*—or here. The hot all-girl rock group **Fem 2 Fem** (photographed by **Richard Fegley**) should also brighten your holiday. Top that off with our wonderful Miss December, **Arlene Baxter,** and you'll have visions of sugarplums dancing in your head. For a look at erotica from the days before Kodachrome, check out *Now, That's a Tomato*, a salute to the pinup artists who helped sell fruits and vegetables. Finally, there's the annual eight-page sampler of *Sex Stars 1993*. (The text is by our friend **Jim Harwood,** who, after 16 years of covering the sex-and-celebrity beat, recently passed away. We'll miss him.)

You can let the rest of the year slide by, but if you want to make the most of the holiday parties, you'll heed our sartorial advice. First, **Donald Charles Richardson** offers *Playboy's Guide to Grooming*. Second, we asked a few country stars to model what to wear above those two-stepping boots (snapped by **Wayne Stambler**). And last, there's the ultimate letter to Santa—*Playboy's Christmas Gift Guide*. You can fax it—or send it by e-mail—to the North Pole.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CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL		5
DEAR PLAYBOY		15
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS		21
MEN	ASA BABER	38
WOMEN	CYNTHIA HEIMEL	42
REPORTER'S NOTEBOOK: TERRIBLE PAYBACK—opinion	ROBERT SCHEER	45
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR		47
THE PLAYBOY FORUM		49
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: RUSH LIMBAUGH—candid conversation		59
MARLON BRANDO'S PARADISE LOST—orticle	PETER MANSO	86
BEVERLY HILLS HOT: ERIKA ELENIAK—pictorial		90
THE GENT—fiction	BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN	100
NOW, THAT'S A TOMATO—portfolio		103
FEM 2 FEM—pictorial		110
SEX: AN ORAL HISTORY—article	HARRY MAURER	116
PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT COLLECTION—modern living		120
A SOUTH FLORIDA SURVIVAL GUIDE—article	CARL HIAASEN	126
NORTHWESTERN EXPOSURE—ploybоy's playmate of the month		130
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor		142
SUCKING UP—etiquette	GLENN O'BRIEN	144
A PUCKER-UP PRIMER		146
OBSEQUIOUSNESS IN THE MODERN ERA	JOE QUEENAN	147
OUR HEROES HAVE ALWAYS BEEN COWBOYS—fashion	HOLLIS WAYNE	149
THE SRI LANKA POSITION—fiction	ROBERT SILVERBERG	156
CELEBRITY E-MAIL—humor	ROBERT S. WIEDER	158
PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO GROOMING—modern living	DONALD CHARLES RICHARDSON	162
LOOK SHARP, FEEL SHARP		225
PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE BASKETBALL PREVIEW—sports	GARY COLE	169
SEX STARS 1993—pictorial	text by JIM HARWOOD	174
20 QUESTIONS: BRANFORD MARSALIS		184
PLAYBOY JAZZ & ROCK POLL		190
PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE		237

Erika Rising P. 90

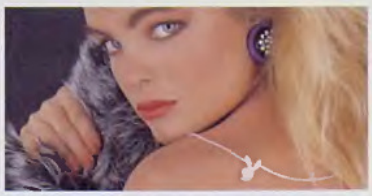
Sucking Up P. 144

Northwestern Exposure P. 130

Paradise Lost P. 86

COVER STORY

Our gala Christmas issue—filled with fabulous femmes and literary lights—delivers the goods. So does cover model Erika Eleniak. Our cover was designed by Senior Art Director Len Willis, styled by Lee Ann Perry and shot by Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda. Kudos to John Victor for styling Erika's hair, Pat Tomlinson for makeup, N. H. Rosenthal Furs of Chicago. Erika's earrings are by Rokoff for Judith King. "Great back rub," quips our Rabbit.



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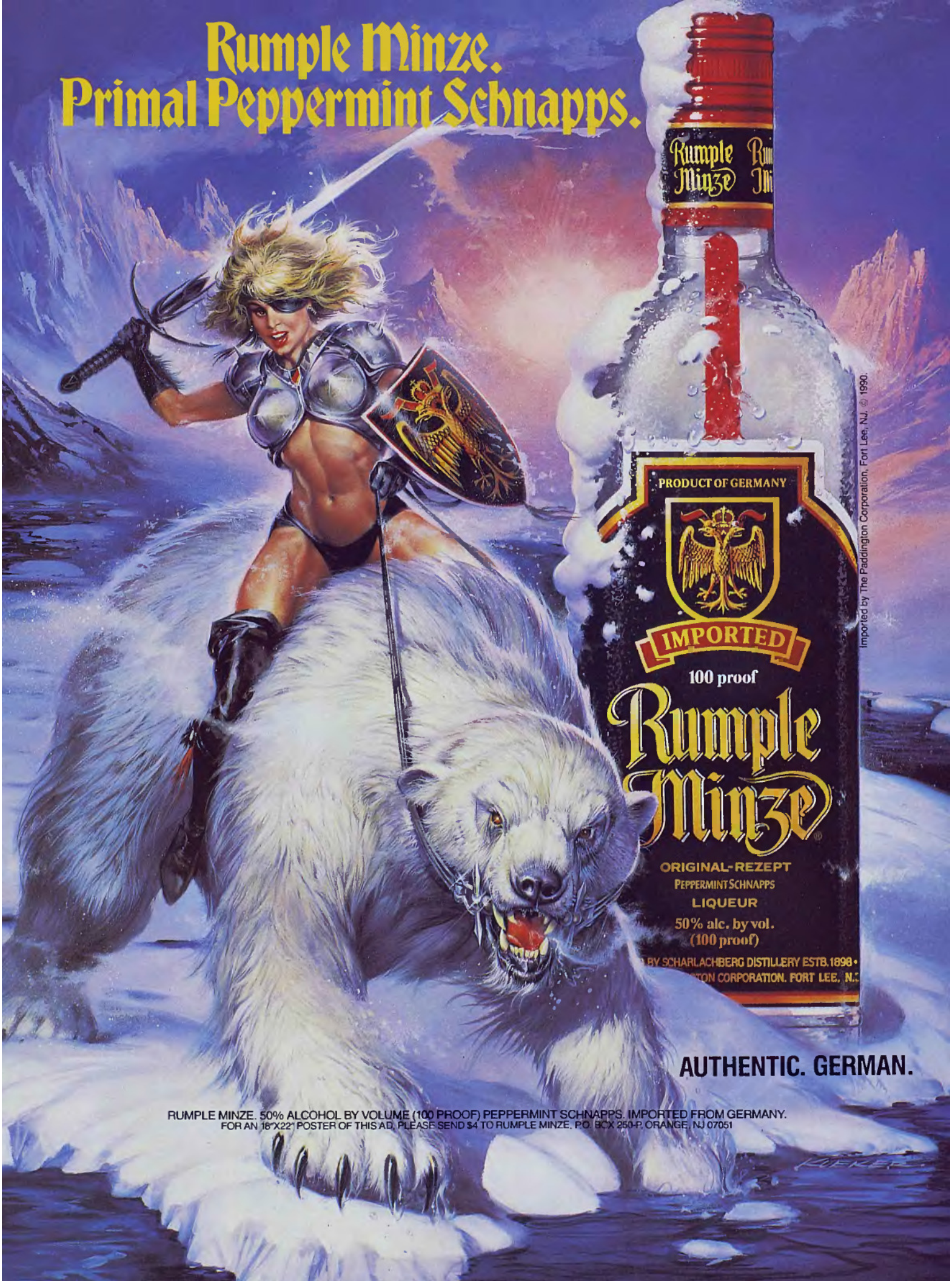
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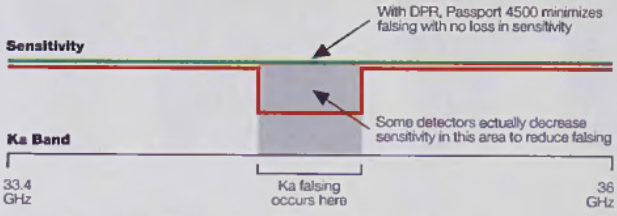
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LARRY KRAMER

Congratulations to PLAYBOY and David Nimmons for the provocative interview with gay warrior and AIDS activist Larry Kramer (PLAYBOY, September). That PLAYBOY would have both the courage and the enlightened interest in gay rights issues and the politics of AIDS to print such an interview reconfirms my belief that PLAYBOY always rises above the stereotype of a sexist magazine. I haven't seen such an in-depth interview with (or profile of) Larry Kramer in any other American publication, probably because he is, as the founder of Act Up, too radical a subject for most publications. Not for PLAYBOY!

Paul Robertson
New York, New York

Larry Kramer is right when he says that AIDS is a plague, not an epidemic. He's right when he says that, when it came to AIDS, the "door to the White House was cemented shut" during the Reagan and Bush administrations. But David Nimmons is right when he says that "a biological catastrophe is quite different from the conscious and premeditated acts of Hitler," and Kramer is wrong in equating the spread of AIDS to the Holocaust.

It's precisely on the basis of such statements that many people who are sympathetic to Kramer's outrage at the government's laxity in attacking AIDS—people such as myself—find him frustratingly self-contradictory. It was Kramer, back in the early Eighties, who warned about promiscuous homosexual lifestyles that have unquestionably contributed to the spread of AIDS in the gay community.

And, insomuch as lifestyles have contributed to the spread of AIDS, this plague can in no way be compared to the Holocaust, in which the lifestyles of European Jews played no part, but in which murderous racial hatred certainly did.

David Schneider
Los Angeles, California

Kramer is a person twisted with hate, someone who sees conspiracies everywhere. We've heard it before: "The blacks want to rape our women and murder us all in our beds," and "The Jews are conspiring against the Reich." Sorry, Kramer, but one Hitler per century is one too many.

Robert Bard
Houston, Texas

Larry Kramer wants to blame anybody but himself for his predicament. As an active, fanatic leader for gay rights, how does he expect to persuade the heterosexual majority to provide understanding, acceptance, sympathy and financial help when he accuses us of pushing gays into promiscuity by violating their individual rights, thus causing the AIDS "plague"?

What a stupid idea! Men and women have been having normal sexual intercourse for tens of thousands of years—with a lot of promiscuity—without a high incidence of AIDS.

Rather than faulting heterosexual discrimination or gay promiscuity, shouldn't the blame for increasing the risk of AIDS be focused on men who are having unnatural sexual intercourse with other men?

Terry and Amy Rand
Naples, Florida

WOMEN AT WAR

Robert Scheer's "Women at War" (*Reporter's Notebook*, PLAYBOY, September) speaks eloquently of the sacrifices and demonstrated courage of women in our Armed Forces and forcibly argues that the American female soldier's foremost enemy will be not foreign male soldiers, but our own.

However, I must play the curmudgeon when it comes to Scheer's statement that "24 female soldiers were raped or assaulted by men they were serving with" in the Gulf war. Rape is one thing, assault is another. The former

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applies to a sexual attack, the latter to any kind of physical attack. Scheer equates assault and rape by implication, whereas they are two different crimes. Suppose he wrote, "22 women were physically assaulted and two women were raped"? That paragraph would have a much different impact.

That brings me to another question. How many men are assaulted or raped in the military each year by fellow soldiers? Allowing that rape may be far less common than physical assault, suppose Scheer's sentence had read, "400 men were raped or assaulted in 1992," translating into 390 men assaulted and ten sexually attacked?

Having served in the military, I suspect that at least 400 soldiers are physically assaulted by fellow soldiers each year. I'd bet my last penny that at least ten are sexually attacked.

The bottom line, so far as I'm concerned, is that, whether you're a man or a woman, if you enlist in the military you risk being assaulted or raped (even though that risk may be small). Should women take that risk? It's up to them.

Kelly Nichols
Pasadena, California

JOHN SINGLETON TALKS TOUGH

I found Contributing Editor David Rensin's profile of film director John Singleton (*John Singleton Talks Tough*, PLAYBOY, September) to be disturbing. But recently, my two teenage sons rented the video of Singleton's first film, *Boyz N the Hood*, and I watched it with them because it had received glowing reviews. Now I don't know what to think of this young man. His film was, well, beautiful. Full of heart and humor and joy and sadness.

I don't suppose Singleton cares that a fortysomething white suburban housewife was touched by his story, but I was. I just hope that one day the hardness he projects becomes unnecessary.

Marjorie Smith
Palo Alto, California

BLUNDERING TOWARD WACO

I enjoyed David Heilbroner's firsthand look inside the FBI training center in Quantico, Virginia (*Blundering Toward Waco*, PLAYBOY, September), but he went too far in trying to pin the disaster at Waco on the FBI "mentality." The article is interesting enough without trying to link the way FBI agents are trained with the immolation of David Koresh's Branch Davidians.

Bill Cooper
Arlington, Virginia

Heilbroner implies that the FBI, with an extra dose of "restraint and judgment," plus "patience, humility and insight," might not have provoked David Koresh and his followers to burn themselves (and their children) alive. Heilbroner overlooks the fact that the final decision to batter down the walls of the compound was made not by the FBI but by Attorney General Janet Reno with the full support of President Clinton. Maybe if there had been a little more patience, humility and insight at the top level of government, it would have filtered down to the FBI.

Nelson Rodriguez
Fort Worth, Texas

BIRD OF THE MONTH

Mr. Hefner, I have seen you on various TV specials in which you are interviewed at your mansion. I've noticed that you have many animals, including

exotic birds such as cockatoos and macaws. I am also a bird lover and I have spent all my life with them. Often I think just how comical it would be if besides talking like people they looked like people. This thought inspired me to create costumes for my birds. These costumes in no way cause the birds discomfort. I decided to show some of my birds reading PLAYBOY magazine, and I have enclosed some pictures of these birds that I thought you would enjoy.

Alba Ballard
Huntington Station, New York

WAKE-UP CALL

In his September *Men* column, "Wake-Up Call," Asa Baber deplores the lack of any organized men's movement and suggests that the mythopoetics are phony. He's generally right about the latter, but dead wrong about the former. The Men's Right's Association (now Men's Defense Association) was incorporated in 1973 for the purpose of defending men, masculinity and fatherhood. Our samizdat, *The Liberator*, has been examining gender issues since 1968.

Unfortunately, should-be sympathizers in a position to do so have provided little support. The lack of cooperation is mysterious: We're not a back-alley operation. We publish writers such as Warren Farrell, now that he's come over to the men's side. We also criticized him when he was on the other side, which may explain our unpopularity with the "smart set." We publish a running liberal-conservative debate between the best minds in the legitimate men's movement. Perhaps popular men's magazines ignore us because of our unfashionable attitudes. We don't dismiss patriarchy or spout pseudointellectual hedonism, nor do we celebrate homosexuality. If that disqualifies us for attention, so be it.

However, for normal men needing help, we're here, we're active and we have been for a long time.

Richard F. Doyle, President,
Men's Defense Association
Forest Lake, Minnesota

MIAMI HEAT

Your pictorial on the beautiful women of Miami's South Beach (*Miami Heat*, PLAYBOY, September) is the first thing I've ever read that makes me glad that I live in a mobile home. I'm putting this sucker on a flatbed truck (look out: WIDE LOAD) and moving South. I may not ever actually meet Tracy George, but nobody can say I didn't try.

Phillip Carter
Akron, Ohio

Julianna Young is spectacular! A breathtaking beauty among the beautiful women of *Miami Heat*, she deserves her own Playmate pictorial soon!

Tom Satchell
LaPine, Oregon

How about sooner than soon, Tom? If you received the November issue, you've already had your wish fulfilled. We hope Julianna's pictorial made you—and the dozens of other readers who asked to see her again—happy.

WATER BABY

September Playmate Carrie Westcott (*Water Baby*) best describes herself when she says, "I'm a hippie, a flower child at heart. I pick flowers and burn incense and love to run around naked."

Well, I came of age in the Sixties. I met Jim Morrison personally, I grow my own flowers, make my own incense and, on my little farm out here in the great wild West, anybody who wants to run around naked is welcome to do so, particularly if they look like Carrie.

Tell her my lava lamp is lit. I've got the tarot cards dealt and I'll be glad to explain the secrets of her favorite decade.

George Bennet
Butte, Montana

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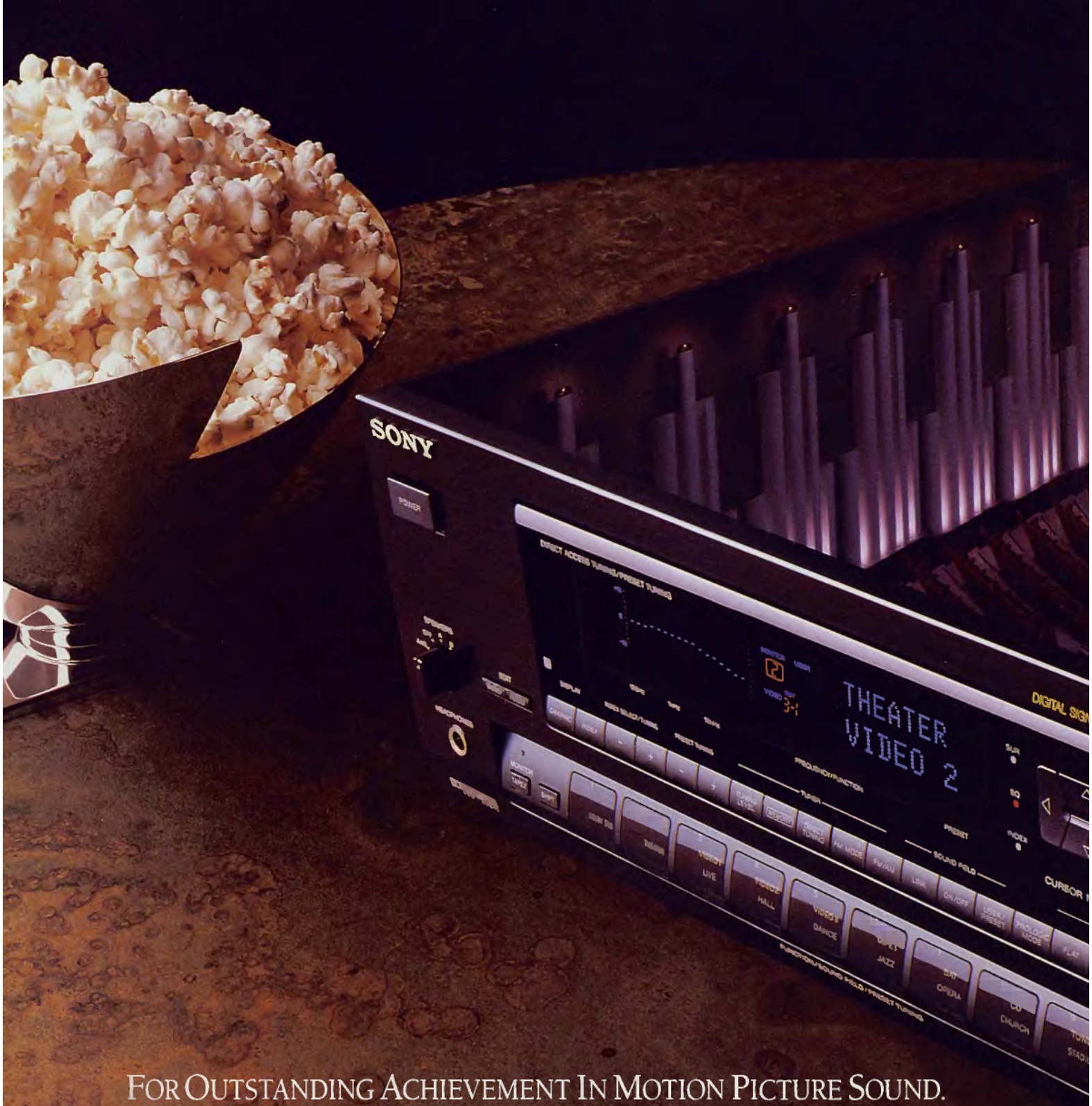

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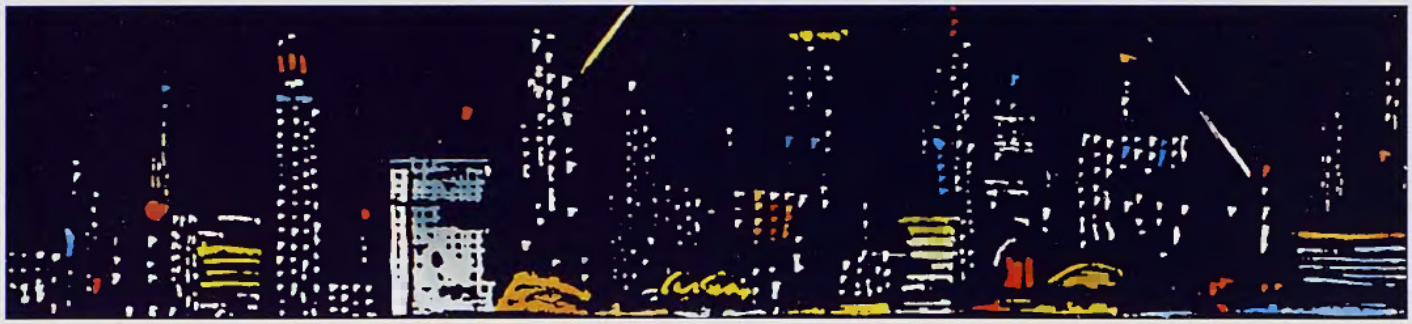


IDOL CHATTER

Billy Idol is taking some virtual heat from his newly adopted soul mates for the title of his recent CD, *Cyberpunk*. The first signs of Idol-bashing by computer hackers showed up on the Attitude, Internet's cyberpunk news group, as cybercritics panned the erstwhile punk rocker turned cyberspace cowboy for coming on so late in the scene. It turns out that the sneering one himself was tuned in. "I ain't no rock star. I am an eager student," was the obsequious start to Idol's network defense, though he concluded with an expletive for hackers who questioned his motive. That's when the flaming—cyberspeak for a harangue delivered on the Internet—turned into a fire storm. Hundreds of messages poured in. Some attacked his grammar; others, his style. "Go listen to the Butthole Surfers and Porno for Pyros and feel ashamed of yourself," one note concluded. Idol posted a second message—"I go on regardless. Doesn't that piss you off?"—and the tempest continued. One hacker justified the scorn: "He makes lots of money producing meaningless noise. We have to bash him. It's the great American pastime."

EMPEROR OF THE AIR

Who's the greatest man in the world? According to a poll of Chinese high school students, it's a tie between Chinese premier Chou En-lai and Michael Jordan of the Chicago Red Oxen.

LESBO-A-GO-GO

Are lesbians the Nineties' hippest subculture? From New York to D.C. and along the California coast, girl bars with names such as Clit Club, Lesbo-a-Go-Go and She are drawing not just Sapphists but inquisitive straight girls as well. Go-go dancers, strippers, erotic videos and other stimulating stage acts are de rigueur in today's popular girl bars, despite being déclassé in the lesbian separatist Seventies. On a typical crowded night at New York's women-only Clit Club, patrons strip down to bras or nothing at all to writhe and wriggle in orgiastic abandon on the jam-packed dance floor. "Lesbians aren't good at come-ons and pick-up lines," claims one Clit Club habitué, "so we pack ourselves into tiny spaces where we have to brush up against one another to dance or move around the room." The place to brush up against stars is Los Angeles' She, which has lured the likes of Madonna, Shannen Doherty and Judd Nelson. How did he get in? Preparing for a movie role. Yeah, right. If you're not a movie star, you might just have to take our word for it—or get a wig.

NAVAL MANEUVERS

To help sailors recognize sexual harassment, the Navy has come up with a teaching method that is literally child's play. The brochure *Resolving Conflict: Following the Light of Personal Behavior* employs the playground game of red-light-green-light to distinguish between acceptable and offensive acts. "Threats if sexual favors are not provided" get a red light, while "placing a hand on a person's elbow" gets a green. Apparently designed for people who have difficulty differentiating between bouncing a dime on one's bunk and bouncing a dame on it, the brochure even includes a yellow-light category for such concerns as whistling and unwanted poetry. However, given the varieties and nuances of social interaction, the Navy's booklet won't be complete until it includes designations for YIELD, SLIPPERY WHEN WET and CAUTION—SEVERE TIRE DAMAGE.

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

STUD FEES

Live free, die single seems to be the motto of a batch of Delta Psi fraternity brothers who recently graduated from the University of Vermont. They've formed the Bachelor Trust Corporation, an investment fund that puts a premium on staying single. As a way of staying in touch after college, 35 Delta Psis bought $11 shares in the man or men they thought least likely to wed. Shareholders will wait to see who marries and who holds out. The pot will then be split among owners of shares in the last bachelor. The pool is accruing interest; with talk of liquidity, stock splits, trading and annual reports, the investors say the shares could eventually be worth big bucks—just the thing to supplement their Social Security checks.

•

Blinded by the light: In Tehran, authorities cracked down on violations of Islamic dress codes by arresting 800 women for wearing sunglasses.

WATERPROOF WISDOM

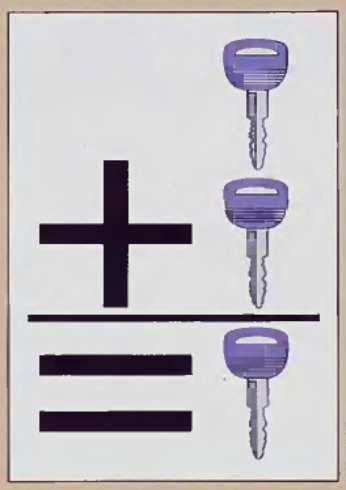
With self-help books clogging the shelves, it's only natural that Kermit the Frog would weigh in for the holiday season with *One Frog Can Make a Difference: Kermit's Guide to Life in the Nineties* (Pocket). Such chapters as "When Bad Things Happen to Good Frogs" and "Iron Frogs, or a Fly in the Belly" give Kermit a chance to wax on about froggie fixations. In "Kermit Finds the Tadpole Within," he wonders whether there is "a

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

FACT OF THE MONTH

According to Toyota, of the 1 million cars it sold in the U.S. in 1992, only 50 pairs have identical keys. To wit: Two California men picking up their brown Camrys from a parking lot accidentally stole the other's car.



QUOTE

"I love women. If I could get into it, it would be great. But you know, it don't mean a thing if it ain't got that schwing."—ACTRESS SHARON STONE, WHEN ASKED IF SHE HAD EVER SLEPT WITH A WOMAN

MONEY FLUSH

Total amount of U.S. debt: $4.3 trillion; interest paid on debt in fiscal 1992: $200 billion. Total donations received from citizens since 1961 to reduce the federal debt: $25 million; percentage of total donations received in fiscal 1992: 18.

•

Number of boxes of Eskimo Pies that Eskimo Pie Corp. needed to sell to wipe out the national debt during a promotion in which it donated 5 cents from each sale: 86 trillion.

PRIORITIES

According to federal sentencing guidelines, required prison sentence without parole for possessing at least $1500 worth of LSD: 10 years; for attempted murder: 6.5 years; for rape: 6 years; for armed robbery: 4.7 years; for theft of at least $80 million: 4 years; for taking a bribe: 6 months. Estimated number of Grateful Dead fans now in prison for LSD offenses: 1500 to 2000; four years ago: about 100. Federal sentence received by a 19-year-old for possessing $2000 worth of LSD (first offense): 10 years; sentence he would have received if convicted in state court: 16 months.

FEAR NOT

According to a survey of 1000 Americans, the percentage who say they fear speaking before a group: 45; who fear heights: 40; deep water: 33; death: 31; flying: 22.

CAR ALARM

According to an insurance-industry study of death rates among drivers of late-Eighties cars, the models with the lowest mortality rates: the Volvo 240 station wagon and the Saab 900 four-door sedan (1 death per 20,000 cars). Auto with highest rate: Chevrolet Corvette Coupe (10 deaths per 20,000). Percentage of Corvette deaths that were single-car accidents: 83.

FAR OUT

According to a study of 133 college students preparing for health careers, percentage who believe in extrasensory perception: 47; that vitamin C can cure colds: 42; in efficacy of psychic or spiritual healing: 33; that aliens have visited earth: 29; in astrology: 26; in satanic possession: 20; that pyramids and crystals have special healing powers: 4.

•

Percentage who claim to have communicated with someone without using the five senses: 25; who say they have healed themselves using the power of their minds: 17; who have communicated with the devil: 9; who have bought a crystal or pyramid for its healing power: 3.

STATIC FLING

During the first year of an experiment at the University of California to find and communicate with aliens, number of radio signals recorded from space: 30 trillion. Number that scientists believe deserve further investigation: 164. —CHIP ROWE

tender tadpole longing to be rediscovered, hugged, freed." Guess it isn't easy being green, either.

CANNED HEAT

An English divorcee arrested for shoplifting used a novel defense: It was the only way she could reach orgasm. A psychologist testifying on her behalf explained that sirens, flashing lights and uniforms excited the mother of three. "I had my first orgasm in the back of a police car when I was 28," the defendant said. "After that I was around the shops every day."

PAVEMENT PRIVY

Of the 309 entries in New York's recent Urban Outhouse Design Competition—a serious contest to create a practical yet aesthetic outdoor restroom—third place went to a team that designed an enormous fire hydrant flanked by an equally enormous dog. When the facility is in use, does the dog's leg lift?

THE COLD WAR, CONTINUED

Now that it's flu season, it's probably best not to employ the Russian cold remedies that Malcolm Gray, Moscow bureau chief of Canada's *Maclean's* magazine, was advised of when he fell ill:

"Inhale the fumes rising from warm honey that is poured into scooped-out turnips."

"Coat the soles of the feet with mustard and slip on a pair of warm socks for 15 minutes (grated raw beets can be substituted for mustard)."

"For stubborn nasal blockage: Rub the yolk and white of a boiled egg on the cheeks and place a cloth over the head while shining a blue light into the eyes."

•

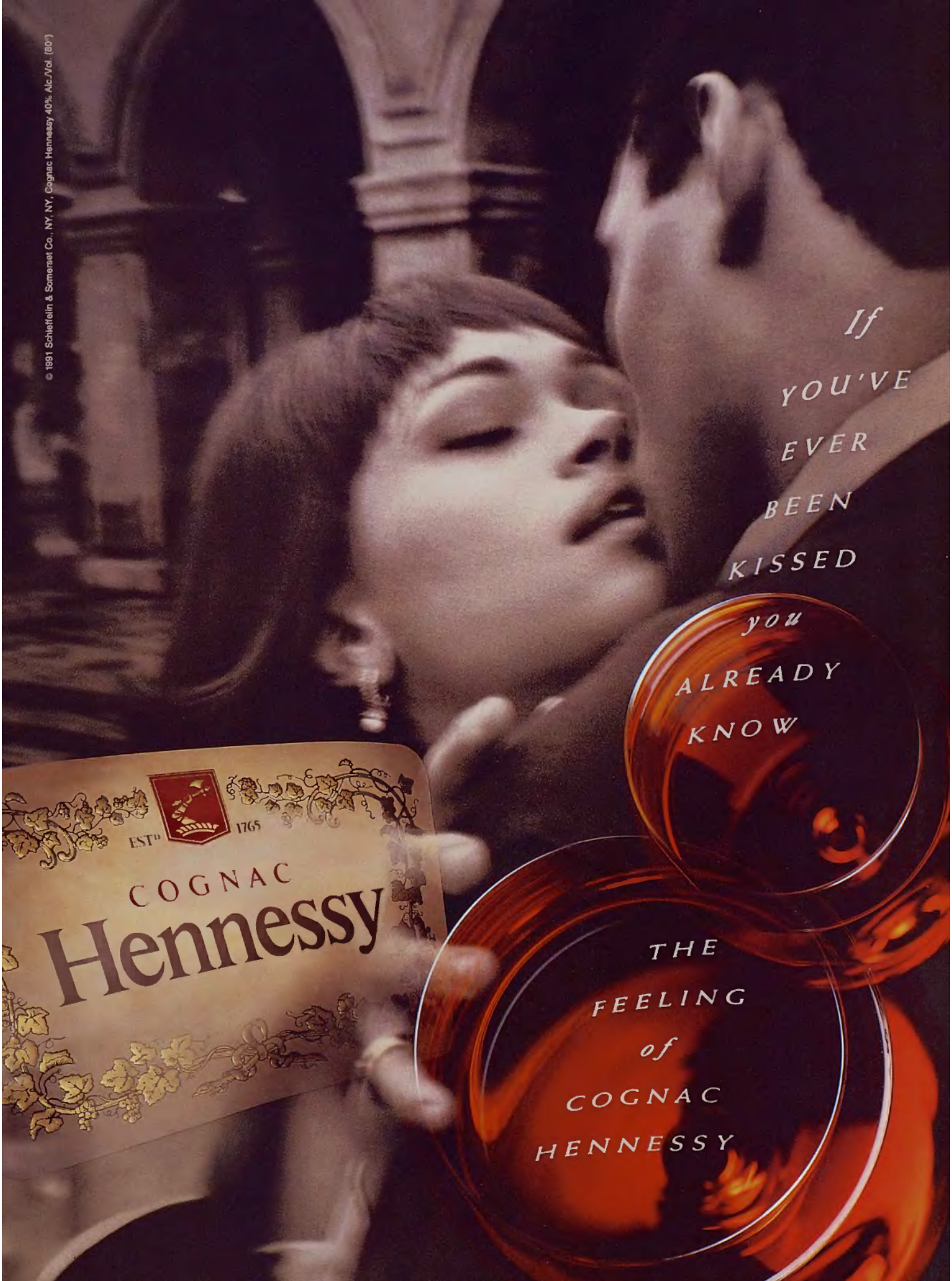
Cat-and-mouse games: After allegedly suffering sexual harassment at the hands of her boss, a British nurse was fired from her job for making him a dead-mouse sandwich.

NORTHWEST PASSAGE

Businessman Ric Adam almost managed to travel with his pet gibbon undetected in the first-class section of a Northwest Airlines flight to Minneapolis. Wrapped in a blanket, the simian passed as a child until an air hostess served lunch. "Given the financial difficulties of Northwest," Adam explained, "I thought they would accept anyone who paid."

•

A Japanese company is marketing noodles it says taste better because they've been made to the tune of Vivaldi's *Four Seasons*. For best results, we suggest that you prepare the noodles while listening to a version of Handel's *Water Music* that really cooks.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MUSIC

VIC GARBARINI

ON NIRVANA'S monumental major-label debut, *Nevermind*, melody and mayhem became friends rather than adversaries. Cobain and company conveyed insight and angst just as effectively as did the punks. Now, into the post-Nirvana universe, the band gives birth to its long-awaited follow-up, ***In Utero*** (DGC), an album that positively delights in a punk, atonal roar. *In Utero* is a back-to-the-womb retreat from *Nevermind*'s more polished sound. It reverts to punk's raw intensity, midwifed by Steve Albini's sonically stripped-down production. But, in Nirvana's brilliant ability to give a surrealistic but accurate voice to a generation's confusion and psychic wounds, *In Utero* also contains the death and rebirth of alternative music. If at first all you hear is the slash and roar, give it time for its simple but ingenious musical structures and multidimensional lyrics to bleed through.

FAST CUTS: The Posies, ***Frosting on the Beater*** (DGC): Until now, these bittersweet popsters have been the odd boys out on the Seattle scene. They were partly at fault, as their bitterness often overwhelmed their sweet harmonies. *Frosting* proves they have struck the necessary balance. Most important, they sound wistful without whining.

DAVE MARSH

Love Gets Strange: The Songs of John Hiatt (Rhino) not only contains no performances by the writer, it doesn't even include his photo. Instead, we hear the Nevilles, Roseanne Cash, Marshall Crenshaw, Kelly Willis, Rodney Crowell, John Doe and Mitch Ryder singing songs of off-kilter romantic cynicism.

Perfectly Good Guitar (A&M) just about guarantees that the next compilation of Hiatt songs will have to include something sung by the guy himself. It opens with Hiatt howling like a dog on *Something Wild* and closes with *Loving a Hurricane*, which sounds like one. In between, Hiatt exceeds both craft and quirkiness to establish a voice as powerful as his lyricism. Hiatt has found how to use an ungainly voice as effectively as, say, Pete Townshend does, and the raw guitar playing, not so much crude as rude, only reinforces the effect. Hiatt has not quite succumbed to grunge; he's too committed to using standard song format to wreak his havoc. But he is the first singer-songwriter to figure out how to marshal some of grunge's effects to suit his purpose. Especially on the title track and the truly crazed *Wreck of the Barbie Ferrari*, Hiatt sounds as if he's finally found a home. It's not a normal place, but it's a comfortable one.

JOE FOURNIER

Nirvana gives birth to *In Utero*.

Nirvana goes back to the womb, John Hiatt finds a home and Babyface gets emotional.

FAST CUTS: Los Lobos, ***Just Another Band from East L.A.*** (Slash/Warner): Comparing this set with such contemporary Mexican bands as Los Caifanes, El Tri, Tex Tex and especially the exquisitely disreputable Maldita Vecindad makes Los Lobos seem quaintly folkloric. Among those groups, the goal is energy more than authenticity. Los Lobos has its attractions—the members sing really well together and David Hidalgo has written some fine songs—but in this context, its lack of fire makes the title all too true.

Sounds of the South: A Musical Journey from the Georgia Sea Islands to the Mississippi Delta (Atlantic): Field hollers, kids' tunes, gospel and blues intermingle into a Brunswick stew of this nation's cultural heart. In short, it's a poetic excursion, not a dusty documentary, even if the material was recorded more than 30 years ago. The Mississippi Fred McDowell tracks alone justify the whole affair, and Almeda Riddle will teach you why Bob Dylan just recorded *Frog Went A-Courtin'*.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

Latest in a long line of original singers from Ireland, ***Eleanor McEvoy*** (Geffen) has enjoyed spectacular success in her homeland and now makes her eponymously titled debut Stateside. Classically trained on the violin, McEvoy has a maturity, depth and resonance that usually doesn't show up in singers until middle age. At 26, she's a prodigy—not fascinatingly obtuse like Sinéad O'Connor, not distantly mystic like Enya, but completely present and sexy without becoming too accessible. In its soft instrumentation and personal lyrics about emotional states, the album strongly tilts toward the female side of experience, making not a single false step. After a whole bunch of listenings that went beyond critical duty, my favorite song is probably *Apologize*, about a guy who seems to have been born with a personality incapable of keeping up his end of a relationship. McEvoy pulls off the difficult feat of sympathizing with the guy's plight without selling out the woman's frustration. A wonderful lyric and a melody that sticks in your head. What else do you need?

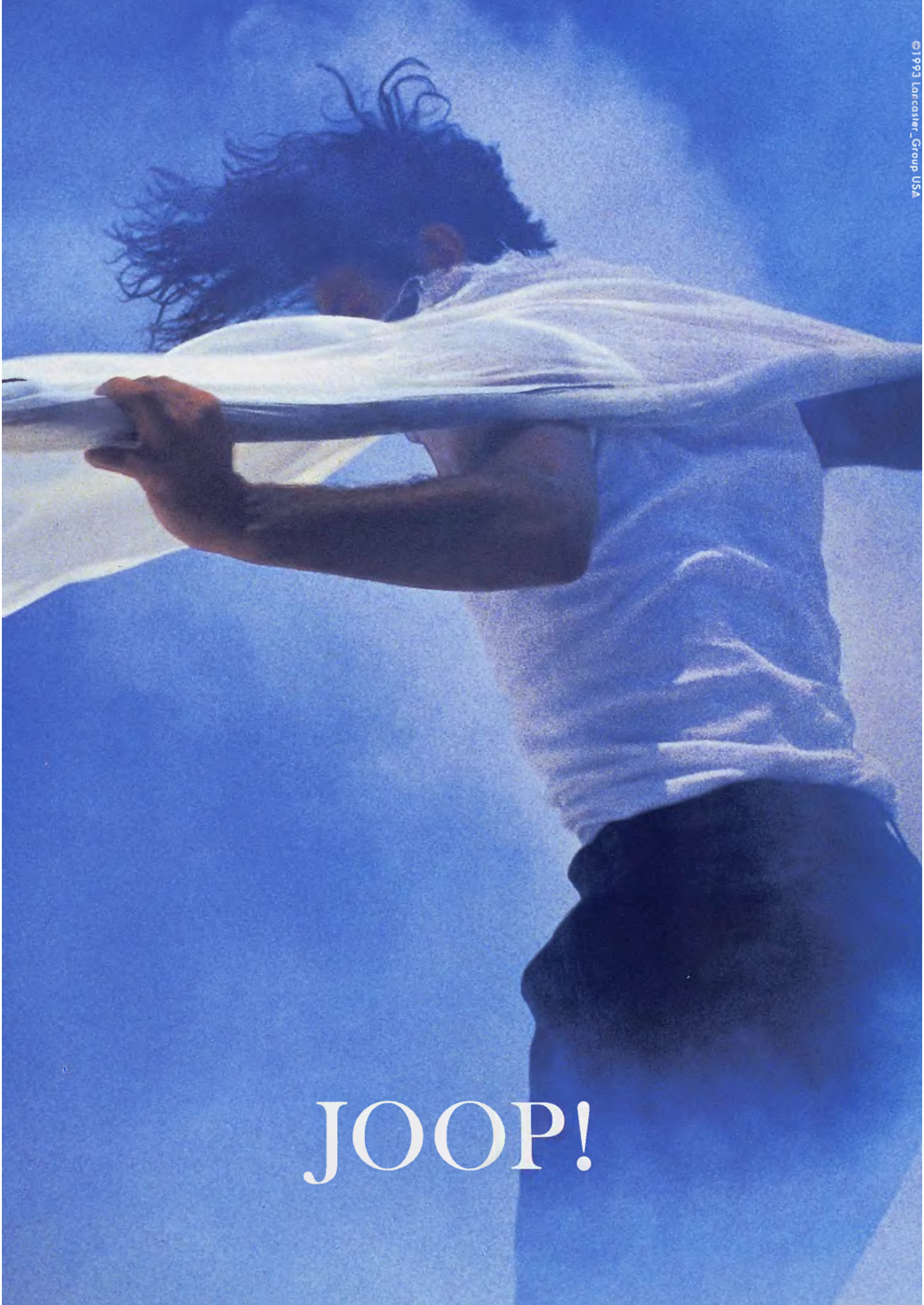
FAST CUTS: Dave Hole, ***Working Overtime*** (Alligator): This album has been out for a while. But if you have any taste for raucous slide guitar, don't let *Working* disappear from your record store. An Aussie who plays overhand, Hole could do for slide what his countrymen AC/DC did for metal.

Austin Lounge Lizards, ***Paint Me on Velvet*** (Flying Fish): Folk music, because you can hear the lyrics, usually makes a better vehicle for satire than rock. These bluegrass bashers send up the men's movement, fishing and country music, among other completely deserving targets. Funniest cuts: *Put the Oak Ridge Boys in the Slammer* and *That Godforsaken Hell-Hole I Call Home*.

NELSON GEORGE

Kenny "Babyface" Edmonds got married while making his second solo album, ***For the Cool in You*** (Epic), which may be why it's more emotional than his first. Babyface is probably one of the most successful writer-producers in contemporary music. His list of writing credits and top-ten hits is a virtual soundtrack of Nineties pop music.

But *For the Cool in You* isn't merely a continuation of his production tactics. In a major departure, he covers the Joe Cocker standard *You Are So Beautiful* and gives the most emotional performance of his young career. Equally stirring is *When Can I See You*. Here, Face puts aside his keyboards for acoustic guitar. He sings another beautiful melody, but this time it's in a folksy setting. With these two songs as a centerpiece, Babyface wraps a strong catalog of his more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traditional material around them.

Like his spiritual forebears Smokey Robinson and Curtis Mayfield, Babyface's smooth, crooning tenor caresses lyrics that underscore the vulnerability of a man in love. More personal than his platinum debut and his production work for others, *For the Cool in You* shows the evolution of a major artist.

FAST CUTS: Fat Joe's ***Represent*** (Violator/Relativity) is a hard-hitting example of Bronx hip-hop. This Latino rapper has a big, aggressive voice that matches his body. Check out his track *Flow Joe* for real roughneck flavor.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

For close to a quarter of a century, Loudon Wainwright III has been one of folk music's baddest boys. After surfacing as the "New Dylan" of 1970, he scored a 1973 novelty hit with *Dead Skunk in the Middle of the Road* and wrote the infamous *Rufus Is a Tit Man* for the son he had with folky Kate McGarrigle. But stardom proved to be elusive. Even though Wainwright was funny and fecund enough to get by (and then some) on tour, he aged no better than most likable bad boys.

While some critics claim Wainwright grew up with 1992's *History*, its sensitivity smelled of Iron John posturing—a secret cover for the same old self-involvement. But the live ***Career Moves*** (Virgin), which samples the highs of his post-30 output while omitting its numerous flubs, is an amazingly consistent compilation, probably his best album ever. It's dotted with surefire stage patter and framed by two droll, unembittered accounts of how he makes his living. It also has its heart-tugging moments, notably *Your Mother and I*, written to explain his breakup to his daughter. Mostly, though, it presents him as what he is, a very talented upper-middle-class wag who never became a star. It should cheer any over-30 bad boy who can forget for the moment that his spotty sex life and adventures in substance abuse will never be as entertaining as this born entertainer's.

FAST CUTS: Although embittered, Van Morrison manages to make beautiful music with ***Too Long in Exile*** (Polydor) in spite of his claims of mistreatment at the hands of *Bigtime Operators*. That gives him the right to sing the blues.

The John Prine Anthology: Great Days (Rhino) is a two-CD overview of the "New Dylan" of 1971 at peace with his small measure of success. It's *Career Moves*, but more goofy than witty and longer on empathy than self-involvement.

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Babyface *For the Cool in You*	6	7	9	7	6
John Hiatt *Perfectly Good Guitar*	7	6	7	8	7
Eleanor McEvoy	6	6	6	5	8
Nirvana *In Utero*	8	8	8	6	8
Loudon Wainwright III *Career Moves*	9	6	7	7	6

GLOVES OFF DEPARTMENT: Michael Jackson's glove from the 1984 *Victory* tour went on the auction block this past summer and was expected to fetch $30,000. But there were no bidders. Has the king of pop peaked?

REELING AND ROCKING: Sonny Bono's book *And the Beat Goes On*, about his years with **Cher**, is being turned into a TV movie scheduled to air on Fox. . . . Production is underway on *Cyberstorm*, about a rising rock keyboard artist played by **James Marshall** from *A Few Good Men* and set against techno music. Expect a soundtrack. . . . **Bette Midler** and **En Vogue** may team up for a movie about **Florence Greenberg** (a New Jersey housewife who became the owner of Scepter Records) and her greatest discovery, the **Shirelles.** Greenberg, in her 80s, and Midler have met to discuss the project. . . . **Rupert Holmes,** who was a pop star and is now a successful playwright and screenwriter, plans to bring his hit song *Escape (The Pina Colada Song)* to the big screen. . . . **Paul Anka** is playing a villainous real estate developer opposite **Glenne Headly** in *Ordinary Magic*.

NEWSBREAKS: Look for producer **David Foster's** Christmas LP, with carols by **Celine Dion, Wynonna, Tom Jones, Roberta Flack** and **Peabo Bryson,** among others. . . . A musical play about **Bob Marley** is set to open in New York next spring at the La Mama Theater in the East Village. . . . In another spring theatrical opening, look for **Yoko Ono's** first full-length work for the stage, *Waiting for the Sunrise*, to be performed by actors and chorus. Ono will direct the play at the WPA Theater, also in New York. . . . **Rono Tse** of the **Disposable Heroes of Hiphoprisy** is looking for hip-hop talent for his new production company. Send tapes to Rono Tse, 4001 San Leandro Street, #11, Oakland, California 94601. . . . **Prince's** interactive musical, which opened in his own Los Angeles club, will be touring nightclubs nationwide. Called *Glam Slam Ulysses*, it's based on Homer's *Odyssey* and combines live performance with music video. . . . Warner Records has joined the Body Shop for an AIDS-awareness campaign. You can buy the Body Shop's line of condoms and lubricants and a limited-edition CD featuring concerned artists such as **Belly, New Order** and **Depeche Mode.** The CD will be sold only through Body Shop stores and its catalog, and the net proceeds will go to a variety of AIDS-related community programs. . . . **Soundgarden** will release a new LP early next year. . . . **TLC** has a new LP out and is filming scenes for *House Party 3*. . . . All **Elvis Costello's** work from his first musical decade is being reissued beginning this fall through Rykodisc. . . . **Porno for Pyros** had to stop throwing counterfeit money from the concert stage. Even though the phony $100 bills had singer **Perry Farrell's** face on them, some enterprising fan paid for a meal at a fast-food restaurant with one. . . . Finally, he's hip, he's hot, he's dead. You can still take the **Jim Morrison** tour of Paris. Two week-long tours (you'll miss December, but you can go in August) are being organized by **Jim Buongiorno** of the Paris Connection travel agency, 301 Pine Island Road, Plantation, Florida. Called the *Break on Through* tours, they will cover Morrison's grave, his apartment, his favorite café and a boat ride down the Seine. The $699 price includes a two-star hotel, breakfast and transportation. All of this would be weird enough if the tours weren't in celebration of his 50th birthday. Fifty? That's really *The End*.—BARBARA NELLIS

STYLE

INDULGENCES

Want something special to open on Christmas morn? Drop a hint or two for the following goodies. To keep you fashionably warm, there's Joseph Abboud's supersoft three-quarter-length shearling coat with horn buttons ($1760). The pieced-suede vest ($240) by designer Lorenzo Vega ensures that you'll get noticed coming and going. Constructed with nine muted colors of suede, it features an intricate harlequin pattern on the front and bold stripes on the back. Tired of pulling out your basic ballpoint at meetings? Waterman has reintroduced its Patrician Art Deco pen, originally designed in 1928. Handsomely packaged in a blue teak gift box, this jade lacquered writing tool is available in fountain form ($350, shown here) and as a ballpoint ($175). Speaking of handsome, TAG Heuer's new 6000 series of watches includes an elegant yet sporty water-resistant watch with 18-kt. bezel accents and a masculine curved-link bracelet in stainless steel and 18-kt. gold ($2900, shown here). This sports watch tops the function and form category, so go ahead and treat yourself. If you don't deserve it, who does?

HOT SHOPPING: PUERTO VALLARTA

A sensual seaside village overlooking the spectacular Sierra Madres, Puerto Vallarta, Mexico offers a treasure trove of shopping opportunities in the bayfront promenade called El Malecón. La Reja (Juarez 501): Brazilian–style classics go Mexican in this lineup of ultrabright beach togs, bags, sandals and more. • Galeria Uno (Paseo Díaz Ordaz 561): Paintings, sculptures and prints by top Mexican artists. • The Taxco Plateria (Paseo Díaz Ordaz 510): Sterling silver galore, with everything from watchbands and earrings to turquoise-studded belt buckles. • El Charro (Juarez and Iturbide): Cowboy boots are available in every conceivable color and skin (including rare iguana) at surprisingly low prices. Also stocks leather jackets, hats, belts and luggage. • Huaracheria Lety (Juarez 478): Mexico's traditional woven sandals are custom-made at this hot stop.

CLOTHES LINE

Although **Christopher Lambert** owns a vintage Yankees baseball cap and Tony Lama cowboy boots, the Swiss actor hasn't shed his European flair. When dressing up, he chooses Armani, claiming that "you can wear an Armani suit and feel like you're not wearing anything at all." This season, whether he's celebrating the opening of his new film, *Fortress*, or ringing in the New Year, Lambert expects to be in tails and a silk waistcoat. "There's something out of this world about tuxedos," he says—quite the opposite of the loincloth that made him famous as Tarzan of the Jungle.

COMIC RELIEF

These days, boys and girls of all ages are going loony for cartoon-character clothing. Among the most popular items are T-shirts from Blitzz Sportswear ($25) featuring embroidered animated characters such as the Flintstones. Every year, Iceberg uses one cartoon character on its comfortable wool sweaters. Bugs Bunny got the nod for 1993 (Sylvester the Cat and Speedy Gonzales are the choices for 1994). Our favorite transforms Leonardo da Vinci's *Body of Man* into the *Body of Bugs* ($500). Fashion Corp. has a great tie for Tom & Jerry fans: It resembles a Hermès pattern but is actually the two rascals lassoing each other ($36). And for the devil in you, Mirage has taken the Tasmanian Devil and put him on an antique lamb bomber jacket ($300).

SEXY STUDS

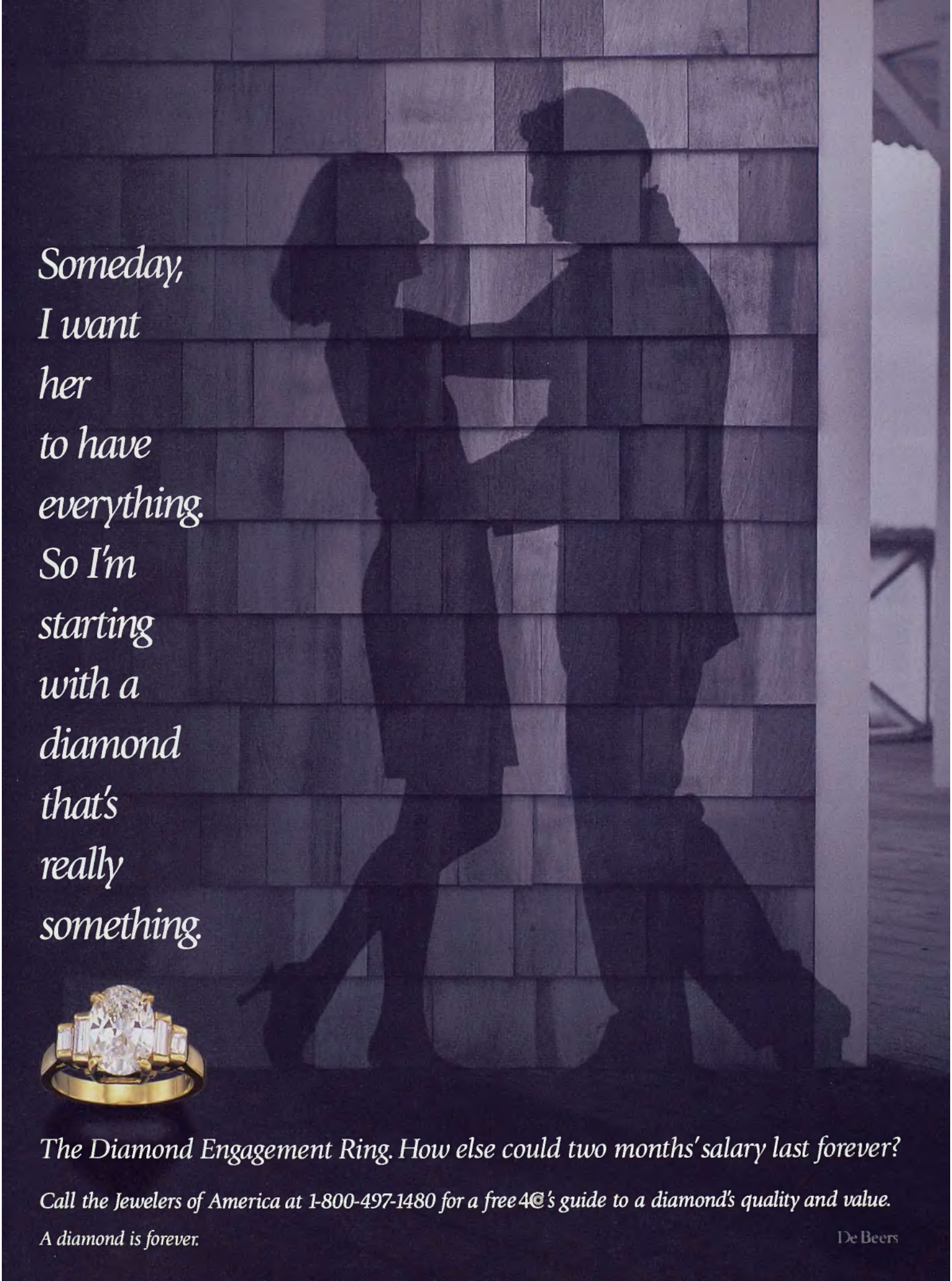
Disco chains and gold medallions gave men's jewelry a bad rap in the Seventies, but there is nothing *Saturday Night Fever*-ish about cuff links and studs. Trust Swank for classic styles such as jet-stone links in a gold plate ($30) or love knots ($40). Ralph Lauren's signature cuff links feature a sterling polo player in a horseshoe setting ($130), and L'Aiglon adds color to its links and studs with a semiprecious-stone mosaic ($150). To spice up an outfit, try New Orleans designer Mignon Faget's sterling-silver red bean ($275) or chili-pepper cuff links ($110). Since three-stud sets aren't enough for four-stud shirts, Tiffany's offers single studs ($40 to $200). And Cartier has interchangeable batons, priced from $950 for amourette wood (links only) to $14,000 for white gold with diamonds and matching studs.

MARTIN HOFFMAN

STYLE METER

SKIWEAR	IN	OUT
STYLES	Sleek silhouettes; jumpsuits; pullover jackets; lightly padded vests; windbreaker styles	Matching jackets and pants; anything bulky or overinsulated; long parka jackets
COLORS AND FABRICS	Mat solids such as black and deep purple; high-performance fabrics such as microfiber	Shiny or metallic fabrics; loud neons and pastel tones; busy prints
DETAILS	Self-belts; reflector panels; hats with earflaps; polar-fleece accessories; aviator sunglasses	Fur trim; hoods; decorative hardware; wearing old resort pins; wire earmuffs

Where & How to Buy on page 231.



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HOME VIDEO EDITING, TAKE ONE

Good news for home video buffs: Consumer electronic-editing devices let you add professional special effects to your videotapes without requiring a big-budget investment. Videonics, for example, recently introduced a broadcast-quality Digital Video Mixer for $1200. An easy-to-use machine that functions as a complete production studio, the Digital Video Mixer links up to four video sources (camcorder, VCR, laser disc player, etc.) with more than 200 effects. You can create, in addition to fades and wipes, videos with solarized, negative and colorized images.

Using the picture-in-picture function, you can send one image spinning off the screen. Sony has a similar machine, the $2600 XV-D1000, which offers 77 wipe patterns. Panasonic's $800 WJ-AVE3 FX Generator has a hookup for an optional character generator ($800) so you can add text to your footage. Finally, New Tek's new Video Toaster 4000 comes with more features than the original version and a lower price, too. For $2400 (compared with $4000), you get 300 video effects, a built-in character generator, a three-dimensional animation program, a wild selection of digital effects and more. Cut!

TALK-FREE RADIO

Do you yearn to relive the radio days of yesteryear when tunes, not talk, ruled the airwaves? Then you are an ideal candidate for digital radio. Available through a growing number of cable TV operators nationwide, this $10-a-month service sends multiple channels of compact disc–quality audio to your stereo without static, commercials or disc-jockey banter. Music is broadcast by format (rock, jazz, country, etc.), and you can also tune in to digital simulcasts of cable TV channels, including HBO, Showtime and MTV. Two broadcasters currently providing cable stations with the service are Digital Cable Radio and Digital Music Express. You'll get one or the other depending on where you live. If it's DCR, that means 30 music channels plus stations for special programming. With DMX, you get 30 music-only channels and an LCD remote control that displays song titles and record label information.

THE FIVE GAMES OF XMAS

In today's electronic world, Christmas wouldn't be complete without at least one new video game under the tree. So we've come up with five hot titles (priced between $50 and $80) that are available for both Sega Genesis and Super Nintendo. • *Cliffhanger* (Sony Imagesoft): Based on the summer movie, you're Sylvester Stallone dodging avalanches and scaling mountains in pursuit of the bad guys. • *Robocop vs. Terminator* (Virgin): Two of the big screen's toughest characters face off with awesome firepower. • *Wayne's World* (THQ): Garth is kidnapped and Wayne has to find him in this wacky game, which features digitized voices from the movie. • *Beastball* (Spectrum Holo Byte): Football in the year 2089 is played by mutant monsters. • *NBA Jam* (Acclaim): The top sports arcade game is now available for 16-bit systems.

WILD THINGS

Measuring 30"x15" and only four inches thick, Bang & Olufsen's Beo Sound 2000 compact stereo combines an AM/FM tuner, cassette deck and compact disc player in a tabletop unit that also can be mounted on a wall. With a wave of the hand, the glass door slides open automatically. The price: about $2000. • A company called Noise Cancellation Technologies has come out with a set of stereo headphones called Noise Busters that eliminates background sounds generated by lawn mowers, vacuum cleaners, automobiles, etc. By doing so, the $149 headset allows you to listen to music at safer, more comfortable levels. • To enhance the audio performance of your stereo system or television set, check out High Definition Audio's HDA-AP-7111 sound processor. A new $100 black-box product, HDA is designed to re-create the full, rich acoustics of a live performance. We hooked one up to our stereo and were impressed with the difference.

Where & How to Buy on page 231.

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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

UNREQUITED LOVE is a trendy theme in current movies, most brilliantly achieved in ***The Remains of the Day*** (Columbia). This Merchant-Ivory production, directed by James Ivory from a screenplay by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala, is based on Kazuo Ishiguro's novel, which raises inbred English reserve to an art form. It's the story of a butler (Anthony Hopkins) and a housekeeper (Emma Thompson) in the years before World War Two, when both are employed at the stately manse of an English lord (James Fox) with a soft spot for German fascism—and in the postwar years, when a liberal American millionaire (Christopher Reeve) buys the place. Hopkins is of the born-to-serve breed, a man who in any era would never offend his lord and master by having a political opinion of his own. Nor would he allow himself to express any emotion about Thompson, the feisty co-worker who obviously loves him but feels stonewalled by his uptight competence. With minimal narration against a sumptuous rendering of an aristocratic lifestyle, Hopkins and Thompson deliver understated performances of solid gold—a lesson in how to say a lot with as little as a gesture or a sidelong glance. *Remains of the Day* ranks as another finely cut jewel in the Merchant-Ivory crown. ¥¥¥¥

•

Sexuality erupts with volcanic furor in ***The Piano*** (Miramax), New Zealand–born writer-director Jane Campion's eloquent, erotic period piece (see last month's *Sex in Cinema*), which shared the top prize at this year's Cannes Film Festival and brought New York's festival to a sizzling finale. Holly Hunter makes hidden passion a potent character trait as Ada, the mute bride-to-be who travels with her beloved piano and her child to New Zealand in the mid-1880s to marry a man named Stewart (Sam Neill). Harvey Keitel plays Baines, a lusty neighbor who buys the piano Stewart has abandoned on the beach and offers to sell it back to Ada in exchange for sexual favors. "I want to lie together without clothes on," Baines tells her, though he is later troubled by her acquiescence: "This arrangement is making you a whore." *The Piano*'s volatile love triangle develops slowly—but with unpredictable flourishes—into a hypnotic drama about a seemingly shy woman whose iron will skewers Victorian morality. ¥¥¥¥

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Watching and listening to ***Gettysburg*** (New Line), an otherwise awesome recreation of the climactic Civil War conflict, one might wonder how the soldiers ever carried on the battle without the music. The score is relentless, the firepower deafening, and the movie's length—roughly four hours despite trimming—seems excessive, even for dedicated Civil War buffs. In fact, more than 5000 enthusiasts took part in this reenactment on the actual site of the historic battle that left some 50,000 dead or wounded. Flaws and all, writer-director Ronald E. Maxwell mounts an impressive saga that runs from kitsch to colossal. Based on Michael Shaara's Pulitzer Prize–winning novel *The Killer Angels*, the movie offers a host of name actors portraying real Union and Confederate heroes: Martin Sheen as a somewhat dithery General Robert E. Lee; Tom Berenger as his aide, General James Longstreet; plus telling bits by Jeff Daniels, C. Thomas Howell and Richard Jordan. The jaw-dropping fascination of war's senseless slaughter makes *Gettysburg* a major event for viewers with time to kill and the stomach to sit there. ¥¥¥

Thompson, Hopkins: at your service.

Love unspoken, some lust in a major key and forbidden Chinese erotics.

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Banned in its native China, director Chen Kaige's stunning ***Farewell My Concubine*** (Miramax) has been shortened by 15 minutes since sharing the top award (with *The Piano*, reviewed above) at this year's Cannes Film Festival. Still more than two hours long, the movie is masterful, emotionally intense and as austerely fascinating as classic Asian art. Based on a novel by Lilian Lee, *Concubine* covers more than 50 years of modern Chinese history—from 1925 to 1977—linking war, the rise of communism, the Japanese occupation and the Cultural Revolution to the careers of two famous performers in the Peking Opera. Leslie Cheung is Cheng, a homosexual who plays all the female roles opposite Duan (Zhang Fengyi). They are a celebrated team, mobbed wherever they go, but Cheng resents his partner's marriage to a former prostitute (played by beauty Gong Li). Love and betrayal are the themes of a richly exotic epic that blends pure theater with corrupt sexual politics. ¥¥¥¥

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Playing the title role in ***A Dangerous Woman*** (Gramercy) is a stretch for Debra Winger. Looking scrubbed and mentally slow, she's Martha, who lives with her aunt Frances (Barbara Hershey) in a California town. Trouble follows the arrival of a drifter and handyman (Gabriel Byrne) hired by the young aunt to do carpentry on the house. He also does some impromptu moonlighting with poor Martha, which brings *Dangerous Woman* to a melodramatic but flagrantly sentimental finish. All the actors do a creditable job, clearly relishing a trumped-up story that may move audiences to ask: So what? ¥¥

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Director Peter Medak's ***Romeo Is Bleeding*** (Gramercy), written and co-produced by Hilary Henkin, stars Gary Oldman, a fine English actor who plays American roles without a hint of his London roots. Oldman scores again as Jack Grimaldi, a corruptible undercover cop whose run-ins with a philosophical mob boss (Roy Scheider) and a cunning criminal sexpot named Mona DeMarco (Lena Olin) are the framework for this mad black comedy. Grimaldi's other interests are his wife (Annabella Sciorra) and his mistress (Juliette Lewis). *Romeo* approaches sex and violence with equal aplomb, peaking in a wild escape scene in which Mona—in handcuffs—wraps her legs around Grimaldi's neck and extricates herself from his wrecked car. More breathtakingly stylish than believable, and constantly skirting the edge of self-parody, this film noir looks like a sure thing for movie buffs who are not too squeamish. ¥¥¥

•

To fully appreciate ***Household Saints*** (Fine Line), you would probably need to be either Catholic or Italian. Director Nancy Savoca (with her husband,

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Banderas: life after *Mambo*.

OFF CAMERA

First, his American debut as one of *The Mambo Kings* made Spain's **Antonio Banderas** a name over here. Next, the 33-year-old veteran of Spanish cinema's splashy new wave got an unexpected career boost from Madonna while appearing as himself in her *Truth or Dare*. "Is this man beautiful or what?" she burbled. "There has to be something wrong with him. No one is that perfect." In enthusiastic accented English, busy Banderas laughs off Madonna's tribute: "That was a joke, but also a free advertisement. I was better known after that, yes. If a woman thinks you are sexy, good, I kiss her. But I'm a happily married man."

Becoming an actor ("probably an irrational decision") has changed his life a lot since Banderas, born in Malaga, first saw *Hair* on stage as a teenager. "I was amazed—all those naked people. I wanted that American idea of freedom." With more than two dozen film roles behind him, he's the Latin-American Pedro in the upcoming all-star *House of Spirits* with Glenn Close, Jeremy Irons and Meryl Streep. "Winona Ryder is my wife in the picture. I'm proud of it." He also plays Tom Hanks' gay lover in Jonathan Demme's imminent *Philadelphia* and calls the role "a little dangerous, but not so difficult." Banderas got used to offbeat roles back home in four of Pedro Almodóvar's outrageous comedies, from *Labyrinth of Passion* to *Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!* "My real life is not so wild. I'm a very normal person." Still, he has the title role as *Young Mussolini* in a miniseries and savors his next assignment, sinking his teeth into the movie version of Anne Rice's *Interview with a Vampire*. "A beautiful script. I'm a vampire, 500 years old. There's terror, but it's romantic and sexy. I'm going to fly." Clear the runway.

Richard Guay, as co-author and co-producer) has come up with a concept totally unlike *True Love*, her rollicking first film about an Italian wedding. Here, Tracey Ullman and Vincent D'Onofrio portray the parents of a strange child who grows up (played by Lili Taylor as an adult) aching to become a nun or to serve God any way she can, finally conjuring up visitations from Jesus. *Saints* is sensitively handled modern folklore. But if the entire notion simply doesn't grab you, join the club. ¥¥

•

Although he promises a bit more than he delivers, writer-director Daniel Appleby's ***Bound and Gagged: A Love Story*** (Northern Arts) is a beguiling first feature about a group of oddballs in transit. As road movies go, *Thelma & Louise* looks fairly ordinary next to the misadventures of Elizabeth (Elizabeth Saltarrelli) and Leslie (former porn star Ginger Lynn Allen). They're bisexual best friends, but Elizabeth chloroforms and kidnaps Leslie to keep her from renouncing lesbianism and going back to her jealous husband (Chris Mulkey). On their cross-country flight they are accompanied by Cliff (Chris Denton), a despondent dreamer and potential suicide whose head is bandaged because he shot himself after his wife deserted him. Where does it all end? Nowhere, really. Yet even as the plot fizzles, *Bound and Gagged* has a topspin of originality that ought to open doors for Appleby. ¥¥½

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Growing up and surviving is the theme of ***Ruby in Paradise*** (October Films), written and directed by Victor Nunez, whose earlier *Gal Young 'Un* and *A Flash of Green* fixed his position as a filmmaker miles from Hollywood's mainstream. Set in Panama City Beach, Florida (known as the Redneck Riviera), *Ruby* turns out to be a low-key but stunning showcase for Ashley Judd (daughter of singer Naomi Judd, and Wynonna's younger sister). Ashley as Ruby leaves the hills of Tennessee for Panama City Beach, gets a job in a gift shop, sleeps with the owner's macho son (Bentley Mitchum) and befriends a black co-worker (Allison Dean). Ruby grows in self-awareness after she meets a local boy (Todd Field). Such introspective, slow-paced character studies on film are not the fashion now, but Nunez admirably sticks to his conviction that that's one thing movies do best. ¥¥¥

•

Robocop 3 (Orion) has a new heavy-metal hero: Robert Burke replaces Peter Weller in this labored sequel clearly intended for junior members only. So count us out. ¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

The Age of Innocence (Reviewed 11/93) Uptight old New York according to Edith Wharton, Martin Scorsese and company. ¥¥¥½
Bad Behavior (10/93) Surviving dull domestic life in today's England. ¥¥¥
The Ballad of Little Jo (10/93) Out West goes a gal in guy's clothing. ¥¥¥
Bopha! (10/93) Woodard, Glover and family feel South African angst. ¥¥¥
Bound and Gagged (See review) Kinky people on a rocky road trip. ¥¥½
Boxing Helena (9/93) Cutting black comedy about a surgeon in love. ¥¥¥
A Bronx Tale (10/93) De Niro directs and stars in a dandy yarn about growing up in the borough. ¥¥¥¥
A Dangerous Woman (See review) It's Winger, rather dim but lovable. ¥¥
Farewell My Concubine (See review) Sexual politics in Peking. ¥¥¥¥
Fatal Instinct (11/93) All those erotic thrillers rolled into a passable spoof by Carl Reiner. ¥¥½
Flight of the Innocent (11/93) On the lam with a scared Italian kid. ¥¥¥
For Love or Money (11/93) Call room service—and Michael J. Fox shows up with anything you want. ¥¥
From Hollywood to Hanoi (11/93) Back to Nam after taking Tinseltown. ¥¥¥¥
The Fugitive (11/93) Hot thriller with TV roots stars Harrison Ford versus Tommy Lee Jones. ¥¥¥½
Gettysburg (See review) Fierce combat in an impressive reenactment. ¥¥¥
Household Saints (See review) Life with a holier-than-thou offspring. ¥¥
Jamón Jamón (11/93) Hired seducer ignites orgy in a little Spanish town. ¥¥¥
The Piano (See review) High-pitched passion in a dynamic drama. ¥¥¥¥
The Remains of the Day (See review) With understated brillance, Merchant-Ivory strike gold again. ¥¥¥¥
Rising Sun (10/93) Connery and Snipes score, but the book is better. ¥¥¥
Robocop 3 (See review) A saggy sequel for kids and hard-core techies only. ¥
Romeo Is Bleeding (See review) Oldman scores with blood and guts played as good mean fun. ¥¥¥
Ruby in Paradise (See review) Judd's the gem in a nice showcase. ¥¥¥
Short Cuts (11/93) The L.A. social scene sliced up by Robert Altman. ¥¥¥¥
The Snapper (11/93) Irish comedy that asks: Whose baby is this, anyway? ¥¥¥
Undercover Blues (8/93) In this updated *Thin Man* romp, Turner and Quaid move fast as spies on leave. ¥¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥¥ Good show ¥¥ Worth a look ¥ Forget it

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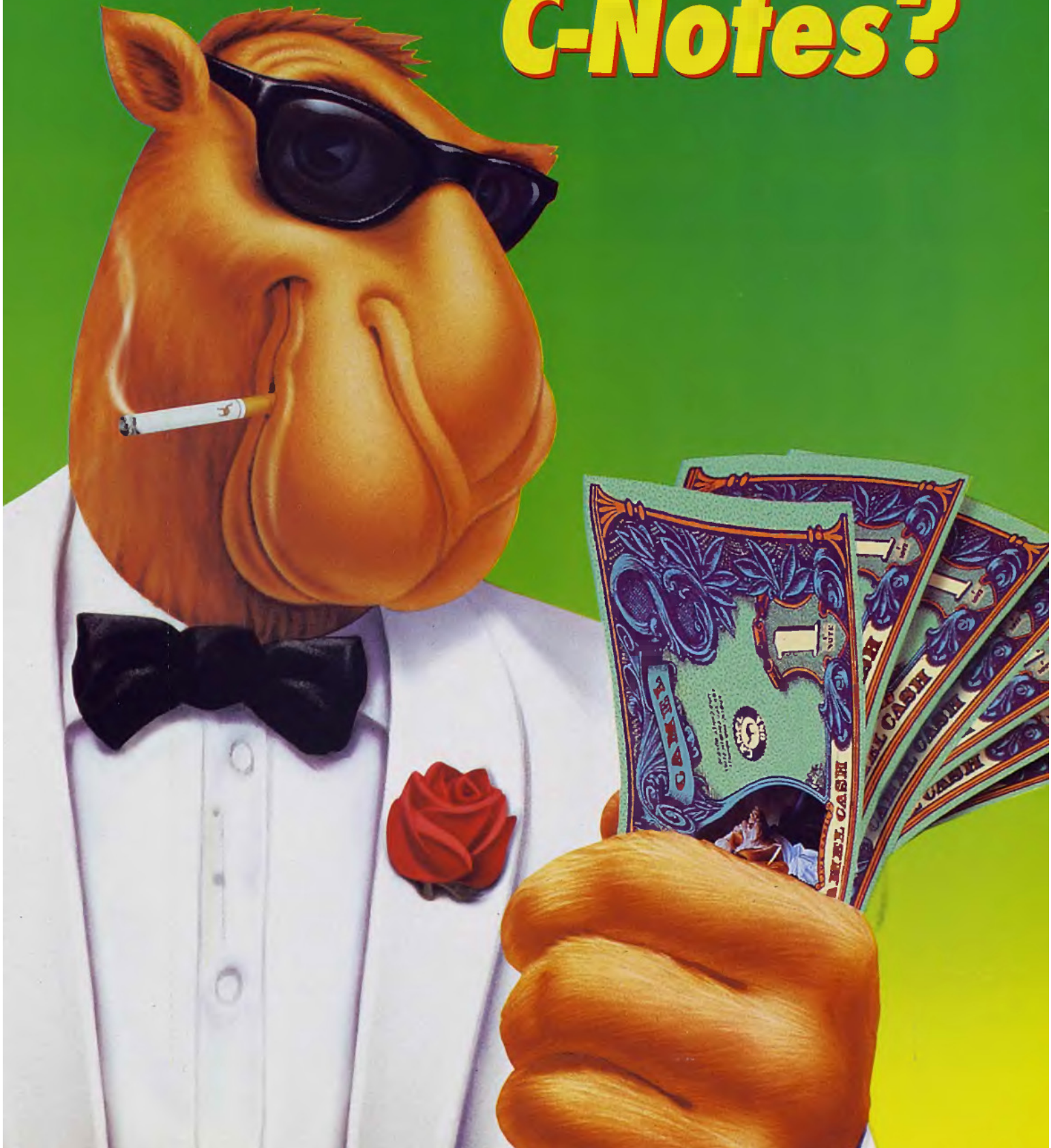

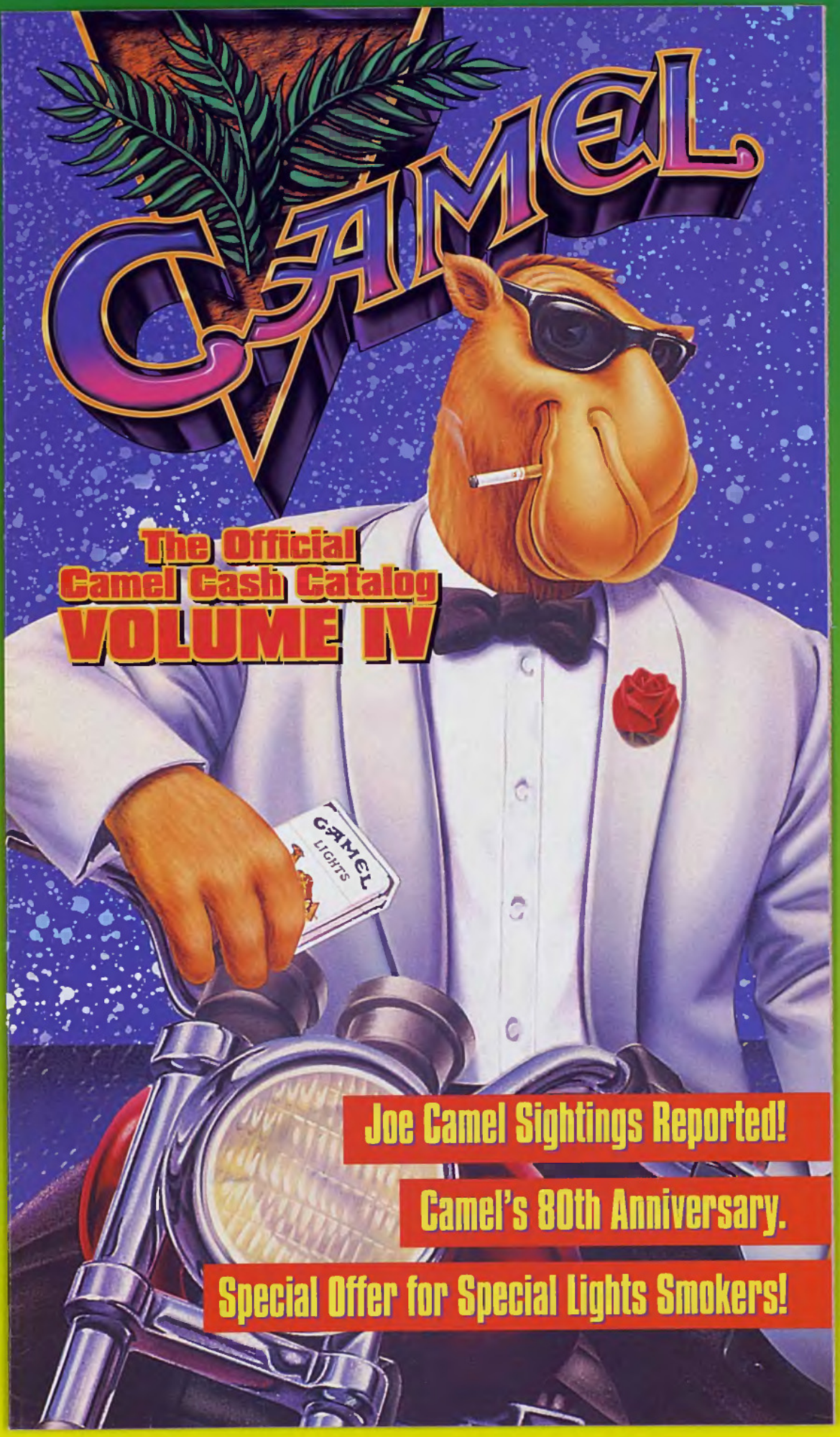
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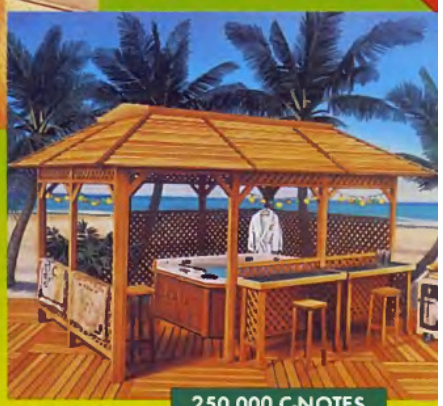
250,000 C-NOTES

250,000 C-NOTES



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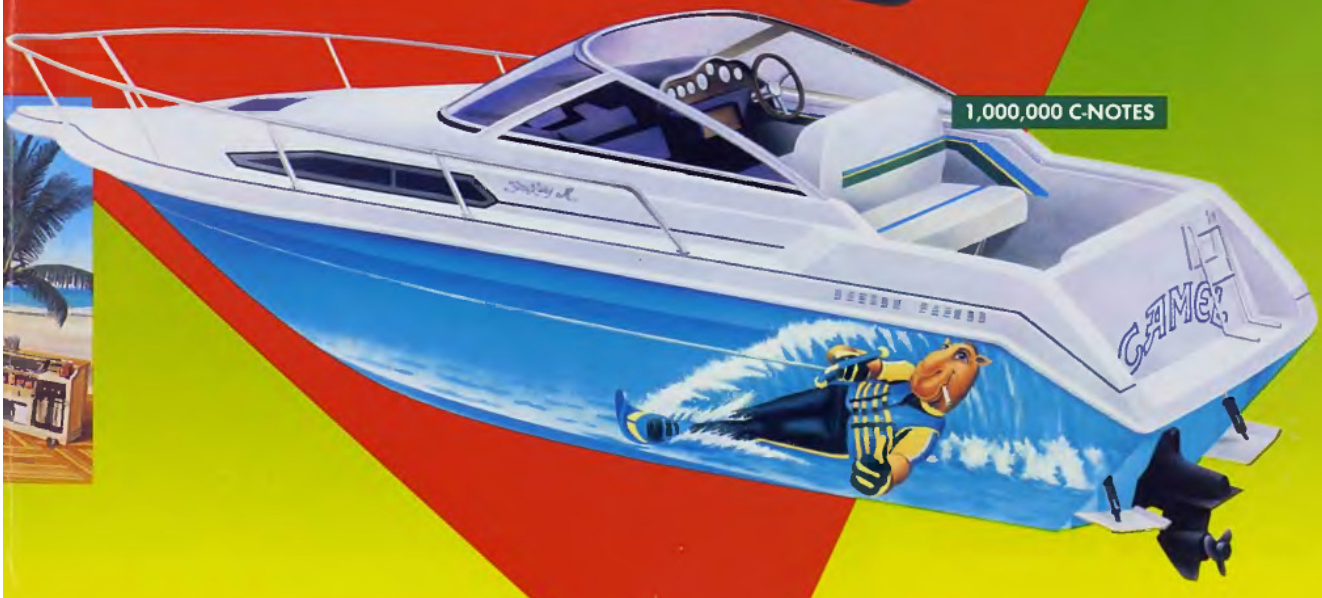

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2. Enter as often as you wish but each entry must be mailed separately. No mechanically reproduced entries will be accepted. Sponsor is not responsible for lost, late, postage-due, misdirected, or slow-delivered mail. All entries become the exclusive property of R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Company and will not be returned. Sweepstakes participation is restricted to smokers, 21 years of age or older who are U.S. residents, except employees of R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, their affiliates, subsidiaries, advertising and promotion agencies and immediate families of each. **Void in MA, MI, at retail stores in VA and where prohibited by law.**

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Prize	C-Notes required	ARV*
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Custom Sea Ray® Sundancer®, 27 foot	1,000,000	$57,000
Custom 1994 Harley-Davidson® Fatboy® Motorcycle	500,000	$16,000
Custom 1994 Jeep® Wrangler 4-Wheel Drive Soft Top Vehicle	500,000	$20,000
CAMELflage 1994 Jeep® Wrangler 4-Wheel Drive Soft Top Vehicle	500,000	$21,000
20-foot Custom ProCraft® Bass Boat	500,000	$22,000
The Camel Oasis	250,000	$16,400
JOE'S Entertainment Center	250,000	$13,450
JOE'S Game Room	250,000	$15,034

*ARV - Approximate Retail Value

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The Camel Oasis. Includes BAJA 8-10 person spa with gazebo and decking, portable bar, CAMEL bathrobe and set of towels, miscellaneous Camel Cash items. ARV $16,400.
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JOE'S Game Room. Includes Oakdale Pool Table, Wurlitzer CD Jukebox with CD Library, SONY® 32" Trinitron® Split Screen TV, SONY VCR PLUS+™, Cambridge 3-in-1 Game Table, overhead pool light, neon sign, pool accessories, cue sticks, "Joe" Dartboard Set, miscellaneous Camel Cash items, ARV $15,034.

All Grand through second prizes will be fully described in a special Camel Cash "LOTTO" Catalog that will be made available during the duration of the Camel Cash "LOTTO." Due to customization of some prize choices, delivery of prize may take longer than normal delivery of 6 to 8 weeks, in which case the winner will be promptly notified of the revised delivery date. Grand, first and second prize winners must use their C-Notes only for the above listed prize or prizes equivalent to their winnings. C-Notes may not be used for merchandise in any other Camel Cash Catalog or future promotions. Only C-Notes or vouchers won in the Camel Cash "LOTTO" can be used to obtain the above prizes.

Third prize (1,000): One thousand C-Notes to purchase any combination of items from a future Camel Cash Catalog, not to exceed 1,000 C-Notes. ARV $150.00.

Total approximate retail value of all prizes: $316,600.

5. Winners will be notified by mail and may be required to sign and return an Affidavit of Eligibility/Liability and Publicity Release within 14 days of delivery. Noncompliance within this time period or return of any prize/prize notification as undeliverable or refused will result in disqualification and an alternate winner will be selected. All winners are subject to age verification. All federal, state and local income and other taxes, licenses, fees and insurance are the responsibility of winner. No transfer of prizes permitted. One prize per household or family. The sponsor reserves the right to substitute a prize of equal or greater value if the prize chosen is not available. No cash substitutions allowed except where specifically stated.

6. By accepting a prize, winners agree to grant R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Company the right to use their names and/or likenesses for promotional purposes without further compensation. Tennessee residents are excluded from this requirement. By claiming a prize, winners agree that R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, their officers, directors and judging organization shall have no liability for any injuries, losses or damages of any kind caused by any prize or resulting from acceptance, possession or use of any prize.

7. All promotional costs paid by manufacturer.

8. For advance copies of affidavit or the names of major prize winners, send a separate, self-addressed, stamped envelope by May 30, 1994 to Camel Cash Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 5562, Norwood, MN 55583-5562. Indicate "Affidavit" or "Winner's List" as applicable on the outside of the envelope.

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VIDEO

GUEST SHOT

"I prefer dramas to comedies," says actor **Morgan Freeman**, whose directorial debut, the South African *Bopha!*, fits the bill. "My favorite videos are anything by Akira Kurasawa, especially *Ran*, *The Seven Samurai* and *Throne of Blood*." Freeman's other tape tips include *Prospero's Books* ("one of the most lush, sensuous movies I've ever seen") and *The Crying Game*. "Now, there's a great story," he says. "It's gutsy and it's told well—from the ground up—with interesting plot twists that keep surprising you." To say the least. —SUSAN KARLIN

VIDBITS

Anglophiles weary of the same old *Fawlty Towers* reruns can now tune in to ***The New Statesman***, a three-tape collection from BFS. The veddy British (and veddy funny) series follows parliamentarian Alan B'Stard, "a randy Tory top nob" with a penchant for dumb blondes, bribes and unscrupulous schemes. Stars Rik (*The Young Ones*) Mayall. . . . The legend of Leonard Bernstein lives on—on video. Deutsche Grammophon and Polygram have captured the 1992 London staging of the maestro's hit 1944 musical ***On the Town*** on both tape and laser, with performances by Broadway and opera stars. Also, Sony Classical, in association with the Smithsonian Institution and the Leonard Bernstein Society, has released 25 of Bernstein's memorable ***Young People's Concerts***, the landmark music-education TV specials broadcast from 1958 to 1972. . . . Sportscaster Marv Albert has again gone to the tape. ***The Albert Achievement Awards*** (CBS/Fox and NBC Sports Video) is a compendium of marvelous Marv's wisecracking sports bloopers that leaves virtually no spectator sport untouched—even national-anthem singers are game—and is timed with the release of his new book, *I'd Love to, But I Have a Game: 27 Years Without a Life*. . . . Air guitarists take note: From ESP Video Publishing comes ***Hot Guitarist Video Magazine***, an at-home crash course in guitar featuring interviews, performances and actual lessons from the experts. Recent "issues" include tips from Al DiMeola and Santana's Neal Schon, a vid tribute to Stevie Ray Vaughan and "Guitar Art" by Dweezil Zappa. Those who march to a different beat needn't worry: There's also ***Hot Drummer Video Magazine*** (800-874-7354).

LASER FARE

We asked for it, we got it: Terry Gilliam's brilliantly made, commercially bust sf fantasy ***Brazil*** (1984), starring Jonathan Pryce, is now available on three CAV discs from Voyager's Criterion Collection. Not only has the film been letterboxed and remastered, but Gilliam recut the picture for this release, adding commentary about the process on the secondary audio tracks. . . . Another director taking a second shot on disc is Martin Scorsese, whose much-maligned ***New York, New York*** gets a snazzy once-over courtesy of MGM/UA. Scorsese personally oversaw the new digital transfer of his 1977 De Niro–Minnelli musical love story, which includes extra footage (such as the upbeat ending), interviews and commentary. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

TRUE WEST ON TAPE

Here's a decent proposal: Now you can come up and see Mae West any time. MCA/Universal premieres seven comedies starring the vamp's vamp, as scandalous and sassy as ever—or at least as much as Thirties censors allowed.

Night After Night (1932): In her first film, Mae steals the show from George Raft. "Goodness, what diamonds," a hatcheck girl says to Mae—who retorts: "Goodness had nothing to do with it."

I'm No Angel (1933): Lion tamer Mae cracks whip on playboy Cary Grant. "When I'm good, I'm very good," she purrs. "But when I'm bad, I'm better."

Belle of the Nineties (1934): Mae is Ruby Carter, a New Orleans singer who gets even with two cads "who are so low, they could walk under the door without taking their hats off." Features the Duke Ellington Orchestra.

Goin' to Town (1935): Barmaid turned cattle baroness Mae is "a woman of very few words but lots of action," as she crashes society and lassos a British gent.

Go West, Young Man (1936): Stranded in Hicksville, temperamental movie star Mae has a change of heart after she eyeballs farm boy Randolph Scott and his "large and sinewy muscles."

Klondike Annie (1936): Things get serious when murderess Mae flees San Francisco for Alaska and does a sister act, disguising herself as a soul-saving missionary.

Every Day's a Holiday (1937): In her last film for Paramount, Mae is con artist Peaches O'Day, a role she scripted herself. Some decent lines, though censors cut the best. Cameo: Louis Armstrong.

Each tape—along with the previously released *She Done Him Wrong* (1933), costarring Cary Grant, and *My Little Chickadee* (1940), with W. C. Fields—is $14.98.

—DONALD LIEBENSON

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
COMEDY	***Hot Shots! Part Deux*** (Charlie Sheen leads *Airplane*-style assault on *Rambo* flicks; works if you're in the mood), ***Dave*** (charming Capra variation finds prez impersonator Kevin Kline thrust into the Oval Office. It should only happen).
DRAMA	***Map of the Human Heart*** (half-breed Jasan Scott Lee in on-and-off Arctic love affair with Anne Parillaud—who steals pic), ***Chain of Desire*** (Linda Fiarentino leads long lineup of sexual liaisons in hot update of French film classic *La Ronde*).
ACTION	***Cliffhanger*** (mountain master Stallone takes on Alpine peaks and crackpot villain John Lithgow; go for the vertigo), ***Extreme Justice*** (elite death-squad recruit Lou Diamond Phillips thinks leader Scatt Glenn is psycho—with good reason).
IMPORT	***Tokyo Decadence*** (director Ryu Murakami exposes Japan's seedy underside through call girl's loveless liaisons), ***A Priceless Day*** (cad's wife and mistress meet, talk and seek revenge; award winner from Hungarian director Peter Gothar).
WORTH A LOOK	***Indecent Proposal*** (Redford beds Demi for a million beans while hubby Woody throws fits; laughable—then you get hooked), ***Aladdin*** (Arabian *Nights*, Disney style; Robin Williams' manic genie must have Walt cheering from his chiller).

By NEIL TESSER

I'M IN LOVE with Ella Fitzgerald. This state of mind has existed for some time, despite the 34-year difference in our ages. In fact, the more I listen to her, the greater my surprise to find anybody who isn't completely under her spell.

Perhaps a thousand exposures to hundreds of songs will do that to you, as all the daredevil glissandos, the turn-on-a-dime trills, the sensual plunges to her bottomless low register blend in memory into one ideal performance. This image takes note of Ella's slightly wide-eyed wonder—at the music, at the musicians and seemingly at herself in the middle of it all. And certainly it has something to do with that disarming hint of the Bronx that peeks out from behind her otherwise flawless pronunciation.

Louis Armstrong may have invented jazz singing, but Ella snatched the patent. She raised "singing scat"—the technique of wordless vocalization devised by Armstrong—to unforeseen heights, becoming the first singer who could extemporize on a par with the outstanding instrumentalists of her era. Or actually, of her eras: Ella is the only major vocalist to have bridged swing and bebop, matching her musical wits with the likes of Benny Goodman and Duke Ellington on the one hand, and Charlie Parker and Oscar Peterson on the other.

No singer has made her listeners happier. Sarah Vaughan's velvety swoops are more likely to induce a romantic swoon, and Betty Carter's audacious improvisations more often command unbridled awe. But Ella, with her rhythmic perfection, her down-to-earth way with a lyric and her unexpected interpolations of other songs, has brought more smiles to my lips than any other sound in jazz.

I always return to the essential girlishness of her singing. This quality, more than any other, has kept her style unfailingly sweet, as smooth as an unwrinkled brow. When America first heard Ella, fronting the Chick Webb Orchestra in 1935—back when music mags called all the female singers "chirps" or "canaries"—her voice conveyed that youthfulness: After all, she was just 17. Years later, though, even when her voice had naturally deepened and darkened into a womanly hue, she still retained those girlish inflections, creating the richly textured vocal persona of her greatest performances.

On paper, 1993 was an auspicious year for Ella. She turned 75, an event that spurred an outpouring of affection and the planning of celebrations across the country. In reality, though, it proved to be a difficult year for the woman who always made it sound so easy. Racked by various ailments, she did not even appear at February's Carnegie Hall concert in her honor, leading to doubts that she would ever again sing in public.

The queen of scat.

> The absolutely phenomenal, irreplaceable, unmistakable Ella Fitzgerald.

But it has been a grand year for Ella's legacy and for anyone who ever soared along with her scatting on *How High the Moon*, or thrilled to hear her inhabit a Richard Rodgers ballad, or reverted to an age of lost innocence at hearing her swing Chick Webb's band as if she—not Webb—were playing the drums. In other words, it's been a grand year for anyone with a CD player.

The reissue packages began to arrive last winter, and they started at the beginning. ***The 75th Birthday Celebration*** (GRP), a double CD reviewed in our May issue, chronicles Ella's rise to stardom during the two decades she recorded for the Decca label. For her April birthday, Verve packaged 50 tracks—plus a Picasso sketch of Ella in action—in a three-disc set titled ***First Lady of Song.*** Drawn mostly from 1956 to 1966, when her association with producer Norman Granz resulted in one great project after another, these recordings range from studio dates to Ella's incomparable in-concert jamming, featuring accompaniments from piano to jazz orchestra, on tunes from Berlin to the Beatles.

You can also find on CD from Verve many of the original albums from which *First Lady* was assembled. They don't lack for separate charms. Ella's gorgeous readings of the ballads *'Round Midnight* and the lesser-known *Signing Off* alone would make the album ***Clap Hands, Here Comes Charlie!*** worth owning. Two more such albums—the classic collaborations with arranger Nelson Riddle, ***Ella Swings Brightly*** and ***Ella Swings Gently***—also arrived in digital form this past summer. And ***Like Someone in Love,*** with its plush strings and smoldering ballads, remains her most purely romantic album.

Ella's exuberance for performing in public has been captured on several occasions. Two dates in Berlin, in 1960 and 1961—***The Complete Ella in Berlin Concert*** and ***Ella Returns to Berlin,*** both on Verve—stand among the best. Obsessive listeners will readily endure the reduced fidelity on two short collections of radio performances from the Laser Light label: ***Let's Get Together*** from the Thirties, and ***Sing Song Swing,*** comprising tunes from the Forties and Fifties.

At Verve, though, they saved the most spectacular for last. In 1956, Granz had stolen Ella from Decca Records to record a specific project: ***Ella Fitzgerald: The Cole Porter Songbook.*** In pairing her talents with those of America's greatest composer-lyricist in a variety of arrangements, Granz meant to solidify her reputation as a popular artist of the first rank. It worked, and the critical acclaim (and commercial success) of the Porter albums led to subsequent matchups with the music of Rodgers and Hart, Ellington, Berlin, the Gershwins, Arlen, Kern and, finally, lyricist Johnny Mercer in 1964. Now they're all together on ***The Complete Ella Fitzgerald Song Books***—nearly 250 individual gems set among 16 CDs in a sumptuous box that features an 82-page hardbound book. These alone would secure her legacy forever.

Still, don't ignore the later recordings. Every time the rasp in Ella's voice makes you wonder if age has caught up with her, she opens up one of her high-test scat vehicles and leaves such musings in the dust. ***Ella in London*** (Pablo), from 1974, catches an intimate club performance with longtime pals Tommy Flanagan on piano and Joe Pass on guitar. And on ***Ella Abraça Jobim*** (Pablo)—really, the final "songbook" album, recorded in 1980 and 1981—Ella engages the music of Brazil's greatest songwriter, with Brazilian rhythm players and American soloists. Ella never fully adapted to those rhythms (too much pure swing at such an early age, I suspect). She adopts them into her own style, making the songs as much her own as Jobim's.

I doubt that Jobim complained. Ella Fitzgerald long ago passed into musical iconography: the Eternal Chirp, forever perched between teen and woman, an irreducible source of American musical genius. What's not to love?

KAREN "DUFF" DUFFY

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BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

IN THE MARCH 1993 *Playboy Interview*, Anne Rice commented: "I always felt that any book that's going to be really good is about everything you know or everything that's on your mind." The book she was writing when she made the observation, ***Lasher*** (Knopf), fits that description. It is a heady intellectual mix of history, mythology, philosophy, science, religion, sex, New Orleans lore and psychic phenomena—all swirling through a powerful, primitive story. This irresistible novel interweaves themes from almost all of her other works, including *The Vampire Chronicles*, at the same time as it plunges us back into the world of the Mayfair witches, whom she introduced in *The Witching Hour*.

Lasher picks up shortly after *The Witching Hour* ends: Rowan Mayfair, designated matriarch of the Mayfair legacy, has failed to keep the spirit Lasher from entering the body of the child she and Michael Curry had conceived. Rowan and Lasher disappear, leaving the Mayfair family in disarray while Michael waits for her return in the mansion at First and Chestnut in New Orleans. After suffering terrible sexual and physical abuse at Lasher's hands, Rowan escapes. The family searches frantically around the world for her. Meanwhile, the Mayfair women in different parts of the country begin to die—bleeding to death from mysterious miscarriages—as Lasher, in his fleshly form, tries to mate with another witch to propagate his ancient mutant species.

Sounds like the plot of a grade-B horror movie, but that's the magic of Rice's storytelling: She begins with an improbable premise—that the supernatural world of ghosts and vampires exists—and before you can say "willing suspension of disbelief," she has you grappling with fascinating questions of good versus evil. Her ectoplasmic creatures serve as distorted, shimmering mirrors that show us the unique value of human life. Just as her vampires yearn to experience mortality, Rice's Lasher is a restless eternal spirit that desires bodily form. This is a novel, after all, about the demands of the body, which Lasher uses to control the Mayfair women in scenes of wild eroticism. He conjures up the mysteries of passion and sexuality that transcend reason and civilization.

Rarely has a contemporary writer wrestled so boldly and successfully with controversial material on such a large canvas. In *Lasher*, Rice continues to write about the elusive, multifarious secrets of the human heart.

New readers of Rice may wish for a map of the Mayfair family tree and a glossary of her spirit cosmology, similar to ***The Vampire Companion*** (Ballantine), which Katherine Ramsland has compiled for the four books in *The Vampire Chronicles*. Timed to arrive with the paperback publication of *The Tale of the Body Thief*, this guidebook covers more than 500 topics from Abandonment to Zombie in text, photos, drawings and maps. In addition to recognizing many common thematic elements, readers of *Lasher* will find helpful the entry on the Talamasca, the secret order of "psychic detectives," which also plays an important role in the Mayfair saga.

STEVEN HUDSON

Lasher: a spirit in pursuit of a body.

New novels from Anne Rice and Ken Follett explore secrets of the heart.

Ken Follett, no stranger to the best-seller lists, begins his newest novel, ***A Dangerous Fortune*** (Delacorte), with an incident at an English boys' school in 1866. One boy drowns and Edward Pilaster, heir to a London banking fortune, believes he's the killer. Another boy, Micky Miranda, lies at the inquest, preventing Pilaster from being implicated. That secret gnaws at the hearts of the Pilasters for three decades and eventually tears apart the family and the bank. Follett follows this unraveling through the course of more lies, betrayals and crimes to a dramatic climax with the same masterful narrative control that guided *Eye of the Needle* and *The Pillars of the Earth*.

Two other books bring some balance to the reputations of men who were both lionized and vilified. ***President Kennedy: Profile of Power*** (Simon & Schuster), by Richard Reeves, is an account of the 35th president's time in office. Those years of change and turmoil featured the Bay of Pigs, the Cuban missile crisis, some of the most significant moments in the civil rights movement, one of the most dramatic drops in the stock market since 1929 and the escalating military commitment in Vietnam. By Reeves' meticulously documented account, Kennedy dealt with most of his decisions as a smart, pragmatic politician. He was also too frequently the victim of bad advice and information. Reeves sums up Kennedy: "He was intelligent, detached, curious, candid if not always honest, and he was careless and dangerously disorganized. He was also very impatient, addicted to excitement, living his life as if it were a race against boredom. Irony was as close as he came to a view of life: Things are never what they seem."

Glad Tidings: A Friendship in Letters (HarperCollins) is the correspondence between John Cheever and John Weaver between 1945 and 1982. In the warmth and humor of these chatty letters about everyday events, Cheever is revealed as a man with wit as dry as a good martini. Despite the emphasis on his alcoholism and debauchery, these letters are the outpourings of a gifted, sensitive man.

BOOK BAG

Strange Pilgrims (Knopf), by Gabriel García Márquez: The South American Nobel Prize–winning author casts his magic with 12 spellbinding stories about Latin Americans in Europe.

The War of the Saints (Bantam), by Jorge Amado: The author of *Doña Flor and Her Two Husbands* is back with an enchanting tale about the mystical influence of Saint Barbara on a young taxi driver, a beautiful girl and her repressive aunt.

Plan B (University Press of Mississippi), by Chester Himes: From the author of *Cotton Comes to Harlem*, this apocalyptic unfinished novel depicts the destruction of America by racism.

Nothin' but Good Times Ahead (Random House), by Molly Ivins: In a follow-up to her best-seller, this collection of provocative political essays covers the 1992 presidential campaign, her profiles of fellow Texan Ross Perot and President Clinton's early days in Washington.

The Best American Erotica 1993 (Collier Books), edited by Susie Bright: Don't miss this best-of-the-year collection of erotic stories from 19 writers including Anne Rice and Nicholson Baker.

The History of Hell (Harcourt Brace), by Alice K. Turner: PLAYBOY's Fiction Editor takes us on a literary guided tour to the place that has inspired Milton, Dante, Freud and Stephen King.

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AN AMERICAN NIGHTMARE

By ASA BABER

If you drive east for half an hour from Madison, Wisconsin on Interstate 94, you will see an exit sign for Highway 89 and Lake Mills.

Lake Mills is a typical American town, complete with white frame houses, tall trees, large yards, churches, taverns, gas stations and unpretentious people.

It is known for its American Legion hamburgers, as well as for being the home of a U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service hatchery and the 102-year-old Fargo Mansion Inn. The town sits on the edge of Rock Lake, and in the summer, scuba divers come from miles around to search for the pyramids rumored to be standing somewhere on the lake bed.

But like so many things in our culture today, that bucolic picture of Lake Mills does not represent the entire truth. There is a darkness in the land that even small towns do not escape.

One example: This spring Lake Mills found it was on a list of hot spots the federal government says have unsafe levels of lead in their drinking water.

A more personal example: In that same season, one of my best friends was murdered in Lake Mills as he tried to fulfill his duties as a father. His murderer then committed suicide.

Lake Mills is a symbol of America, and America is fully armed and not at peace.

Shortly after noon on a Saturday in May, Ronald Hering, father of five grown sons and a five-year-old daughter, pulled his car into the driveway of 220 Woodland Court in Lake Mills.

Ron Hering was born on May 7, 1937. His father died when Ron was five years old, and he grew up in a trailer park in Sauk City, Wisconsin. Strictly a Midwestern boy, he was raised in Sauk City. He lettered in four sports in high school and went on to the University of Wisconsin, where he earned a Ph.D. in human relations and development.

He was, by my definition of the term, a renaissance man, a tall, good-looking, humorous guy who loved to laugh at himself as much as he did at others.

Hering held many jobs in education, including those of high school principal, guidance counselor and coach. Later in his career, he became a business consultant. In addition, he was co-founder of a men's group, the New Warrior Adventure Training (which is where I met him). He also founded two of his own organizations (Peak Performance Systems and Accelerated Behavior Change) to help people achieve their potential in their business and personal lives.

He was something of a public figure in the Midwest, a regular guest on Wisconsin Public Radio and a guest on the *Donahue* show in summer 1992.

Hering arrived at the Marvin Gerstner household in Lake Mills to pick up his daughter, Rachel, for their visitation day. Marvin Gerstner, 72, is Rachel's grandfather. Susan Gerstner, 43, also in the house at the time, is Marvin's daughter and Rachel's mother.

Visitation times were often tense for all parties concerned. Since Ron Hering and Susan Gerstner had separated the previous year (they had lived together but had never married), the stakes for custody of Rachel were high.

Hering wanted joint custody of Rachel and the chance to stay in communication with his daughter, but he was meeting strong opposition. Among other things, Susan Gerstner, a social worker, accused Hering of sexually molesting their daughter. And that altered the momentum of the custody conflict.

From the moment the charge of sexual abuse was made, Hering wasn't allowed to be in his daughter's company except under the supervision of a court-approved observer. The accusations and countercharges and legal bills piled up. Four days before he was killed, Hering had written letters to some of his friends that read, in part:

> Just to bring you up to date on the case, I was falsely accused [of child abuse] in October 1992. Since then, I have been investigated twice by two separate social workers and local police personnel. Charges were dropped. However, Susan continues to [falsely allege] that I touched Rachel improperly. . . . Thus far, I feel I have been considered guilty until proven innocent.

Because I had written about fathers and divorce and child custody, and because we were close friends, Hering called me frequently to discuss his situation. I can testify that Hering's concerns for his daughter were paramount in his mind. We talked about Rachel at length, and often.

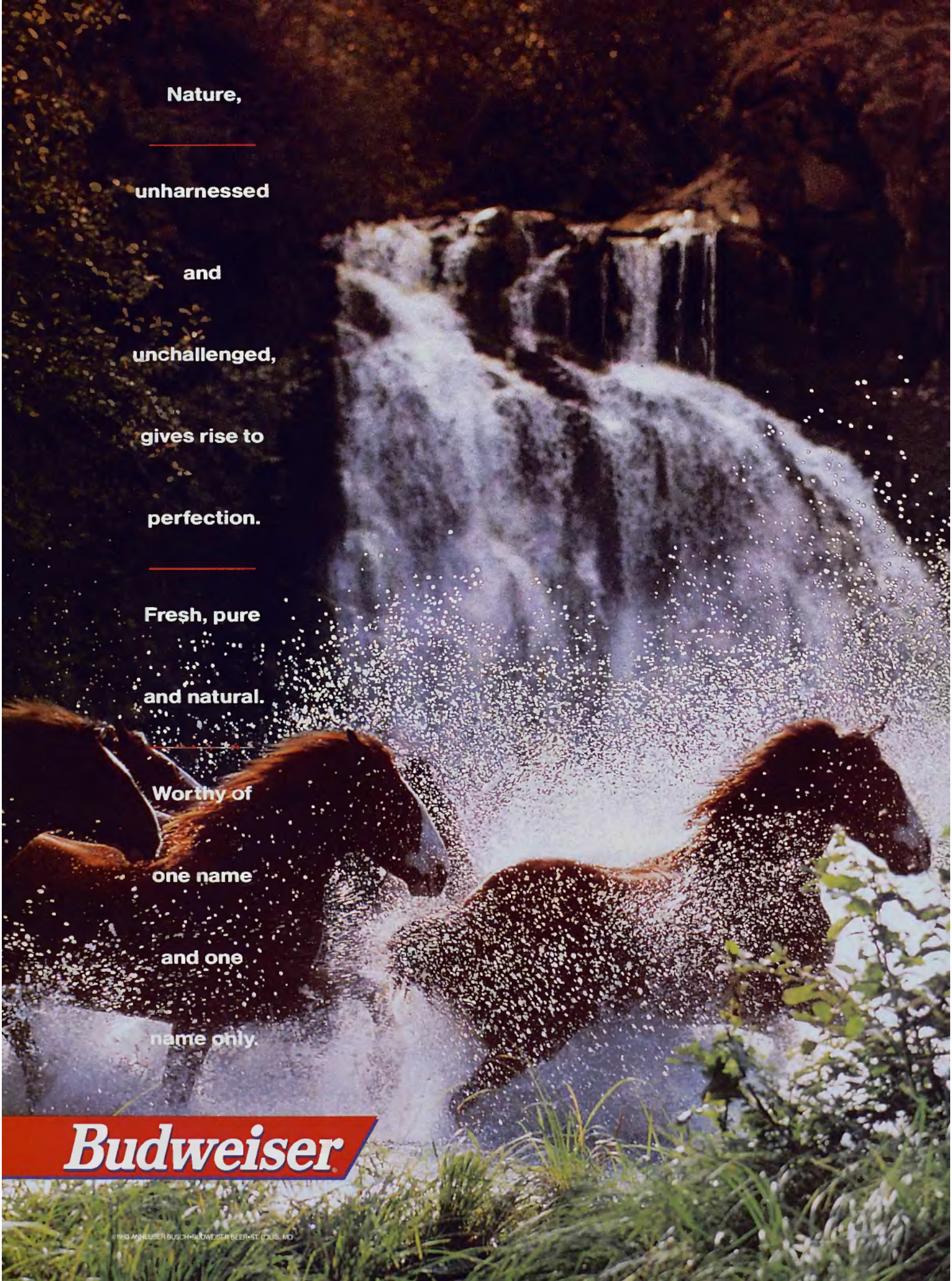
He wrote to an attorney last spring:

> I know that on some level Rachel has to be questioning her relationship with me. Even though I am completely innocent, this continual process of questioning by social workers, policewomen, psychologists and lawyers is harming my daughter. I feel she is being abused by the system. Research shows that if you ask children the same question over and over, they will soon volunteer the answer they think you want. If different people continue to harass her with the same questions about me, sooner or later she will give them the answer they want, and not the truth.

On May 15, 1993, as Ron Hering went to the front door of the Gerstner house on Woodland Drive and rang the doorbell, there was already a tortured history. What followed was not entirely unpredictable. Indeed, Hering had spoken to me of his fears.

After he rang the bell, Hering went back to his car to get a birthday cake he had bought for Rachel and himself. Friends think that he had bought the cake because he was planning to take Rachel to his mother's house to belatedly celebrate his birthday.

While Hering was standing by his car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with the birthday cake in his hands, Marvin Gerstner appeared in the open door of the garage. When Hering saw him, he nodded and spoke briefly to him. Gerstner said something in return.

Then, without warning, Gerstner raised a 12-gauge shotgun to his shoulder and fired directly at Hering. Gerstner was shooting deer slugs, not bird shot, and a slug tore into Hering.

Hering dropped the cake and, though he was badly wounded, began to run across the street. Gerstner took a few more steps and shot Hering again, this time in the upper back.

Hering fell to the ground, dead. Gerstner stretched out on his own front lawn and killed himself, aiming the shotgun at his chest and pulling the trigger.

The bodies of both men were still on the ground when Jefferson County Coroner Mark Schoenleber pronounced them dead.

The birthday cake was splattered on the driveway. Rachel, who had not seen the shooting, was hustled out the back door and taken to a neighbor's.

A gentle spring day in Lake Mills had turned into a nightmare. The forces at work there are familiar to us all, whether we live in a city or a small town: divorce, alienation, custody fight, charges of child abuse and sudden violence. It is all part of a familiar American nightmare.

Approximately 2:30 P.M. that same Saturday, an hour after I had learned Hering was dead, I opened my mailbox to find a package from him. It was a book titled *Resilience*, by Frederic Flach.

Hering had written an inscription to me in the front of the book. It read: "Ace: Thank you for all your support and caring, especially when I needed it. Thought you could use this. Ron H."

Hering was thanking me for standing by him as he faced what I am convinced were false charges. He had even passed a lie detector test. According to Hering, though, once those charges were made, some of his closest friends deserted him.

As I held the book he sent me, a line from Mark Antony's funeral oration in Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* came to mind: "He was my friend, faithful and just to me."

And that is what I have to say about Ron Hering, advisor and mentor to many people. Ron Hering was one of the finest friends I have ever had, and he was always faithful and just to me. I could ask no more of any man.

May Ron Hering rest in peace. In the spirit of forgiveness and resilience and reconciliation, I would ask that Marvin Gerstner also be allowed to rest in peace. And may we Americans, as a culture, be given the grace and wisdom and courage to find a sense of peace in our lives. For our children, if not for ourselves.

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WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

I'M PC, YOU'RE A DICKHEAD

I'm in a dither about political correctness. I can't decide if I think it's absolutely fabulous or a weird kind of liberal neo-Nazism.

As your basic left-wing tree-hugger, I decided early on that being PC was good. I stuck with this through the whole anti-PC brouhaha. Every time I saw an attack against PC in the media I figured some Republican asshole was behind it. Usually I was right.

But in the past week there have been two disquieting incidents.

I was at this party eating those blue tortilla chips you have to eat at parties these days and talking to one of those documentary filmmakers who have to be at parties these days. This one had taken the narrative for a film to some PC expert to get PC "clearance." Whatever the hell that is.

"Did you know," the filmmaker pointed out to me, "that you cannot use the word nippy?"

"You mean as in, 'Bring a sweater, it's a little nippy outside'?" I asked.

"Yeah," he said. "It might be construed as a slur against the Japanese."

"Get the fuck outta here," I said.

"Also, you can't use the word slave, because that may imply that someone is willing to be a slave. You have to use 'enslaved person.'"

"Run that by me again?" I asked. He did, twice. I still don't get it.

Then later on in the week I was attacked on national TV for my lack of correctness. Me.

I was on the panel of a talk show hosted by Mo Gaffney, a most excellent and hilarious woman. The show's topic was "Straight Women, Gay Men: A Beautiful Blendship?" Yeah, I know.

I was supposed to be the comic relief to some rather earnest gay-men-straight-women duos. The first thing I did on the show was get in trouble with them while trying to make friends during a break. "Hey, nice socks," I said to one guy. "Oh, but of course they would be, you're gay."

The four panelists glared at me. I told them it was a joke. That made it worse.

"Don't you see that it's wrong to stereotype a person like that?" said the socks guy's partner, a blonde in pink.

Later on I enraged members of the audience.

One person in the crowd stood up and proclaimed, "I've noticed that women who are friends with gay men are intelligent, creative, straightforward and independent."

"Of course," I said, "straight men hate women like that."

A man in the audience shot into the air. "That's a gross generalization!" he snarled.

"It may be a generalization, but it's not gross," said my Mo.

So I think that this earnest, more-correct-than-thou attitude is sanctimonious crap.

But then I immediately think that political correctness is much needed in America today. I know this because I have just returned from Portland, Oregon. There are some creepy, bigoted, fundamentalist assholes up there. If it weren't for a particularly vociferous contingent of PC types fighting the good fight, the spotted owl would already be history and an antigay bill would have become law.

"I'm so confused. Tell me what to think about PC," I said to my friend Michael Musto, a gay activist and fellow *Village Voice* columnist.

"I like it when it reflects an authentic feeling of outrage against prejudice," he said. "Like back when it was 'fighting homophobia,' or 'fighting racism.' But once it was called political correctness, it started to feel oppressive. You're afraid to say anything at all because it's bound to offend someone. The coalition of Filipino lesbians who are allergic to perfume might come after you.

"I once got creamed at Yale. I was on this gay panel, and someone asked, 'Do you think Vice President Dan Quayle is gay?' I said, 'He's much too stupid to be gay.' First they all laughed, then they attacked me for being offensive to straight people."

"So now we're not allowed to offend straight white men?" I asked. "They have all the power. We have every right to puncture their bloated self-opinions with humor. And as Bette Midler says, 'Fuck 'em if they can't take a joke.'"

"That's part of PC, being humorless."

"On the other hand, no one dares to say anything antigay now. It's very hip to be gay."

"I know," he said. "Every celebrity from Sharon Stone to Sarah Jessica Parker is constantly saying, 'I'm a gay man stuck in a woman's body.' This is a big advance over blatant homophobia, but I wonder what these people are really like, why they weren't like this before. Take Roseanne Arnold and Marky Mark—when they get the least bit ticked off, another person emerges."

This is the problem. Political correctness will change people's language and may therefore change their thinking. But consider a previous bout of political correctness, also accused of having no sense of humor, called women's liberation. Men at that time were incessantly saying, "Oh, my God, we were so stupid to oppress you like that. You're totally right. We'll never do it again. Hurry up, have a career while we do the laundry!"

They were kidding, of course. They mouthed the right platitudes while deep inside the hatred and resentment festered away unabated.

Then men exploded, spewing forth rancid antifeminist propaganda. Thus was the great backlash born.

PC may be positive in some cases and inane in others, but when it's simply camouflaging hatred, I'm against it. I like my hatred right out there where I can see it.

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TERRIBLE PAYBACK

in afghanistan, our spooks trained terrorists who now wage war against us. the bad news is they have a modern arsenal—there is no good news

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

A time bomb is ticking and President Clinton had better do something about it. I am referring to an antisecular war of violence and religious fanaticism throughout the world, fueled by the vipers' nest of terrorist-training centers and arms depots left over from the war in Afghanistan. The outposts along the Afghanistan-Pakistan border are home to people we once called freedom fighters who are now soldiers in a wider war.

"The grim legacy of that proxy war," the *Los Angeles Times* reported in April, "is an explosion of drugs, guns and corruption affecting millions of people across southwest and central Asia."

The United Nations reports that the former freedom fighters of Afghanistan, armed and trained by our CIA, are now major producers of opium. They already supply 20 percent of the U.S. market and are rapidly expanding output. Using vast amounts of drug money and arms, they have gained a foothold in Pakistan's political structure, allowing them to operate there with impunity.

Nor is this a matter of terrorism, which is by definition stateless and fragmented. Although still fighting among themselves, these are people who have a geopolitical base, and there is method to their madness in a common commitment to religious war. The CIA concedes that zealots from more than 40 countries now routinely travel to Afghanistan for training in some of the world's nastier weaponry, including the awesome shoulder-mounted Stinger rockets that can easily shoot down passenger planes.

For a decade the CIA directed a $3 billion war against the Soviets in Afghanistan, supplying arms and training to hard-core fundamentalists. These "freedom fighters" were recruited from Muslim communities throughout the world, including the small office on Atlantic Avenue in Brooklyn near the mosque where Sheikh Abdel Rahman preached.

Men from the mosque, later allegedly involved in the New York bombings, "were sent to Pakistan for training paid for by the CIA, then slipped across the border into Afghanistan," according to the *Los Angeles Times*. They became part of the army led by the fanatic Gulbuddin Hekmatyar, who received about 70 percent of U.S. aid to Afghanistan and who now runs the country. Recent reports indicate that Sheikh Rahman has been a close collaborator of Hekmatyar's, meeting with him at his base in Peshawar during trips to Pakistan.

How long is it going to take President Clinton to demand that the CIA provide a full inventory of the weaponry left in Afghanistan and full disclosure about whom the CIA trained and what they are up to now? We know this much: The CIA trained the people who are now trying to kill us. "Some of the same people who are actual or potential terrorists in this country are former guerrilla fighters in Afghanistan," David Whipple, former CIA national intelligence officer for counterterrorism, told *The New York Times* in July. At least two of the suspects in the World Trade Center bombing and another two of the suspects arrested for planning to kill politicians and blow up tunnels in New York City were Afghan freedom fighters tutored by the CIA. How do they get into this country and why are they allowed to operate so freely? How many more are here?

Some, such as the president, like to blame the presence of these characters in our midst on loose enforcement of the immigration laws. Bull. These people were deliberately admitted to this country despite the fact that their record of treachery was well known to the CIA. Indeed, many of their tricks had been learned at our own dirty-tricks schools.

The Egyptian government, a strong and moderate ally of the U.S., accused Sheikh Rahman of inspiring an assassination attempt on the life of Anwar Sadat, among other plots. According to a *New York Times* story, "senior Egyptian officials, including President Mubarak, contend that the American government repeatedly ignored their warnings about the danger posed by Mr. Abdel Rahman." One might further ask: Why was Sheikh Rahman cleared for entry to this country by the CIA six separate times? CIA agents working in American consular offices abroad looked over this guy's visa application on a half dozen occasions between 1986 and 1990.

How absurd that this wild man, much ridiculed and despised in the media, might turn out to be one of the CIA's own—a member, in good standing, of a world of fanaticism and violence created and directed when the CIA pumped many billions into the Afghan war against the old Soviet Union. Indeed, the sheikh and his followers are only one band among many free-floating fundamentalist Islamic gangs out to settle grievances with what they term the secular godless enemy—namely the leadership of most of the world's nations, from Algeria to the U.S. We are not talking about simple acts of terrorism here, but rather war. This is the Ayatollah Khomeini's fantasy come true.

While we have been preoccupied with the egocentric but secular leader of Iraq, the effective fanatics in Tehran have consolidated their power. Iran's influence among Afghan veterans is immense. For example, money from Iran seems to have been used to purchase some of the 1000 Stinger rockets the CIA gave to the Afghan freedom fighters.

But what is the CIA doing about it? The agency has been belatedly authorized to spend $55 million to buy back the rockets it gave to the Afghans. So far the CIA admits that more than 300 of the Stingers are unaccounted for. That means at least 300 have fallen into the hands of movements and governments that have no scruples about knocking a civilian airplane out of the sky.

Little noticed in all this is the fact that the prize, a free Afghanistan, is a country in name only. Nothing from schools to law enforcement works in that sad land, which has degenerated into warring factions that take severe tolls in civilian casualties. Not only Afghanistan has disintegrated; Pakistan, a linchpin of Western power in Asia, has been overwhelmed by the corruption and violence flowing across its border.

During the presidential campaign, candidate Clinton promised to end the days of CIA lawlessness. A full investigation, with full public disclosure, of the CIA Afghan caper is the place to begin. And it should begin before, not after, one of those Stinger rockets hits a passenger plane.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I have an unusual fetish. I get aroused to the point of orgasm by giving money to women. Not hookers—I need to know the woman for at least three months. A woman can be completely clothed—all she has to say is "Give me your money" and I'm in heaven. What started out as a minor problem has turned into a full-blown addiction. I'll pay a woman to wash her car, do her laundry, anything, as long as the result is money in her pocket. Please help me. In eight months I have given away more than three grand.—M. D., Anaheim, California.

Do you wear a sign that says EASY TOUCH? *The "Encyclopedia of Unusual Sex Practices" describes something similar to your condition as "harpaxophilia," which is arousal from being robbed. You don't mention crime as part of the pleasure, but if all a woman has to do to get money from you is ask for it, you're being robbed. You need to find out where this "thrill" originated or you'll end up filing for bankruptcy. Our advice: Carry quarters, not tens.*

My girlfriend and I have been together for seven years, though we only started having sex two years ago. I have been her only lover, but she has not been my only partner. Five years ago I cheated on her and slept with another woman three times. This woman was not a virgin and I did not use a condom. I could never tell my girlfriend about it because it would end our relationship. But I'm worried that I may have transmitted a disease to her. I know STDs are asymptomatic. How do I get her to get checked without arousing any suspicion?—A. D., Toronto, Ontario.

Some sexually transmitted diseases are asymptomatic—guilt is not one of them. Don't burden your girlfriend with this. And don't treat your guilt by sending her to a doctor. You should see a doctor if you are concerned. If, five years after your indiscretion, you don't have anything, chances are she doesn't, either.

Do men enjoy having their nipples stimulated? My husband likes it when I suck his nipples, but it doesn't seem to arouse him nearly as much as it does me. Is he just letting me get my thrills?—V. N., Bristol, Tennessee.

What a guy—willing to sacrifice himself bare-chested to your wanton lust. Nipple erection is an involuntary response where the muscle within the nipple contracts whenever it is stimulated. Men do have nerve endings in their nipples, but they are not as concentrated as women's and do not have the surrounding fatty tissue that makes breast stimulation even more pleasurable. As an erogenous zone, nipples are more for women, though we certainly wouldn't complain about the extra attention.

Airlines warn travelers to arrive at the airport at least two hours before an international departure. I fly business class, so check-in lines are rarely a problem. I hate cooling my heels in foreign airports. Do I really need to be there so early?—W. R., Boston, Massachusetts.

We once had a business associate who arrived 15 minutes before flight time and still managed to stop for a drink before boarding. Those days are long gone. With terrorism on the rise, airports have stepped up security. London's airports now require two or three security checks. The final check can dump the contents of your gear regardless of the X-ray screening. After waiting in the security line for 45 minutes, you may need another 15 minutes to repack. Tokyo is faster with security, but lines for immigration can take 30 to 45 minutes to navigate. Flying from Canada to the U.S. means clearing customs north of the border, which can put a crimp in your schedule. Departing relaxed, even if it wastes precious time, beats flying frazzled or missing the flight. Airline clubs don't solve the problem, but they ease the pain.

I am too ticklish to receive oral sex. My girlfriend tells me to concentrate on the feeling rather than the act, but it doesn't seem to work. She thinks I don't like her technique, but that isn't so. I just can't enjoy it because I'm laughing too hard. How can I overcome this?—G. J., New York, New York.

Ever notice that you cannot tickle yourself? Touch your penis before your girlfriend does. That should short-circuit the ticklish response. Or, you can desensitize a ticklish area with massage. Have your girlfriend give you a full-body massage, with oral sex at the end. By the time she reaches your penis, you'll be so relaxed you won't flinch.

After a painful divorce, I stayed away from serious relationships for two years. Three months ago I met a wonderful girl and fell in love with her—a scary feeling. She wants to take it slow, I want to get serious. The other night she told me she has been dating this other guy for more than a year. I want to marry this girl. I believe we have a future together. She says she needs time to let the other guy go. Is she playing me for a fool?—J. G., Atlanta, Georgia.

No, she's doing you a favor. There's a term for someone who brings out the best in a man on the rebound—we call such friends "transitional women." Your vital signs are back (including the desire for a lasting relationship). Accept this for what it is and keep your eyes open for someone willing to get serious.

Whenever the power flickers, the clock on my VCR thinks it's midnight. I've missed a lot of great shows. Is there a solution?—R. T., St. Louis, Missouri.

Sure. Stay at home and watch the shows when they're broadcast. Nowadays, instead of internal backup batteries, manufacturers substitute a capacitor that will hold a charge for anywhere from a few seconds to a few minutes. Some VCRs don't keep time at all if the power flickers, but there is a solution. Buy an uninterruptible power supply—a device normally sold for computers. In the past year the cost of a low-wattage UPS has fallen to about $100. The device can power the average VCR for up to an hour; it also acts as a surge protector.

Is there a book that can tell me if my favorite actresses have appeared nude in films?—L. T., Houston, Texas.

The "Bare Facts Video Guide" is available from The Bare Facts, P.O. Box 3255, Santa Clara, California 95055-3255, for $10. The book lists nude appearances of actors and actresses on videotape.

While at the beach recently, I began to suck on my lover's fingers to taste the flavor of what he was eating. He found this erotic and asked me to stop for fear of getting an erection in a crowded public place. Does licking and sucking on fingers, even innocently, create a sexual response in all men, or is my lover just a horny guy? Also, how do men feel about a woman's teeth on their penis?—S. B., Virginia Beach, Virginia.

You have discovered a potent erogenous zone. Finger sucking resembles something erotic, something that you can't normally do in public. Think about it. It's a great teaching aid for oral sex. As far as using your teeth

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER.SATO

during oral sex is concerned, we can't speak for all men. The only one who counts is your lover. Ask him. If he doesn't like it, there's always corn on the cob.

If you rent a car in Europe, can you drive from one country to another?—C. C., Islip, New York.

It used to be simple to drive from country to country, but car theft has prompted most rental chains to restrict intra-European travel. Even if you buy car-theft insurance, your policy will likely be invalid if the car is stolen beyond the company's boundaries.

Last night after my husband came in me, he withdrew and slipped on a large, rubber, penislike sheath. It was about 11 inches long and the diameter of a soft-drink bottle. After lubricating the thing, he pressed it against my vagina and it slipped in. I was uneasy at first, but I gradually accepted the entire length. As he began to thrust in and out, I had the greatest, most explosive orgasm I have ever dreamed of having, and a few more after that. Now I'm worried that we've set a precedent. Will I be able to go back to normal sex?—F. E., Ladson, South Carolina.

We suppose enjoying sex with an 11-inch sheath answers the primordial question: Does size really matter? For you, it does. We wonder, though, if it was the novelty or the actual size that turned you on. It sounds as if you had a great night. But before you dump your husband in search of a John Holmes clone, try the sheath again. This time it won't be such a surprise. If it's still great, terrific. You can keep it in a little shrine by your bedside.

I'm planning to attend an auction to bid on a vintage car. Do you have any tips?—P. A., New York, New York.

Auctions are great spectator sports, but we urge caution if you decide to be a player. You don't have the opportunity to drive the vehicle before purchase and you may have little chance to even examine it. The auction company generally relies on the owner's statement of condition and history. Our advice: If you fall in love with a car that's going to be auctioned, try to learn as much as you can about it before the sale (these cars are often publicized in advance). Examine the vehicle as closely as possible beforehand, try to speak with the owner (he or she is usually in the crowd) and take an expert with you.

Oral sex doesn't give me much satisfaction. It's a nice feeling that gets me hard, but I don't associate any real eroticism with it. Lengthy periods of oral play leave me bored. However, I do love cunnilingus. A woman having orgasms while I'm going down on her is a big turn-on. I don't find anything more affirming to my manhood. What gives?—D. G., San Juan, Puerto Rico.

It may be that you are more comfortable with the traditional male role of active lovemaking. Turning the tables by sitting back and relaxing is difficult for many men. The myth of pornography is that men remain impassive during oral sex. The game is not to keep control but to lose control in an interesting and erotic way. Ask your girlfriend what it's like for her to watch you respond to her techniques. Then let it rip. Another suggestion: Try a more dramatic posture. Amplify the sensation of a blow job by receiving one in a closet, car, phone booth, alley or office. Sometimes where it happens can make all the difference.

My sex life is OK, but I'd like more variety. My husband enjoys conservative, straightforward sex, while I enjoy open, kinky sex. I've discussed my fantasies with him and he thinks I'm twisted. But the other day I found some stories he has written about us with other couples and about anal sex. If my husband writes like that, why is he so conservative in bed? How can I bring out his wilder side?—K. A., West Bend, Wisconsin.

Since you didn't bother to tell us your fantasies, we'll assume that they are garden-variety twisted—nothing with space aliens or lower life-forms. Here are a few ideas to get your husband to come out of his shell: Create a set of fantasy cards. Both of you should write down three things you'd like to do in bed. Put the cards in a bowl and draw one. Or use your fantasies as a soundtrack. While you're doing the same old thing in bed, whisper in his ear what you'd really like to be doing. Finally, choose and act out a scenario from his stories. That should get the ball rolling.

The movie quality on my VCR annoys me. I'm considering stepping up to a laser disc player that will offer much better quality. However, I read that movies will soon come on digital CD-size discs. Can I play these on an existing laser disc player, or will they make the player obsolete?—T. W., Dallas, Texas.

Go with the laser disc. Although existing players probably won't play digital CD-size videos, by the time those arrive you'll have gotten your money's worth from your laser disc player. Major companies continue to experiment with small, digital video discs, which require considerable data reduction. That's a process that drops all the digital bits that aren't absolutely necessary for the picture. Proponents hope to agree on a standard by next year. That standard may fall short of the quality of existing laser discs. Companies are also working on digital VCRs that will play high-definition pictures. Again, your laser disc player will serve you well until then.

My wife and I have a rather unusual problem. She likes to hold my penis a lot. Not just as a prelude to sex, but also during nonsexual times. I can't remember the last time we watched television when she wasn't holding it. I go to sleep, she's holding it. I wake up, she's holding it. When we read the Sunday newspaper together, she takes her hand off it only long enough to turn the page. Sometimes I get irritated and tell her to lay off, but she says that it's like holding hands. What can I do?—W. B., Burbank, California.

It's not like holding hands. A hand doesn't wonder if someone wishes it were erect, nor does it need down time after sex. If she wants to cuddle, she should do it with a different part of your anatomy. If she wants to make love, have her use a different part of her anatomy—say, her mouth.

I've amassed quite a collection of audio- and videotapes. These include some great pirate recordings of rock concerts in the Seventies, as well as family videos. How long will these tapes last?—R. W., San Diego, California.

Tape companies are reticent to quote life expectancies. Most agree on a minimum of 20 years. Playing tapes at least once a year helps extend their life. Store tapes in a constant, balanced atmosphere. Keep them at room temperature with a humidity between 50 percent and 70 percent. Keep tapes in boxes away from pollution (including cigarette smoke). Also, never place your tapes near a loudspeaker, TV or other source of strong magnetic fields. Because of a manufacturing problem during the Seventies, some open-reel audiotapes get sticky and refuse to play. A process of baking in a convection oven makes these tapes playable for a few days, long enough to copy them to a new tape.

My wife and I are expecting our first child soon. We have a good relationship and are honest with each other, but I find myself wondering if the kid is really mine. I have no reason to suspect otherwise. Is this an abnormal reaction?—J. H., Buena Park, California.

In his survey of expectant families, clinical psychologist Jerrold Lee Shapiro found that more than 60 percent of the men who responded acknowledged doubts similar to yours. A lot of adjustments must be made by a couple expecting a child, but this is especially true of men. The wonder of procreation can be a frustrating, secondhand experience that may leave you feeling left out. The best remedy is support and reassurance from the one you trust most with your feelings. Talk it over with your wife.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.*

THE RAPE OF TRUTH

how antipornography theory exploits serbian atrocities

"In what is called peacetime, pornography is made from rape in film studios, on sets, in private bedrooms, in basements, in alleys, in prison cells and in brothels. It should be no surprise to find it being made in a 'rape theater' in a Serbian-run concentration camp for Muslims and Croatians in Bosnia-Herzegovina."

—CATHARINE A. MACKINNON, *Ms.* MAGAZINE, JULY–AUGUST 1993

—By TED C. FISHMAN—

One of the fastest ways to cheapen human suffering is to plug it into an ideology. Theorists have long appropriated horror to win polemical points and cared little about the human suffering. In short, they exploit. Now comes Catharine MacKinnon, feminist litigator and theorist, to co-opt the abominations in Bosnia to support her ideology that pornography causes violence against women.

The July–August issue of *Ms.* magazine celebrates MacKinnon's theory by allowing her, in its cover story, no less, to link the enormous horror of Bosnia to the relatively trivial cause of porn-bashing. EXCLUSIVE! reads the magazine's cover, NEW TESTIMONY FROM THE RAPE/DEATH CAMPS REVEALS SEXUAL ATROCITIES BEING USED AS PORNOGRAPHY. Well, tragically, death and rape in Bosnia is not a news flash. The world has known about the crimes far too long to justify its inaction. We know there are monsters who torture and kill, rape mothers in front of their children and cut off the heads of infants. For MacKinnon and her supporters at *Ms.*, though, the interesting part is that some soldiers have dirty magazines under their beds and some of them videotape their comrades brutalizing women.

Antipornography activists have focused on this detail in the midst of innumerable others because, MacKinnon says, it ties violence to porn. And the lack of hard proof that pornography fuels anything more than the sexual imagination has kept her antipornography theories from breaking into the mainstream. So while others gasp at the carnage, MacKinnon and her kind cheer because they feel that what has been found under some beds in a country gone berserk proves their theory. This puts them in line behind the Marxists, libertarians, Lyndon LaRouchians and others who seek to explain everything from the Holocaust to job discrimination.

"Sex has been used before to create, mobilize and manipulate ethnic hatred, from the world of the Third Reich to the world of *Penthouse*," MacKinnon writes. "With this war, pornography emerges as a tool of genocide. . . . Ethnic hatred is sexualized; bigotry becomes orgasm."

MICHAEL OPPEN

The theory begs the question of how nice a war the Serbs would wage if they didn't have cameras.

The Vikings didn't have camcorders for their raids on Normandy. Yet their Nordic descendants, who prolifically produce and consume erotica, have one of the world's lowest incidences of sex crimes. MacKinnon cannot account for that.

If you doubt that theories dominate the human dimension, flip to the headline inside the same *Ms.* issue: TURNING RAPE INTO PORNOGRAPHY: POSTMODERN GENOCIDE. Only a coldhearted thinker could tag postmodern onto genocide and think that it makes the worst crime sound worse still.

MacKinnon loses perspective: She thinks all possible evils lie within her theory's explanatory power. "When pornography is this normal," she writes, "a whole population of men is primed to dehumanize women and enjoy inflicting assault sexually." American women whose men enjoy *Sports Illustrated*'s swimsuit issue and this magazine, she suggests, are destined to share the fate of their sisters in Bosnia.

MacKinnon's logic does not compute. Bosnia at war is not America at peace. War has a way of twisting societies, and twisted societies have a way of twisting everything. In the Chinese Cultural Revolution, student activists actually ate—as in cannibalized—the livers of "bourgeois" shopkeepers they killed. Antiporn theory would posit that American business owners should fear for their lives.

MacKinnon is currently suing Radovan Karadžić, head of the Bosnian Serbs, in a U.S. federal court, for genocidal rape. As part of the suit, MacKinnon has collected the stories of the victims of rape and torture in Bosnia. In their own words, these women tell of a country where human relations have been totally perverted, where barbarism has exploded. They tell of acts we know, without reflection, to be evil. But then MacKinnon interjects that Serbian men victimize these women because of dirty pictures, yet torture and kill men for other reasons.

An American court is MacKinnon's perfect arena. There she can chalk one up for theory but not have to engage the human complexities.

It is inevitable that these horrors will seep into many theories. It is one way the world digests the incomprehensible. But usurping them for antipornography theory diminishes real outrage about real horror. Suing the Serb leader and minding one's own self-interest does more to obscure human suffering than to help end it.

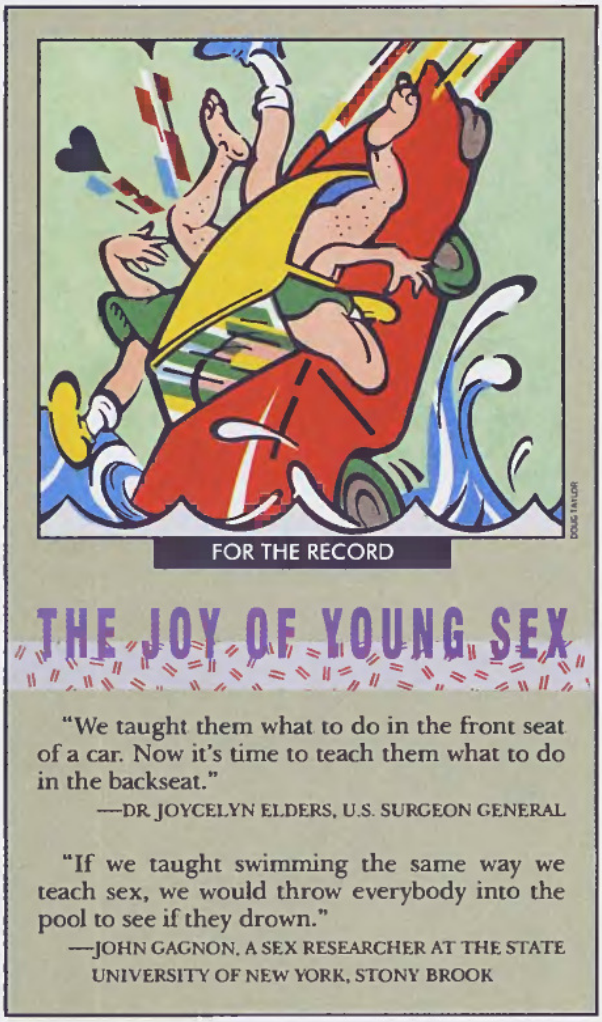
READER

THE BLACKBOARD JUNGLE

The Playboy Forum did a couple of pieces about the spurious nature of sexual harassment in the workplace, and I was convinced that the issue had reached the point of lunacy when people started filing suits against co-workers for dinner invitations. But the current movement to prove that elementary school children and teenagers are victims has gone too far. The "Hostile Halls" report commissioned by the American Association of University Women wants us to believe that 81 percent of junior-high- and high-school-age children have suffered some form of sexual harassment at the hands of their peers. Alarming, until you take a look at the specifics: 76 percent of girls and 56 percent of boys reporting harassment were talking about comments, jokes, gestures or looks. Fifty-three percent of both genders reported touching, grabbing or pinching; 46 percent described being brushed up against; 37 percent were the target of sexual rumors; 32 percent received sexual pictures or notes. While none of this is commendable, it's the same adolescent behavior we experienced—and maybe perpetrated—as youngsters. Let's not turn the awkward discovery of sexual differences into a heinous crime. Adolescence is a time for guidance, not punishment.

Logan Mills
Seattle, Washington

We agree. Children should learn the facts of life in a living room or classroom—not in a courtroom.


FOR THE RECORD
THE JOY OF YOUNG SEX
"We taught them what to do in the front seat of a car. Now it's time to teach them what to do in the backseat."
—DR. JOYCELYN ELDERS, U.S. SURGEON GENERAL
"If we taught swimming the same way we teach sex, we would throw everybody into the pool to see if they drown."
—JOHN GAGNON, A SEX RESEARCHER AT THE STATE UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK, STONY BROOK
DOUG TAYLOR

STATE RULES

The times I've doubted the fairness of *The Playboy Forum* is when it reports on the government's attempts to erase the separation of church and state. Now, I'm not so sure it isn't right. I was reading *The New England Journal of Medicine* when I came across an article from some doctors explaining how the Office for Protection from Research Risks of the National Institutes of Health hinders fetal-tissue research by requiring parental consent from both father and mother. The doctors point out that, except in cases of rape, the regulations bear a great resemblance to those rules governing research on children. That brought me up short. The government is stopping valid scientific research because it follows an anti-abortion party line that calls fetal tissue a child? This is just another in a long line of travesties that linger from the Reagan and Bush years. It's time to kick religion out of government and back into the church.

Paul Porter
Boston, Massachusetts

FREE-FIRE ZONE

I am writing to you about the photograph of the Playboy Building in West Hollywood that appeared in the August issue ("For the Record," *The Playboy Forum*). You call it an antihandgun mural—I call it nothing more than a 100-foot-high billboard that provides an emotional (and nonsubstantive) argument against handgun ownership. It puzzles me that it appears after what I considered a balanced look at the pros and cons of handgun ownership ("Gun Control Scrapbook," *The Playboy Forum*, July) because it makes it clear on what side PLAYBOY's sentiments fall. I am a responsible gun owner and I refuse to support a magazine that blatantly supports the antihandgun cause. So after 20 or so years as a subscriber, I ask that you please cancel my subscription.

Stephen Harrold
West Terre Haute, Indiana

HOLDING PENS

Congratulations: You have piqued my interest in women in prison. Your letter from Amy Pofahl ("Reader Response," *The Playboy Forum*, August) touches briefly on a real issue that deserves more coverage. The toll-free number for the office of the Inspector General of the Justice Department (800-869-4499) allows callers to give their opinions anonymously on a variety of subjects, including mandatory sentences, early release for first-time nonviolent female offenders and home confinement. All opinions are forwarded to the Attorney General's office. Thank you for keeping me current.

Hank Broyles
Newport Beach, California

Amy Pofahl's letter struck a nerve not just for women serving disproportionately harsh sentences but for all those imprisoned under the draconian regulations of Reagan and Bush. Many families in the U.S. are suffering from the incarceration of a friend, relative or family member. This is a problem that ultimately reduces our moral standards, destroys families and destroys lives and increases our crime rate. Please contact your senator, congressperson, civil rights commission, Janet Reno, Al Gore, the Black Women's Congress, Hillary Clinton, Tipper Gore and President Bill Clinton and express your concern. Call 800-555-1212 to get your representative's

RESPONSE

toll-free telephone number. I encourage everyone to make one telephone call and write one letter a week until more humane regulations are enacted. Our common goal should be to reduce crime, reduce poverty, raise moral standards and help prisoners to be productive citizens.

Alan Coleman
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

ANDREA DWORKIN

Since *The Playboy Forum* published my letter, I have received an abundance of mail from your readers asking if I am a pundit on this subject. Most letters have shown some sympathy and an interest to know more about my case. I am 33 years old, serving my third year of a 24-year sentence. My husband, who is 53, is a Stanford Law School graduate and, I maintain, is at the center of the crime for which I was convicted. Today he is still at large, though a fugitive. I was indicted because I refused to cooperate with federal agents and an overzealous prosecutor from San Antonio. They promised to destroy my life if I did not assist them in building a case against my husband and other suspects. The measures taken to break me made McCarthyism look like child's play. Two years after their original threats, I was indicted and sat in a Waco, Texas jail for one year while they waited for me to break. They called it waiting for a trial.

I am not bitter, nor do I blame my husband. I am here by choice—if I'd cooperated I would probably be free today. But that would have meant wearing wires, setting up sting operations, handing over any damaging information I could have elicited from my husband.

There are hundreds of cases like mine that no one ever hears about. There was no doubt in my mind that I would lose my case, but my soul never has been up for sale.

Amy Ralston Pofahl
Dublin, California

FREEDOM OF SEX

I thought that *The Playboy Forum* would be interested in one company's unique approach to raising the issues of free speech and sexuality. Sex Maniacs I and Sex Maniacs II are trading-card sets created by Joseph Mauro (a recent New York Law School graduate) and his brother, Paul (an English professor at Hofstra University). They created the first set of cards to challenge a law that had been passed in Nassau County, New York to prohibit the sale of Serial Killer trading cards to minors. Sure enough, Sex Maniacs I cards were also deemed subject to censorship. Their content was no doubt offensive to many local government officials in Nassau County (an archconservative area), not only because of their sexual references but also because of their biting political, social and religious commentary. Sex Maniacs II continues to make irreverent commentary, featuring public figures from many walks of life. (The Andrea Dworkin and J. Edgar Hoover cards are favorites of mine.) The trading cards and comic books are designed to reach teenagers and young adults and make an important contribution to civil liberties.

Nadine Strossen, President
American Civil Liberties Union
New York, New York

For more information, contact First Amendment Publishing, 55 Main Street, Northport, New York 11768.

We want to hear your point of view. Send questions, information, opinions and quirky stuff to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Fax number: 312-951-2939.

Your team won't be taken seriously if it's not wearing adidas.

adidas

It was a great advertising idea: Feature the York Region Kick of the Canadian Soccer League in nothing but Adidas' new soccer shoes. Or so Adidas Canada thought, until *Sports Illustrated* nixed running the ad. A spokesman for Adidas Canada says emphatically, "*Sports Illustrated* has a double standard. They promote their swimsuit issue, yet they find male nudity in [the Adidas ad] offensive." Have *Sports Illustrated* readers never seen the inside of a locker room?

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

HEAVEN CAN WAIT

TAIWAN—*In a new trend, wealthy Taiwanese are staging erotic burials for their departed kin. Despite laws against public*

nudity, some funerals now include strippers. Although one official charges that the rich "have turned funerals into farces," authorities are reluctant to prosecute a ceremony that the bereaved could claim was a legitimate form of ancestor worship.

SEX AND EDUCATION

BRIGHTON, ENGLAND—*Bobbies who seized what they considered to be obscene postcards depicting sex between two men had to give them back. Much to their chagrin, the overzealous police had to return the cards because they turned out to be part of an AIDS-awareness campaign funded by the East Sussex Health Authority.*

FAINT OF HEART

CINCINNATI—*The victim in a sexual assault case is causing big problems for prosecutors. The woman suffers from a mental disorder called conversion hysteria that is triggered by the word sex. During a preliminary court hearing she passed out twice, and in one instance when "sex" was mentioned, she fell out of her chair. It happened again when the prosecutor spelled out the word. The woman claims that a man who knew of her condition took advantage of it to have sexual contact while she was unconscious or semiconscious. The defendant's attorney reasons that if the woman fainted when his client said the word sex, she wouldn't know whether or not he had contact with her.*

SAFE HAVEN

SAN FRANCISCO—*A judge has granted political asylum to a gay Brazilian man. The 30-year-old man testified that he had been beaten and stabbed because of his sexual orientation and had fled to the U.S. in 1990 to escape antigay commandos who target homosexuals. On the basis that the applicant had a reasonable fear of persecution for being homosexual, the court allowed the Brazilian to stay.*

LOCKED OUT

PHOENIX—*The Maricopa County sheriff has decided that his jail's 5000 inmates can no longer receive magazines that feature nude pictorials—which, of course, includes* PLAYBOY. *Explaining his decision, Sheriff Joe Arpaio said, "Why should I agitate the inmates? I have female detention officers to worry about." Apparently, some of those female correctional officers feel that men's magazines make their jobs harder. One of the officers explained her position: "It upsets me. I get offended. To me, it's disgusting." Let's get this straight. They're more upset by pictures of nude women than by the criminals?*

CAFÉ AU LATEX

FRENCH RIVIERA—*Tourists patronizing the cafés on the Riviera now can order a combination coffee, croissant and condom. As part of a national health campaign against AIDS, a million condoms will be distributed in 200 cafés, beach bars and discos along the Mediterranean seaboard. To get one, simply ask the waiter for a café branche (plugged-in coffee); a rubber comes with the cup.*

CIVIC SHAME

SAN FRANCISCO—*A woman who said she was raped and beaten on the sidewalk after a city transit driver refused to let her take refuge in his bus won $1.6 million in damages from the city. She had initially escaped from her attacker by boarding the bus. But when the rapist blocked the bus' path with his car and demanded the woman get off, the bus driver said he did not want to get involved and made the woman leave.*

BREATH OF FRESH AIR

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Under the Clinton administration, the U.S. Public Health Service can finally discuss condoms and the use of sterilized needles. Previous surgeon general reports on AIDS prevention prescribed abstinence or, in the absence of self-control, the limiting of sex to one steady, uninfected partner. The newly released report (held under the Bush administration, which refused to OK its release) contains photographs of unwrapped condoms and a five-step guide for users, plus instructions on how to clean needles with household bleach.*

EQUAL-OPPORTUNITY TURPITUDE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Under Defense Department guidelines, special clearances may now be granted to acknowledged nonmilitary homosexuals on military business. But a number of other sexual practices that the department feels indicate "moral turpi-*

tude" may be grounds for denial of clearances for both gays and straights. The morally suspect behaviors include exhibitionism, sodomy, bestiality, incest and self-mutilation. Watch where you pin that medal, sir.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EVERETT PECK

STATE of the UNION

a report on sex in the age of aids

Almost all of my friends have been tested. One girl refuses to be tested because of one stupid relationship, one mistake she made a few years ago. I met a guy and had the test just so we could give up condoms. I didn't really have any worry until they had the blood in the vial. Then I went through a week of dread. And then I fucked my brains out.

—A WOMAN DESCRIBES SEX TODAY

The surveys say that people in their 20s are sexually active; they get erections, they have orgasms, they have multiple encounters with other consenting Xers. But are they having the wet, wild, eager, connected sex that veterans of the sexual revolution recall? When self-defense replaces self-discovery as the precursor of sex, what is the outcome? Where is the passion? Where is the juice? Where is the quest for sexual mastery?

We recently listened to a father of two sons lament that his sons would never know the kind of sex he had had; that today's youth make love under the covers and then pretend it didn't occur. Sex, he said, has become something you get away with—like shoplifting. Furtive. Prone to denial. "In the Fifties, it took a young man seven to ten years to hit his sexual stride, to find out through experience what kind of sexual being he wanted to be," said this father. "In the Sixties that transition period went from seven years to seven months. Then the whole Sixties culture was a sexual adventure, and everyone emerged a hero. Now it's anybody's guess how many years it will take these kids to gain that kind of sexual wisdom."

A woman in her 20s calls sexual exploration in the Nineties "Rolodex dating." She says: "I don't want to give up sex, but I don't want to have a boyfriend. I don't want the pain of a failed relationship. So when my friends and I want sex, we call up old boyfriends. We date our past."

AIDS creates a climate of fear in which a single night's encounter becomes a ghost that haunts you for the rest of your nights, instead of simply a memory and a shrug. The surgeon general's warning "When you sleep with someone, you sleep with every person that person has ever slept with" sends people back to old flames—simply as a means of avoiding risk. Familiarity breeds contempt, but maybe it breeds nothing more.

The message that filtered through the sexual revolution was that sex is natural, a fundamental right. Yet the young men and women who refuse to give up sex while also refusing to risk a relationship make sex seem like a required course—or, to use another metaphor, more like exercise, less like sport.

A graduate student explains the contradictions of sex at school: "We have sex, but we don't think about it. Sex is considered anti-intellectual. If you admit to thinking about sex, looking at PLAYBOY or lusting after someone in your class, you have confessed to turning someone into a sexual object, and that is politically incorrect. So what you have is sex without any anticipation, without any horsepower, without foreplay."

Another student offers the real message of condoms. "It's the responsible thing to do. Would you sleep with someone who refused to put on a condom? Of course, the minute you put on the condom you are admitting you are with someone you don't know—and you ask yourself, Why am I doing this? A condom turns your partner into a talking dildo. You've just created a sexual object."

Generation X tries to make light of juggling the triple threats of disease, pain and political incorrectness during sex. But even the rhetoric of responsible sex is deceptive: Carrying a condom in your wallet does not simply declare that you're sensitive, it disguises the message that sex kills. Wrap that message around your erection and you cease to have contact with your partner.

Given this state of sex, we asked a handful of experts to develop agendas for the future. We asked a simple question: "If you could change one thing about sex, what would it be?" Their answers follow.

THE FUTU

predictions and appeals from some of

WHAT TO EXPECT FROM 21ST CENTURY SEX

by Lisa Palac

The author is editor of "Future Sex," a magazine that probes everything from virtual-reality sex to real-body erotica. She produced "Cyborgasm," a CD of aural sex that will alter your reality.

I have a new rule for the future of dating: Don't go out with anyone who won't go to the O'Farrell Theater. For those unfamiliar with the decadent offerings of San Francisco, the O'Farrell (known to locals as the Mitchell Brothers) is a sex-entertainment emporium that features a video theater, erotic dancing and a variety of rooms for provocative show-and-tell. You would think most guys would be up for accompanying their dates on an evening of wholesome debauchery, but this has not been my experience:

HIM: What would you like to do tonight? See *Eight Faces of Carl Jung*, eat some mesquite-grilled mahimahi, go for a moonlit walk on the beach?

ME: Naw, I'd rather go to see some strippers.

HIM: (*disgusted*) Absolutely not.

ME: Oh, c'mon. I'll pay.

HIM: I am not setting foot in one of those porno places.

ME: Stop acting like a girl.

It seems that some young men have been infected by a strain of feminist politics that makes them just say no to peep shows. Too bad, because women are just learning to say yes.

As we tear into the 21st century, all sorts of erotic predictions are being made. In the future, you'll be able to have an intergalactic, teledildonic cybermambo with an alien. Or how about a digitally simulated, multisensory ménage à trois? And don't forget the personal sex robots designed to fulfill your every fantasy 24 hours a day until you're just a blob of orgiastic goo. Well, I'm not putting all my silicon chips in one basket. Instead of holding out for the sex toys of tomorrow, perhaps we should try the ones we already have.

By the year 2000, I hope both men and women will get out of the Turn-on Ghetto. We've been living under this ridiculous notion that what turns on women and men is completely different and written in stone. Sexual fantasy doesn't care if you wear a tie or a tiara, it just wants to thrill you. Hell, maybe you'll wear both.

The future will see more women cruising the cosmos of erotic entertainment (and I don't mean Harlequin romances). In addition to powdering our noses, we'll rent plenty of X-rated videos, call phone sex, hire male escorts and check out go-go bars. Forget Chippendales—we'll want the real stuff. And don't mind us if we change a few things, such as getting rid of all those fake female orgasms in every porn video and replacing them with genuine pink come shots.

Men, of course, will just have to get over it. Sorry if some of you fell for the line that real women don't like sexy pictures, but you'll just have to deal. Oh, and another thing: Could you please stop saying, "But I'm not gay," every time she touches your butt? Give up a little control, dude, and get down. Put aside your cigar for a minute and get to know your inner slut. Fantasize about being forced to submit, making love in a field of daisies, even crying. Go nuts.

With so much to do here at ground zero, who has time to think about androids munching our gonads? After all, virtual-reality sex will be only as evolved as our sexual reality.

THE QUEST FOR SEXUAL POTENTIAL

by David Schnarch

The author is an associate professor of psychiatry and urology at Louisiana State University Medical Center in New Orleans. A sex therapist, he wrote "Constructing the Sexual Crucible: An Integration of Sexual and Marital Therapy."

For years, sex therapists have divided the world into two classes of people: those who have lousy sex lives and those who don't. The latter we call normal, but normal is not enough. It turns out that there are three categories—the sexually dysfunctional, the sexually functional and the blessed few who have profoundly erotic intimate experiences. How do you distinguish between the latter two? Beyond "I'm coming, I'm coming" there lies the possibility of a "Eureka!" experience for one or both lovers.

I'd like to see America explore its sexual potential. Sexual potential isn't about physical appearance, technique, dexterity or endurance. It's about your capacity for intimacy and eroticism. It's about personal growth, not mere pleasure. We need to acknowledge that sex isn't inherently intimate. We need to stop referring to sex and intimacy as though they were interchangeable. We should stop telling adolescents to save the beauty of sex for marriage and start telling them not to expect too much at first. The beauty is in the people, not in the behavior. It takes a while for people to develop enough to bring these qualities to sex. (How many of us are ready to tell our kids the truth—that we're still trying to get it right?)

It takes years for the part of a person that really fucks to reach full bloom. Unfortunately, textbooks say a man reaches his sexual peak in adolescence, thus perpetuating a myth and a host of distortions. There's a difference between reproductive prime and sexual prime. If you're interested in intimate

RE OF SEX

america's most interesting sex experts

sex (and intimacy is a function of knowing who you are), there isn't a 17-year-old who can keep up with a healthy 50-year-old. Yes, a 17-year-old boy has quick erections (he has to have something to offer, after all). And a young woman may "let you do it to her," but a mature woman doesn't apologize for her eroticism and will "do" you. A mature man can tolerate an equal in bed and even let himself be taken. It's the difference between the Spur Posse and *Bull Durham*.

Normal sexual styles are designed to limit intimacy to levels we can tolerate and are shockingly nonerotic. Look at how we treat sexual aggression, perhaps the most avoided aspect of sexual potential. Sexual aggression need not connote brute force or domination and submission. It can involve seduction and the power of putting one's partner into orbit. It does not require pounding or pile-driving; gentle rhythmic grinding and fluid motion from a highly charged partner is often more effective. But motionless silence and noisy pile-driving can both be erotic.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGANNE DEEN

I have counseled couples in which one partner complains that the other does not know how to use them well. "I resent being used poorly." They have to learn to say, "Take me, ravish me, do whatever you want." It has nothing to do with abuse or exploitation.

Being truly intimate during sex—especially with someone you love—isn't easy. It takes the ability to stand on your own two feet, even when you're horizontal in bed, to push the envelope of your sexual relationship when it gets boring. Ironically, the strength to fuck your spouse (in the clean sense of the word) is the same strength and integrity required to survive all of life's realities, such as going through the death of loved ones without pulling back.

Sexuality is a crucible for developing the strength to love. It shouldn't surprise us. It won't, either, once we really accept that sexuality and spirituality flow from the same source. After all, who invented sex?

PROTECT THE RIGHT OF PRIVACY

by Bill Baird

The author is a birth control pioneer, abortion rights crusader and the only American with three Supreme Court victories bearing his name.

In 1967 I gave a speech on reproductive freedom to more than 2000 Boston University students. At the end of the lecture I showed an unmarried college woman several birth control devices. I gave her a sample condom and some contraceptive foam. For that act, I was arrested and sentenced to three months in prison.

When the Supreme Court decided my case in 1972, it articulated the right of privacy and applied it to reproductive freedom: "If the right of privacy means anything, it is the right of the individual, married or single, to be free [to decide] whether to bear or beget a child."

The Justices referred to that decision five times in the 1973 *Roe vs. Wade* decision in arguing that the right of privacy extends to abortion.

Freedom is not free. I was jailed eight times in five states for lecturing on reproductive rights. In 1971 a woman who brought her 14-month-old child to one of my lectures was arrested (as was I) for corrupting a minor.

My next two visits to the Supreme Court extended the right of choice to minors. The Justices noted that "neither the 14th Amendment nor the Bill of Rights is for adults only."

I have received hundreds of death threats. In 1979 a clinic that I ran was firebombed with 50 people inside.

When I look at America I see a tide of apathy. No one reacts when anti-abortionists firebomb more than 200 clinics or when a religious zealot takes the life of Dr. David Gunn. Police, who should be enforcing the law, join groups like Officers for Life or Cops for Christ and are themselves arrested for blockading clinics.

I've listened to Popes and cardinals try to turn the Church's ban on birth control into the law of the land. I've seen so-called Christian drugstores refuse to carry birth control.

I 've seen the battle for reproductive rights trivialized by feminists like Robin Morgan, who wrote, "Men frequently support these issues in the hope that abortion reform and more easily available birth control will make women 'come across' better and more often." I've heard feminists say that men should not even be allowed to talk on these topics.

We can't let an essential right be whittled away by religious intolerance or reverse sexism. Otherwise, the future of sex will be in our past.

PROTECT THE SEXUAL ENVIRONMENT

by Marty Klein

The author is a sex therapist in Palo Alto and a frequent contributor to "The Playboy Forum." His most recent piece, "The Pleasure of Watching," appeared in May.

I would require a sexual environmental-impact statement for any proposed project or policy decision that has implications for the public's sexuality. Similar to an environmental-impact statement that must accompany applications for zoning changes and toxic waste permits, the SEIS would detail how a particular project or policy would affect:

- Availability of sexual information
- Beliefs in sexual myths

- Freedom to practice private, consensual sexual behavior
- The availability of contraception and sexual health technology
- Perceptions that sex is dangerous (or divine)
- The gender role system
- Assumptions about what is sexually normal

Examples of proposed projects that would require an SEIS include:

- Removing books from a school library
- Changing a school sex education curriculum
- Increasing the budget of a sex-abuse-prevention program
- Restricting sex-oriented computer bulletin boards

The sponsor of any sex-related legislation would have to specify the exact danger the regulation was intended to ameliorate, e.g., "the kidnapping of children to create porn" or "the conversion of everyone to homosexuality."

Decision makers and opinion shapers would have to issue a statement of sexual comfort, similar to a conflict-of-interest form. Such a statement would indicate how a policymaker feels about the sexual impact of a proposed project, as well as how he or she feels about sexuality in general. These sexual feelings would become part of the public record, just like campaign contributions, military service and tax returns. This would make it more difficult for anti-sex zealots to hide behind the rhetoric of protecting the public from mythical dangers.

After an SEIS is filed with the appropriate authority, the general public would be solicited for its input on the project. We would ask ourselves if we fear the dangers the project is designed to confront, if we can tolerate the sexual consequences the project would create and if we want the sexual feelings of the sponsors to influence public policies that affect our eroticism. If the answer to any of these is no, the project would not be allowed.

Sexual environmental-impact statements would not be required for private activity. Those concerned about government red tape needn't worry. Asking for head—or offering it—would not require the filing of any forms.

PUBERTY 2001

by Susie Bright

The author, editor of "The Best American Erotica" series, also wrote the "Sexual Reality" reader.

During the first decade of the 21st century, I will be going through puberty. Not my own, of course, but my daughter's. If she's anything like I was, she'll be having sex for the first time around the year 2005.

But wait a minute—I'm talking like a 20th century relic. In the new age, I'd love to see my daughter recognize her sexual identity and pleasure long before her virginity is formally lost. Don't get me wrong—I love old-fashioned ice cream sodas and old-fashioned sexual positions, but I hate the dreadful habit of saying "having sex" as if it were limited to penis-vagina intercourse.

When I masturbated as a young girl, I believed the devil was inside of me and that my clitoris was his seed. In fact, I was simply "having sex." When I practiced French-kissing and no-translation-needed petting with my junior high school girlfriend, the pools of sweat we left in the bedroom were evidence that we were indeed "having sex." To this day, I have never laid back after a decent pussy-licking, blow job or bum-fucking and sighed, "Are we having sex yet?"

It's not merely semantics I'm debating, it's a terrible prejudice we've inherited from our Puritan forefathers—one of the few groups in Western civilization to found a country with laws against adultery and fornication. The antifornication law is still on the books in nine states. Will it still be there when my daughter comes of age?

Sex in America has the dubious legacy of being respectable only when it is married to reproduction. This century's sex education has heretofore consisted solely of lectures on disease and pregnancy prevention. I remember my disappointment as a child to read my first sex ed book, only to find its main visual feature to be diagrams of the sperm and the egg. How babies are born was not the foremost sex question on my eight-year-old mind. I don't think I could have articulated it at the time, but what I really wondered was: Why do people wear clothes and why is being nude sexy? What does an orgasm feel like? What is this place between my legs and why does playing with Barbie turn me on?

I first realized what an oxymoron sex education is when I joined a speakers' bureau to talk to public high school kids about gay and bisexual life. It was part of a program to counteract the antigay violence that was spilling out of the schoolyard.

Our technique was to introduce ourselves, one man and one woman, to the Family Life class, and to tell the kids how we discovered our sexual preferences; a thumbnail sexual history. They were free to ask any question they liked that afternoon, however gross or rude.

What struck me was that we, the queer guests, were the first people to talk about sex in the sex-education class. It would have been just as righteous for a heterosexual to explain how a first kiss feels, what it means to long for the opposite sex and how to handle sexual risks. Such issues were at the heart of every puberty-impaired student in the classrooms I visited. Hormones are hell when you're a teenager, and not being able to understand what you're horny about or why leads to more problems than pimples or gay-bashing.

I've been gearing up for the 21st century by instituting my own erotic-literacy campaign. My daughter already knows the words for everything "down there." By the time she's a ripe old adolescent, she'll know plenty more about her sexual desires and boundaries. I've been ready for the future of sex education ever since I put the sperm-and-egg diagrams aside in favor of Barbie. I'm sure my kid will be one step, and one century, way ahead of me.

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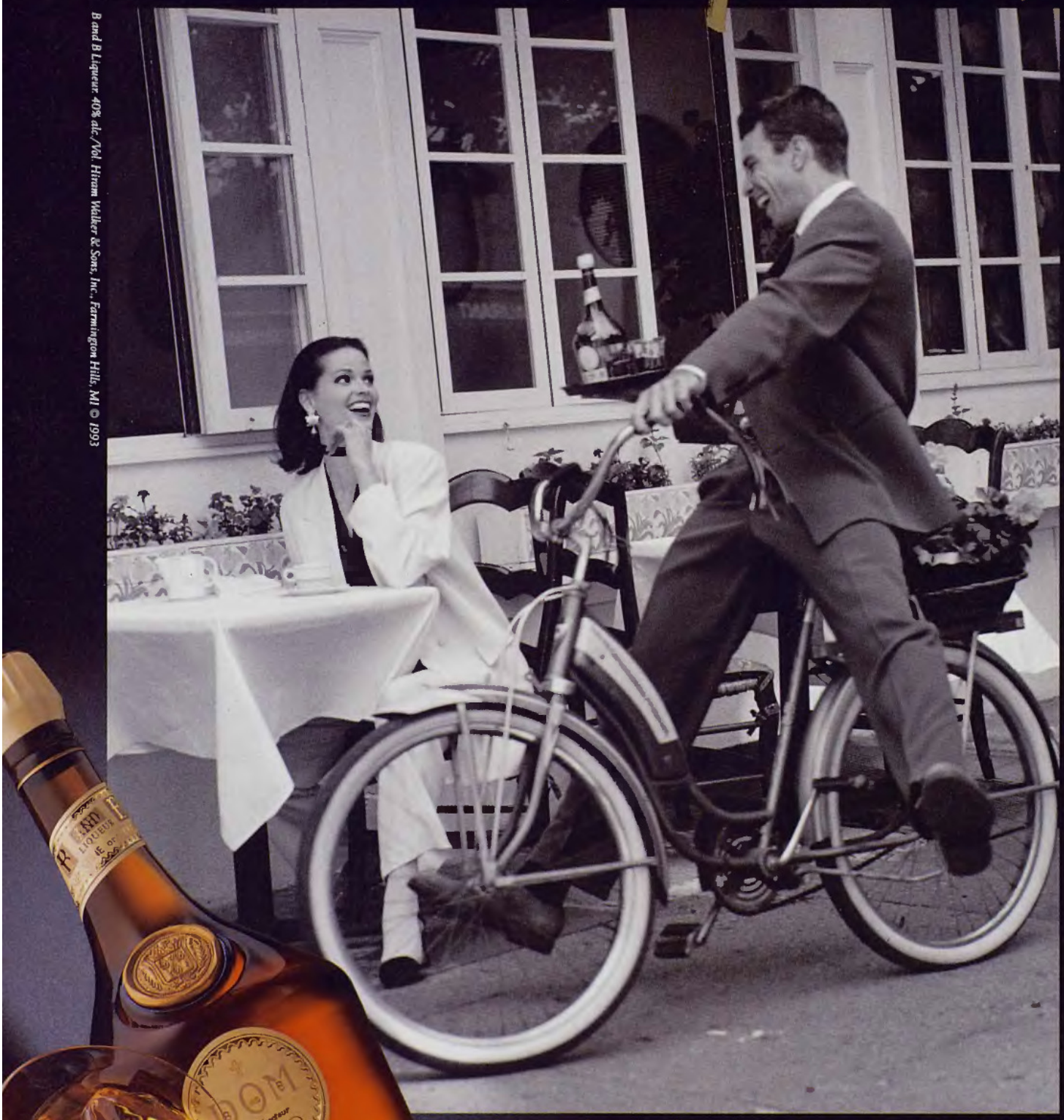

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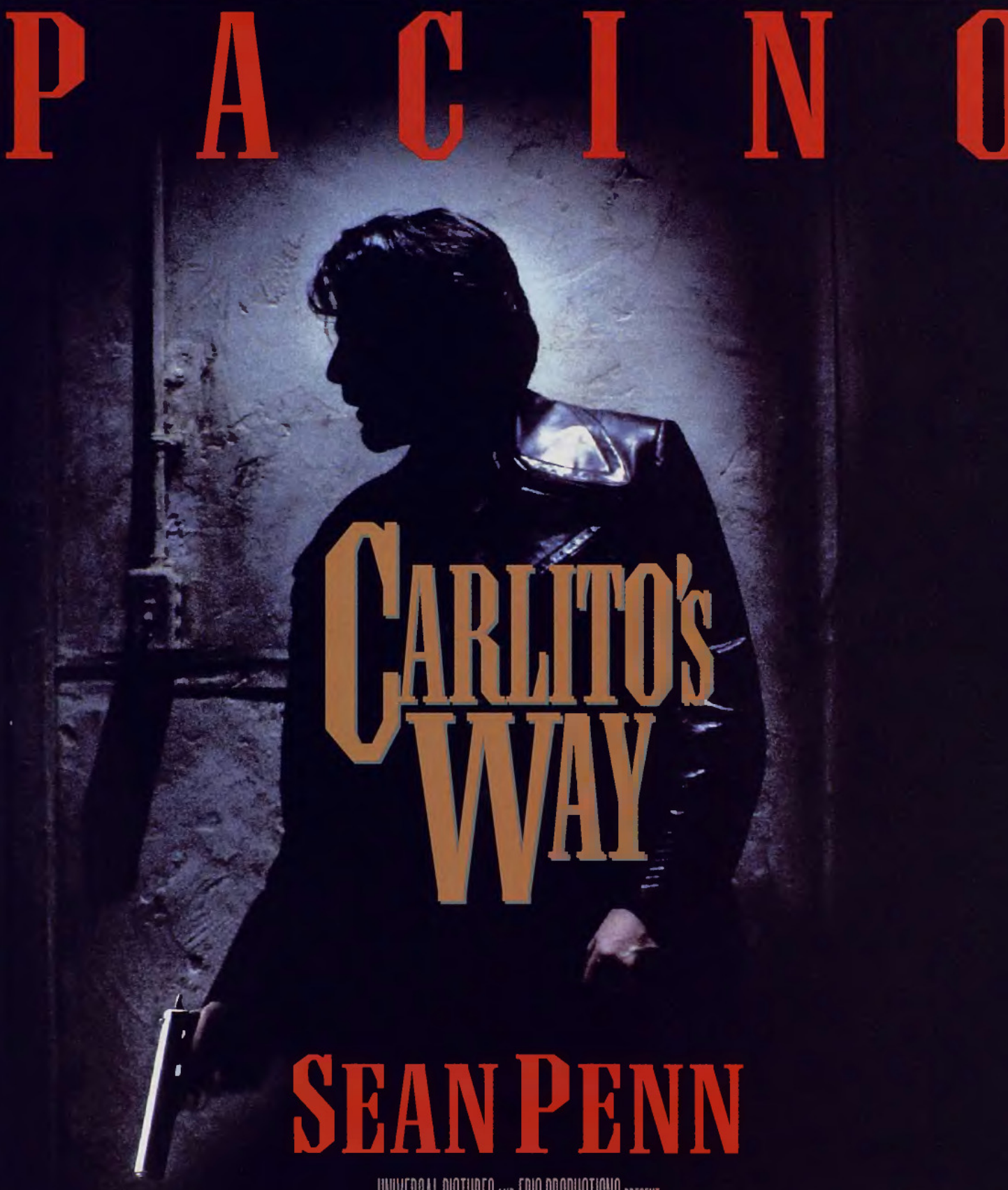

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: RUSH LIMBAUGH

a candid conversation with the heavyweight champion of the airwaves about politics and porn, feminazis and pointy-headed liberals—and the joys of conservatism

For three hours every weekday afternoon, the voice of Rush Limbaugh, like an ion-charged electrical storm, rains bombast on America. He is our new weather, and there is no relief in sight: At last count more than 600 radio transmitters were flooding the airwaves with Limbaugh. No broadcast persona has so dominated public discourse since Walter Winchell—and Winchell had only 15 minutes per week, not 15 hours. If that weren't enough, something called the Rush Room has been instituted across the country, a place where workmen and housewives and everyday Joes gather to absorb Limbaugh over lunch. More than 15 million people listen to him each week as he rails against everything from rap music to feminism to the president's hair. A voice that pervasive should come with its own environmental-impact statement.

All that begs the inevitable question: Who—or what—is Rush Limbaugh? Is he a right-wing icon wearing his best leather attitude? Is he a latter-day seer, here to warn of the impending doom to be heaped upon us by the Democratic administration? Or is he just another loudmouth clown who has managed to overstay his 15 minutes of fame?

None of the above. Rush Limbaugh is a passionate, glib, conservative radio and TV talk-show host. William F. Buckley without the thesaurus. Pat Buchanan without the meanspiritedness. Ross Perot without the paranoia. He is a man who can fetch laughter, work brain cells and infuriate people—simultaneously. It is a talent he has perfected virtually solo: His TV show features just him, a few video clips and the occasional viewer call-in; he uses no script or Teleprompter. And to date, he has had only a handful of guests on his programs—most notably George Bush, who, with hat in hand late in the 1992 presidential campaign, joined Rush at the microphone for a last-minute appeal to voters.

While American conservatism has had its fair share of mouthpieces since the Reagan era, few have had Limbaugh's style—a canny combination of politics, show business and "Mad" magazine. He is an aggressor whose prime objective is to seize control of the language. Thus, the NAACP, according to Limbaugh, has become NAALCP—a "National Association for the Advancement of Liberal Colored People." Certain feminists (in particular, those who vigorously advocate abortion rights) are "feminazis." Accuse him of callousness toward street people and you're just showing your "compassion fascism." Ecology? Limbaugh addresses that hot-button issue with a regular Environmental Update segment on his programs, the background music for which is a kind of pop concerto featuring chain saw and bulldozer. (The average tree, he surmises, is useful only after it has been tapped for wainscotting and fungo bats.)

In the wake of his fervor, Limbaugh leaves many listeners speechless—incredulous, really—that he actually gets away with talking the way he does. Because he hurls his commentary at America, as cruel or crude as that commentary can be, more often as satire than as politics, even his detractors sometimes begrudgingly cut him the same slack they give "Saturday Night Live." Limbaugh knows this: Time and again he has categorized himself not as a social critic but as an entertainer. Naturally, that gives him undiplomatic immunity.

Once a bit player in the world of talk radio, Limbaugh has climbed from relative obscurity to national prominence in the past two years. It was during the 1992 presidential campaign that he finally burst forth, weighing in on election-time ideology with his no-prisoners disposition. Since then, the numbers continue to impress. To wit:

- *The 600th station to sign on Limbaugh's radio show was WRNO—a shortwave band. That means Limbaugh can now be heard from Moscow to Tierra del Fuego. In many major urban markets, the show has more*

"It's tough being me because there are a lot of people trying to convince me I am crucial, a cut above mere humanity. A woman once said to me, 'This is your sacrifice. You can't have a normal life. You are on a mission.'"

"When I say I'm incapable of a successful courtship, it's because I don't feel that I can be myself totally. I hate being coy when I don't want to be. I hate acting uninterested. But you must. Nice guys never get laid."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RANDY O'ROURKE

"What I am—and you guys have to understand this—is antiliberal. Liberalism is a scourge. It destroys the human spirit. It destroys prosperity. It assigns sameness to everybody. And wherever I find it, I oppose it."

than an impressive ten share. Only Arthur Godfrey and Fred Allen scored that well with listeners.

- *220 stations carry Limbaugh's half-hour television show, which is executive-produced by CNBC chief Roger Ailes, media master for presidents Bush and Reagan. In some venues, the show has outrated both David Letterman's and Arsenio Hall's.*
- *"The Way Things Ought to Be," a best-of-Rush collection patched together by writer John Fund from taped sessions with Limbaugh, has sold more than 2.7 million copies. The book is now poised to pass "Iacocca" as the best-selling nonfiction book in American history.*
- *"See, I Told You So," Limbaugh's follow-up book, due this month from Simon & Schuster's Pocket Books, has a first printing of more than 1.4 million copies.*
- *"The Limbaugh Letter," a monthly newsletter, is now subscribed to by more than 275,000 "dittoheads" (the self-anointed nickname for unthinking Limbaugh clones). His mail haul in 1993 was approximately 500 letters and more than 300 faxes per day.*
- *The "Rush to Excellence Road Show," a live concert tour starring Limbaugh, has played 90 cities, often attracting as many as 7000 people per show.*

Yet, despite the numbers, critics (and there are many) continue to be dubious. Rush Limbaugh, they charge, is converting no one with his on-air ranting. He has simply stepped in as ventriloquist for the nation's right-wing subculture—a leaderless faction still smarting from the Republican loss in 1992. America would be just as conservative, the skeptics continue, without Limbaugh's gangland-style rhetoric—maybe just not as loud. And after all, they say, he is just a fad.

According to Limbaugh, the latter could not be further from the truth. By 1996, he says, his radio show will have more than 20 million listeners across the country, easily enough to influence a Republican presidential primary or two. Ironically, even as Limbaugh eviscerates the current Democratic administration, he continues to withhold endorsements for potential successors to the conservative crown, such as Perot, Jack Kemp or Robert Dole. Instead, he seems comfortable filling the vacuum atop the conservative movement himself.

No surprise there. Those who follow Limbaugh know that humility is not his strong suit. His talent, he insists, is "on loan from God"; and while his political point of view isn't necessarily "that of this radio station," he is quick to add: "It should be." In response to the equal-time requirements for decent political discourse, Limbaugh is just as blunt. "I am equal time!" he'll bellow—then back off with the finesse of a bullfighter, purring, "I'm just a harmless little fuzzball."

Well, hardly little. Limbaugh stands six feet tall and weighs 280 pounds. It is in part because of his formidable size that some tend to forgive his rhetorical excesses. Yet his own commentary about his weight is just one example of the way Limbaugh can be surprisingly self-effacing. In fact, despite his blowhard conceit, he is harder on himself than anyone else. He will complain about his appearance, his sweat, his two collapsed marriages, his loneliness—an attack on his self-image that is a near-preposterous mélange of arrogance and modesty.

Born 42 years ago in Cape Girardeau, Missouri, Rush Hudson Limbaugh III grew up in an upper-middle-class family surrounded by power players—lawyers and bankers filled the family tree. But Rush majored in failure as a young man: college dropout, fired from a string of radio DJ jobs, earning next to nothing as a sales executive for the Kansas City Royals baseball team. If less is more, a critic once noted, then Limbaugh was loaded.

The break came nine years ago when Limbaugh landed a job at KFBK radio station in Sacramento, replacing then-host Morton Downey, Jr. There he was allowed to indulge in his solo agitprop shtick. Ratings skyrocketed, and in 1988 media gambler Ed McLaughlin persuaded Limbaugh to abandon his guaranteed $70,000-per-year salary and go daytime national from New York.

"Jesus Christ said: 'Go to where the sinners are.' So here I am in PLAYBOY, *attempting to clean it up."*

"On August 1," Limbaugh wrote of that time, "the Excellence in Broadcasting Network premiered with its 56 radio stations and a total audience of 250,000." Today, the network's audience is larger than the population of New England, and Limbaugh's yearly earnings have reached $5 million.

Can the Limbaugh phenomenon stay alive? Can the man behind the myth behind the mike survive the four slow years between elections? To find the answers to these questions and more, PLAYBOY *asked Contributing Editor, novelist and former "National Review" columnist* D. Keith Mano *to meet with Limbaugh on his New York turf. Mano reports:*

"I met Limbaugh, quite by chance, at a party just three days after PLAYBOY *assigned me the interview. To my surprise, he was more than receptive to the idea of appearing in the 'Entertainment for Men' magazine. After all, he said, he was on this planet to save liberal sinners—and, according to Rush,* PLAYBOY *is proprietor of the most current and inclusive subscription list of unregenerate left-wing folk in America.*

"Limbaugh is a self-confessed obsessive-compulsive. He autographs each copy of his book presented to him by his 75-member TV-show audience (for the record, his signature is huge). He does not blanch at spending money, either, particularly up to $90,000 a year on limousines (he says he hates walking and can't negotiate subway stairs). But that same compulsiveness translates into a nearly unmatchable work ethic, making him a gracious, articulate subject.

"We met three times, twice in a small office at the Unitel TV studio in Manhattan. At the first session Limbaugh was tired. His schedule, starting at five A.M., *included appearing on a CBS morning news show, reading his customary seven or eight newspapers, doing his three-hour radio show and sitting before the cameras for two TV-show tapings. Still, he never ducked a question—and his second wind came quickly. It was only in our third session, at the radio studio, that Limbaugh became testy, complaining that he'd already given* PLAYBOY *enough of his time.*

"When Limbaugh announced on his TV and radio programs that he would be sitting for the 'Playboy Interview,' he was met with an angry outcry from his minions—the great dittohead masses—who were offended that their hero would subsequently turn up in the company of nude and nubile women. It was on this inflammatory subject that we began our conversation."

PLAYBOY: We finally got you here. How do your fans feel about Rush Limbaugh appearing in PLAYBOY?

LIMBAUGH: When I announced on my award-winning program today that I was going to do the *Playboy Interview*, I knew I would be inundated with responses from those in my audience who think PLAYBOY is pornographic—who would say to me, "You, because of your popularity and the curiosity about you, are going to see to it single-handedly that people who otherwise wouldn't buy that smut will."

PLAYBOY: We hope so.

LIMBAUGH: Then they'd say, "So why are you doing it? Don't you know that they're using you?"

PLAYBOY: Why are you doing it?

LIMBAUGH: I've decided to do this interview for two reasons: First, men and women of great stature have done the *Playboy Interview*. It is a forum that has been accepted as a legitimate place for the dissemination of all points of view.

The second reason is: I can think of no better place to have views such as mine—which are the epitome of morality and virtue—published than in a magazine such as PLAYBOY. It is as that great man Jesus Christ said: "You go to where the sinners are." So here I am, in the pages of PLAYBOY, attempting in what meager way I can to clean it up.

PLAYBOY: We don't consider PLAYBOY to be pornographic. Do you?

LIMBAUGH: There's a distinction between soft-core and hard-core porn. I would say PLAYBOY is soft-core.

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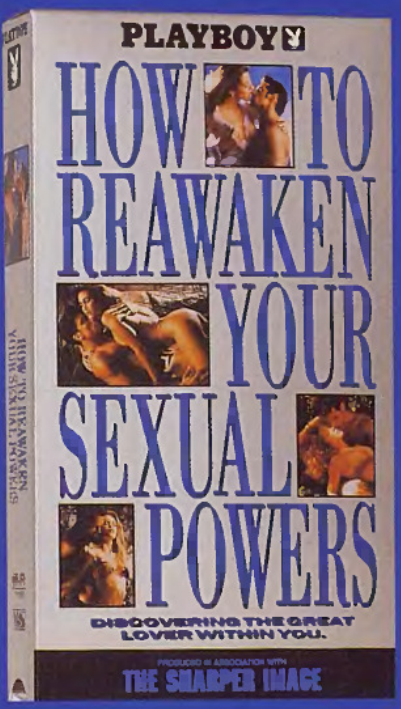

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AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

PLAYBOY: At a recent gathering of the National Organization for Women, there was a heavy debate on the issue of pornography. As you know, its members are split down the middle on the issue. Some considered——

LIMBAUGH: A hell of a place for the National Organization for Women to be split.

PLAYBOY: Half were strongly in favor of banning pornography because they feel it demeans women. The other half disagreed, citing the free-market approach.

LIMBAUGH: Using the choice umbrella.

PLAYBOY: Exactly. Do you feel pornography is demeaning to women?

LIMBAUGH: Absolutely. It's demeaning to the women who participate in it, and it's demeaning to women in general. I don't think there's any debate about it.

PLAYBOY: What about the works of [photographer] Robert Mapplethorpe and [artist] Andres Serrano? Their controversial art has been called pornographic. It's even led conservatives to suggest that the National Endowment for the Arts be disbanded. If you had the power to do that, would you?

LIMBAUGH: Yes, I would disband the NEA, especially given the current budget situation. I have a simple definition of art: If I can do it, it isn't art. OK? I mean, if there have been declining standards anywhere, it's in art. It's similar to what's happened to the concept of freedom. Freedom is: "Anything I want to do—and don't you dare say otherwise or you're getting in the way of my good time. You're a bigot. You're a sexist. You're a homophobe." But for crying out loud, take a trip to Rome, go to St. Peter's and look at the obviously great works of art there—then come back to the U.S. and be treated to [the Serrano art piece] *Piss Christ* and then be told you must respect this as art and, furthermore, that you must pay for it. Now, whether you would call the elimination of funding for that kind of stuff censorship, I don't know. But I think it's a total waste of money.

PLAYBOY: What about personalities such as Howard Stern. Do you consider him to be pornographic?

LIMBAUGH: Who?

PLAYBOY: Howard Stern. The radio host.

LIMBAUGH: I only know what people tell me about Howard Stern, which isn't much. Honestly, I do not listen to other radio shows.

PLAYBOY: Really?

LIMBAUGH: I don't. I never have. I don't want to get ideas from anybody else about how to do something. So I don't know from firsthand experience if Howard Stern is pornographic.

PLAYBOY: Would you go to an X-rated movie?

LIMBAUGH: No. I mean, I have seen one in my life.

PLAYBOY: You have?

LIMBAUGH: Yeah. I have made one major

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departure into smut.

PLAYBOY: How old were you at the time?

LIMBAUGH: I had to be 28 or 29. I saw this X-rated movie at the home of a major-league baseball player who shall remain nameless.

PLAYBOY: Let's step back from this a bit. Despite your following, some people look at you as just a phenomenon.

LIMBAUGH: Ah, that's exactly right. Less than a phenomenon—a fad. They don't take me seriously. "This guy is going to burn out—he's not going to make it." I love that. Well, let those guys continue to take me less than seriously and I'll continue to do end runs around them.

PLAYBOY: There are also those who just laugh and say, "Oh, look. Isn't Rush Limbaugh funny?"

LIMBAUGH: Yeah. Imagine that. A funny conservative. Isn't that a novelty? What a great circus America has become.

PLAYBOY: With all this debate about your impact, are you still having fun?

LIMBAUGH: Yeah, it hasn't stopped being fun. I couldn't do all that I do if it weren't fun. And if it ever stops, that's when I will seriously consider bringing it to a close.

PLAYBOY: Yet along with that success has come a certain amount of power. What was it like to have George Bush make a penitential trip to your microphone during his 1992 presidential bid? What were you thinking? A little late, George, or something like that?

LIMBAUGH: No. Gee, I hope these answers don't bore you. My only concern at the time—as it is every day—was doing the best job I could. I get up every day thinking I have to prove myself. You mentioned power, which I suppose indicates curiosity about my self-perception. I could probably get anybody on the phone I wanted. And I could probably get anybody to go to lunch with me one time, or have a drink. But I don't call anybody. I wait to hear from them.

PLAYBOY: Could you call the White House?

LIMBAUGH: I could call the White House, I could call . . . whomever—name a person. And I don't just mean Helmut Kohl or somebody like that. I don't think of things that way. I guess the short answer is: None of this has hit me the way people think it has.

PLAYBOY: For all your bellyaching about the new administration, are you secretly pleased by Clinton's election—not only for the entertainment value but also because you can now be the loyal opposition instead of just flacking for a Republican president you weren't all that interested in before?

LIMBAUGH: There is no question that it's much easier with a clearly established opponent in a position of power, as opposed to someone who is not an opponent. But I'll tell you this: When I was doing my newsletter or the TV or radio shows during the campaign, I was not hoping for a Clinton victory. I didn't think he'd be good for the country, and I don't think he is good for the country. If Bill Clinton gets even a portion of what he wants, he's going to do real damage to the people who make this country work—the middle class. I can sit back in reflection and say that it's probably a better programming opportunity for me. But I wrote *The Way Things Ought to Be*, a *New York Times* best-seller—33 weeks at the time we tape this interview—and in one chapter it says: "My success is not determined by who wins elections." I'm probably more honest about that than people who claim to be objective journalists. They like to make the news for ego or ideology. I don't. I'm not at all caught up in whatever influence or power I might have. I've simply carved my niche. I love very much what I do.

PLAYBOY: You suggest that Clinton is dangerous, yet on *Meet the Press* you said, "Our time in history will be known as the Clinton–Bush era."

LIMBAUGH: Right.

PLAYBOY: That would indicate that you don't find much difference between the candidates. Tell us how George Bush and Bill Clinton differ.

LIMBAUGH: I think about the 1990 budget deal over which President Bush presided. Its inherent tax increases—when the nation was just beginning a recession—deepened the recession. The violation of his "read my lips" promise contributed to a deflating national attitude and to anger. But what Bill Clinton is doing goes far beyond policy. Rather than being a new Democrat, Bill Clinton is the worst of the old Democrats. I mean, he's right out of the F.D.R. mold. He has successfully exploited fraud and lies and class envy to catapult himself to the presidency. He does something that George Bush would never have done, and that is blame the achievers.

PLAYBOY: Explain that.

LIMBAUGH: The people who benefited in the Eighties are the people who worked—and they did really well. But Bill Clinton tells the middle and lower classes in this country, "Those people benefited unfairly. Furthermore, they got money that was targeted for you." In essence, he's saying, "They stole it from you." Well, that creates class envy, and Bill Clinton exploits it. He convinces people that the government is their only hope for prosperity. And I think we need an exact turnaround. I think people need to be told that if they just invest in themselves—in rugged individualism and excellence instead of sameness and equality—then who knows what they can be? In fact, liberals say most people are incapable of educating themselves sufficiently and making proper judgments and decisions. It is a cradle-to-grave paternalism that says: "You can't make it without the government's help." And: "We'll make sure that somebody doesn't do better than you, doesn't learn more than you do." All of this is done under the guise of fairness and equality, and I think that is extremely damaging. None of that would have happened with Bush.

PLAYBOY: And yet the American people seem to accept the idea that the Reagan Eighties were a decade of greed in which only illusory gains were made.

LIMBAUGH: The architects of that revisionism are the people whose power is most threatened by the truth: the liberals. Liberals are empowered by making as many Americans dependent on them as possible. And yet the Eighties proved we don't need liberals. We don't need cradle-to-grave. All we need are fewer restrictions, fewer shackles and more positive attitudes: "You can do it. This is America." Turn people loose and let them become the best they can be.

PLAYBOY: That still doesn't explain the economic imbalance of the Eighties.

LIMBAUGH: OK. Let's look at the Eighties. When Reagan took office in 1981, the top marginal tax rate was 70 percent, and the total take to the Treasury was a little more than $500 billion. When Reagan left office, the top marginal tax rate was 28 percent—31 percent if you calculate that three percent bubble—and the total take to the Treasury was just less than $1 trillion. Revenues almost doubled with marginal income-tax rates lowered. Democrats will admit this. They will admit that the rich are paying more taxes than ever. But then they'll say it's still unfair because their rate is lower. Liberals talk tax rates and equate that to fairness. Conservatives, such as me, talk generating revenue, expanding economies. Now look at the deficit in the last three years of the Eighties. It ran $150 billion—down from earlier deficits in excess of $200 billion. No tax increases had come along to reduce that deficit to $150 billion. What was going on—depending on whom you listen to—was that 19 million to 23 million new jobs were created in the Eighties. Substantive new jobs. Career-type jobs, not hamburger-flipper jobs, as is often stated. And the national attitude was way up. Reagan made people feel good about themselves, which is a crucial aspect of leadership. And it was also a time in which the military was rebuilt, so there was a lot of positive reinforcement. People were proud to be Americans. And to try to revise those years—and to get away with it—is unfortunate. It's criminal.

PLAYBOY: Why does the Republican Party seem so inept at taking advantage of any opportunities it might be given?

LIMBAUGH: That's part and parcel of being a minority party. You adopt a defensive posture. You react. Republicans became much better at looking at what Democrats were doing and then knocking on the door and saying, "Hey, let us in. We can do a better job."

PLAYBOY: And once they got in?

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LIMBAUGH: Once they got in they said: "Oh, God, what do we do now?" After eight years of Reagan, there isn't a whole lot to show for it other than the judiciary. Then you elect Clinton—and a Democratic majority in the Senate and in the House—and everyone feels, "That's it. The Republicans are over, *fini, sayonara*." But all of a sudden, the Republicans are saying: "Hey, hey, hey. We can do this." They are empowered. They're feeling strength. They are feeling positive.

PLAYBOY: They're staying on the offense.

LIMBAUGH: Right. And I think staying on offense is the best thing to do, especially if you have your principles, your ethics and your morality guiding you. And the Republicans are doing that now. They're adopting the attitude that the wagon train keeps moving. And, as we tape this, I'm pumped by the confidence and the empowerment that they feel.

PLAYBOY: You're much more eloquent about this than most Republican politicians. Why is that?

LIMBAUGH: The reason I stand out in articulating my principles is that I don't feel defensive about what I believe. I also don't feel that I'm in a minority. I believe a vast majority of the people in this country are conservative, at least in the way they live their lives and want their children to turn out. But liberalism sounds good. Socialism sounds good. Economically it's tough, but politically, boy, it sounds so good. And conservatism's hard. With conservatism, you have to take care of yourself. Yet conservatism is the secret to life, it's the secret to happiness, the secret to prosperity. You're in charge—you have the freedom to be yourself.

I have not wavered from my core beliefs or principles at any time, even when I was told that if I didn't get on the Perot bandwagon I would lose my audience because they were going to go to Perot. I was told I should lead the Perot charge. I didn't, and audience growth was just phenomenal during that period.

PLAYBOY: Fill our readers in on the million-dollar bet you made.

LIMBAUGH: Ah, yes. Well, I thought this was a typical stroke of genius. I have earned, by virtue of hard work, a significant amount of money. So after I first heard the Clinton economic plan, I said: "I'll put my money where my mouth is. I'll bet the Democratic National Committee that after this economic plan has been implemented—if it is, by 1995 or 1996, you take your pick—unemployment will be higher than the day the plan was passed, the inflation rate will be higher than the day the plan was passed, and the deficit and interest rates will be higher, too. And Bill Clinton's approval rating will be at 45 and falling." And I said, "You guys give me three of these five. If I win, I get to donate your million dollars to a charity of my choice, and if you win, you get to take my million and donate it to a charity of your choice—other than yourselves." They didn't take the bet, and they're not going to.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

LIMBAUGH: They know this plan won't work. But they don't have the guts to say so—not the people in the Democratic National Committee or anybody else.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

LIMBAUGH: Because they have to be loyal to Bill Clinton.

PLAYBOY: Let's look ahead to 1996. By then the Republican Party is going to come in with people who will be vying actively for your endorsement, or at least your sympathy. You may actually cause more of a split in the Republican Party because there will be the Limbaugh Republicans and the moderate Republicans. How do you feel about that?

LIMBAUGH: [*Laughs*] I know what you mean and I'm fascinated.

PLAYBOY: What will you do at that point?

LIMBAUGH: My policy is: I don't involve myself in primaries. After the party and the people have chosen the candidate, then it's a different ball game.

PLAYBOY: But won't you feel responsible? After all, you can bring in perhaps 10 million votes. A swing vote of that size could win a presidential nomination.

LIMBAUGH: I think it's going to be more like 20 million by 1996.

PLAYBOY: Votes you can control?

LIMBAUGH: Yeah, if I choose to.

PLAYBOY: Isn't it a grave responsibility?

LIMBAUGH: If I choose to accept that responsibility, it is.

PLAYBOY: But how could you not endorse a candidate during the primaries? Put it this way: For argument's sake, say Bob Dole runs, and you know he will capitulate on any tax program down the line. Are you going to tell your listeners that? Sure you are. So Dole will be put in the position of running against Rush Limbaugh, not Jack Kemp or Bill Bennett or Pete DuPont or whomever.

LIMBAUGH: Well, who knows what Bob Dole's going to learn? It's a long time till 1996, and I won't be put on the hot spot. Don't print that Bob Dole is unilaterally or automatically going to be someone that I tell everyone not to trust. You know, Dole was relevant and fundamental in the opposition to Clinton's stimulus package. And we have to wait and see whether he learns from that or is simply playing politics.

PLAYBOY: Let's back up. Who have been your conservative mentors?

LIMBAUGH: First and foremost would be my father. My father died in December 1990. I wish he had lived much longer so that I could have had him on my program as a guest. He was a man who never left his little hometown of Cape Girardeau, Missouri. He was a man whose opinions were not softened—he told you what he believed full brunt force, right between the eyes. He was not mean, but he was not apologetic about what he fervently believed. And he was an independent thinker.

I remember when I was six years old, on the way to Sunday school one morning, I asked him, "Daddy, how do you know there's a God?" He said he finally convinced himself of the existence of God after realizing that any God who was believed in—as he believed in Him and as most people do—has to be a loving God. He said, "I do not believe that the God I know, love and believe in could create beings capable of being that which they weren't. We would not be tormented by the promise of eternity, everlasting life, if such were not possible." That was sufficient for him. That comforted him during times of doubt. He was full of that kind of original thought on every issue he felt passionately about.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps the most significant aspect of your conservative strategy has been your attempt to recapture the language. But where a responsible conservative might take issue with, say, feminists, you call them "feminazis."

LIMBAUGH: No, I don't. No, no, no, no, no. I have been misstated, misrepresented, misreported on this. A feminazi is not a feminist. A feminazi is two things: a woman to whom the most important thing in life is seeing to it that every abortion possible happens. I've not found more than 20 of those, but they exist, and they do this to advance their political agenda and hate for men. And then there's another kind of feminazi, who demands from you total compliance with the feminist agenda, or you're an enemy. But a woman who wants equal pay for equal work—who wants independence, who wants to enjoy life—that's not a feminazi.

PLAYBOY: All the same, you're the first major conservative who has taken real risks with language—this in a culture where political correctness is rampant.

LIMBAUGH: I don't think I'm taking risks with the language. What I'm doing is taking risks with point of view, with ideology. I do things that are just not done. I make fun of liberal sacred cows, and that's just not done. It's fine to make fun of Dan Quayle, to crack all kinds of jokes. But say the same things about Al Gore? Why, no! Times are too serious now. We mustn't make fun of our leaders. These are crucial times.

PLAYBOY: Let's get back to the feminazi question. In at least nine out of ten of the stories we've read about you, that word is used to illustrate the extremes to which you go, perhaps, to get attention.

LIMBAUGH: The last thing in the world someone should do is respond to critics. If I did that I'd be neutered by now—I would be in the nearest insane asylum wearing 15 straitjackets. My whole career has been nothing but: "You shouldn't do it that way, you bigot, you sexist, you

homophobe, you pig, you right-wing warmonger, you whatever."

PLAYBOY: But your credibility——

LIMBAUGH: My credibility and believability are crucial to my having long legs, and I want to be the arbiter of how long I last. I don't look at myself as riding the crest of a wave: "Oooh, better get it while it's hot." I'm defining the wave, and that wave goes up or down depending on how I feel. My audience has done nothing but skyrocket, and I dare say that by the time this interview is published, we will have become the most listened-to commercial radio program of any kind in the history of the United States. I am probably in touch with more members of my audience than anybody in the media today, by way of electronic note via CompuServe, by way of telephone calls, by way of public appearances and so forth. I hear it all. I have to be confident. I have to be aggressive. I am not trying to make people mad. That's going to happen anyway when you say what you think. And if you embellish what you think—as I do, with bravado, flair, confidence and braggadocio—then they hate you. Nobody's supposed to be that sure of himself.

Now, I dare say the term feminazi has not held me back. I know it wouldn't hurt me to make concessions like: "Yes, that was a youthful indiscretion" and "Gee, I'm sorry for it, and I am never, ever going to use it again." But I don't think that's necessary.

PLAYBOY: Let's cover some of the other issues you talk about on your programs. If you were given control of the economic machine, would you do anything with Social Security?

LIMBAUGH: The solution to Social Security is to start with a generation not yet born and say it's over at a certain future date. People who are alive today wouldn't stand for that. It's just not a political possibility. I would tell Social Security recipients of the future: "Don't count on it. It isn't going to be there." This may need to be one of those truly bipartisan things. The only alternative is to institutionalize it formally and honestly. To say: "It is now a policy of the United States that we are going to pay you X amount for not doing anything when you reach a certain age." But frankly, I don't know what to do about it. It's easy to sit here and theorize when I don't have to face the consequences of whatever I come up with.

PLAYBOY: What about health care? Is this a job for private business or is it something the government can and must do?

LIMBAUGH: The government can't do it and must not do it. That would only confound it. Especially a government of, by and for a bunch of Sixties radical liberals whose charm has gone bad—a bunch of theoreticians who write their solutions to all these weighty social problems in term papers and doctoral theses. Then all of a sudden they find themselves in positions of power. They pant heavily, but when confronted by the awful specter of reality, they find that their theories are worthless. These are pointy-headed academicians who have spent time at Oxford thinking they're better people because they care more, feel more, are more concerned and compassionate. And they are devastated when they find out that their good intentions don't amount to a hill of beans when mixed with rotten ideas.

PLAYBOY: Let's get back to health care.

LIMBAUGH: What's wrong with the health care system is easy to enunciate: Market forces long ago ceased to be a factor in the cost of medical care at every level. If medical care were priced like every other product—a hotel room, an airline seat, a ticket to a baseball game, a washer and dryer—to where the people who needed it could afford it or at least finance it reasonably, then there wouldn't be a crisis.

I'll illustrate the problem. I went to a doctor two years ago, and at the time I was in the process of straightening out a complication in my health care coverage with my union—God, I cringe when I say my union. Anyway, I went to the doctor and I wanted to pay for it. I said, "Look, I can give you my credit card." They said: "No, give us your Blue Cross." I said, "I don't have Blue Cross." They said, "Do you have some kind of a health plan?" I said, "I just want to pay you cash. Here, let me write you a check." But they had no mechanism to take payment from me. It screwed them up. It confused them. They had to find a nurse to take the check, to create a file that said they had been paid.

So there is no sense of commodity, no sense of exchange, no sense of barter, no sense of shopping at all. Competition always ensures quality; it ensures low prices, or at least the lowest price you can have. Once you start controlling all these things at the government level, like Hillary Clinton will, the first thing that goes is quality. We're going to get less care and it's going to cost everybody more. Sure it's going to be equal—equally bad for everybody.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about drugs. Recently you've been quite close to William Bennett. Can you think of one—just one—achievement in Bill Bennett's almost four-year reign as drug czar? We're somewhat puzzled by your obdurate stand against drug legalization.

LIMBAUGH: Bennett and drugs?

PLAYBOY: Bennett: four years, high-profile character, great intellect. What did he do in his war against drugs? Was anything achieved?

LIMBAUGH: Hard to measure whether anything was achieved. I mean, you have to believe the statistics that say cocaine use is down.

PLAYBOY: Marijuana is now $150 an ounce on the street, where it used to be $275. That means there must be more of it out there. Yet just a month ago a police officer was killed in a marijuana bust in New York. How can you justify that?

LIMBAUGH: I don't justify that. I don't justify killing a cop. If you want to say that the legalization of drugs is designed simply to remove as much criminal activity as possible, by definition, I can't argue with that. But that's not going to solve the drug problem. By legalizing drugs, all you're going to do is define further deviancy downward. Freedom has to have some limits. Why have laws that sanction and encourage harmful, destructive behavior? Why not just get rid of cops altogether? Why don't we just legalize crime? Let's just make everything legal. That will fix all our problems.

PLAYBOY: Let's try another approach. You're a constitutionalist. In 1919 the American people required an amendment to the Constitution to make illegal the sale and purchase of alcohol. So why don't we need an amendment to the Constitution to make traffic in marijuana or any other drug illegal?

LIMBAUGH: So, challenge the thing constitutionally. The attempt to make alcohol illegal failed because it took something away that was already widespread and legal.

PLAYBOY: Until 1937 marijuana was legal across the counter in any drugstore in America.

LIMBAUGH: Yeah, but it was medicinally used, primarily. But why compound the effects of alcohol anyway? We know alcohol is a legal drug, and it's the most abused and damaging drug we have.

Look, it's not that I'm macho and demand people do things my way. But I think we have a duty to pass on values to our descendants. Values that will maintain the standards of behavior and ensure the survivability of the American way of life. And drugs are no different. There is not one bit of good that comes from using marijuana—other than medicinally for a few people. And there's certainly no good that comes from using cocaine. If you could go out and get stoned on coke every day and not affect me and not affect my society and not affect the values on which my society thrives, then I would be perfectly willing to let you destroy yourself. But you end up destroying more than yourself.

PLAYBOY: Have you smoked marijuana?

LIMBAUGH: I've smoked it twice.

PLAYBOY: You inhaled?

LIMBAUGH: Yeah, yeah. I never enjoyed it. I got sick to my stomach. Didn't throw up, but I felt nauseated. I never got high on it.

PLAYBOY: If you had been caught using it, do you feel you should have taken the penalties—that you were committing a crime sufficient to require incarceration?

LIMBAUGH: Well, no, because I'm a conservative, and I was doing it on an ex-

perimental basis. And I didn't go past the three-mile limit to do it. But, no, I had been. . . . Look, I am not going to be trapped here.

PLAYBOY: You're not known for being intimidated about expressing your opinions, but lately you've softened the edge of your commentary on gays. True?

LIMBAUGH: There's no question I've done that. My edge, as you call it, with regard to homosexuality dealt with one four-week period when I was moved, outraged, by an Act Up [AIDS Coalition to Unleash Power] protest at St. Patrick's Cathedral in which a mass was—I don't want to say infiltrated—disrupted. Condoms were thrown, the Host was desecrated, a number of insulting words were said and threatening behavior took place. So I followed this with a commentary that, in essence, said "Please take your behavior and leave it out of church." And then I engaged in an AIDS update that missed the mark totally and ended up being very insensitive to people who were dying. That was not the purpose of it, and I stopped it after a month. And on several occasions since then—on national television and on radio and so forth—I have apologized for it. But still it survives in the minds of gay activists, who, I think, love enemies. I mean, I think they utilize enemies well. They need them.

PLAYBOY: Do you think homosexuality is a matter of choice, or is it preordained genetically and psychologically?

LIMBAUGH: I am inclined to believe that it is not an active choice. I do think that if you get hold of people young enough and attempt to sway them, that homosexuality can be steered into them. I just don't see how it can be a choice. I know plenty of gay people, and they all insist that it wasn't. Some of my most ardent supporters think I'm being conned because I don't realize that these are perverts seeking to be perverts. But I just don't know too many people who seek to be perverts. It would certainly not be the most popular choice one could make in life.

PLAYBOY: Shall we talk about abortion?

LIMBAUGH: Give it a shot. Fire the questions.

PLAYBOY: Many Americans believe the right-to-life movement is extreme.

LIMBAUGH: Let me tell you something. There are extremists in the right-to-life movement, and there are plenty of them in the pro-choice movement. The arguments on the choice side of the issue are founded fundamentally in selfishness. The most sacred, beautiful thing on earth today is human life. And I believe that if we begin to treat it cavalierly and decide who lives and who dies, then we've cheapened it and are in the process of a societal decay. I mean, abortion is a huge profit center for a number of people. Let's face it, that's $300 an abortion times 1.6 million annually. Always follow the money, especially when people say it's *not* the money. It is the money.

PLAYBOY: What is your stand on *Roe vs. Wade*?

LIMBAUGH: I think it's bad constitutional law.

PLAYBOY: So would you prefer to have it overturned?

LIMBAUGH: Very simply, I think abortion is a moral choice to be determined in a democratic fashion by the people. I don't think that to bend and shape and stretch the Constitution—to distort it in order to find an obscure justification for this law—is the way to go about it. And I don't understand why the choice people are so afraid of this. If so many people are pro-choice, hell, throw it to a vote and be done with it.

PLAYBOY: By state?

LIMBAUGH: Yeah. Does a woman in our society have the right to do with her body anything she wants? No, there are laws against prostitution, there are laws against drug use. There are all kinds of precedents for society deciding what people can and can't do with their bodies. This goes for men, too. There's a second involvement here called sperm. It comes from somewhere; even if a woman is artificially inseminated, there's a father to be considered somewhere. And in many cases the father is not given legal standing in these matters. The feminists don't want that to happen, that would be the death knell of the whole pro-choice argument. Choicers don't even want to talk about it because, to them, that's the end of their argument if they admit they're talking about life.

PLAYBOY: Suppose abortion was made illegal in certain states. Could you actually contemplate punishing a woman who has an abortion in this culture?

LIMBAUGH: Nope. I can't.

PLAYBOY: What about prostitution? Should that crime require incarceration?

LIMBAUGH: Yeah. Well, incarceration. . . . I think there are better ways of humiliating people who engage in that. Publish the johns' names in the paper. If you want to get rid of prostitution, make sure that every john is profiled on *A Current Affair*. That'll stop it.

PLAYBOY: Let's move on. Music has been a big part of your life, correct?

LIMBAUGH: Yes, I love music. I mean, I don't like Ravi Shankar playing music with his toes. I grew up playing Top 40 and that's still what I like the most.

PLAYBOY: What do you think about rap?

LIMBAUGH: I think rap is single-handedly destroying a segment of our population. I don't think there's anything uplifting or admirable about it. There may be exceptions. Look, when I was growing up it was the Beatles—and my parents hated the Beatles and the Rolling Stones. What did they not like about the Beatles? They didn't like their hair or the way the fans acted. But listen to the early Beatles songs. *I Saw Her Standing There. I Want to Hold Your Hand. Love Me, Do.* It wasn't until much later that the Beatles got into this revolution stuff.

Now look at rap music. You have 2 Live Crew describing the destruction of a vagina in a song called *Me So Horny*. It's not art. And you have the Ice-T controversy, *Cop Killer*. Here's an angry, bitter guy, a guy who's profited incredibly from the system. There's so much hypocrisy in rap.

PLAYBOY: But look at the phenomenon itself. What is its genesis?

LIMBAUGH: I think you need a psychiatrist to answer that, but I'll take a stab at it. The civil rights movement—the monolithic civil rights coalition—in this country has devastated black people by denying them the American Dream. They have said to them directly and indirectly, "It's not possible for you to survive in this country because you're black and you're never going to have a chance. The only chance you have is to let us fight your battles in Washington." So kids grow up thinking there's no hope, that they have no chance. But they are still human beings, and the natural yearning of the human spirit is freedom: "I want to be relevant" and "I want to matter" and "I want to get noticed." Everybody does. So I think rap is their way of saying, "Here we are." I would also venture to say that rap is founded on anger, and that the anger is misdirected.

PLAYBOY: Many of your opinions are expressed in detail in your book *The Way Things Ought to Be*, which is about to surpass *Iacocca* as the top best-seller in American nonfiction history. Meanwhile, you're not the only one writing about your life, correct?

LIMBAUGH: Right. There are two unauthorized biographies being written. Paul Colford of *Newsday* has just put his to bed, and some guy at the *Los Angeles Times* is calling people, trying to find dirt.

PLAYBOY: Their interest is understandable. Your story covers such extremes of the American experience. Tell us the success story of Rush Limbaugh. How did it all begin?

LIMBAUGH: I am very fortunate to have been born and raised in the Midwest. It is one of the key factors that has made it easy for me to relate to Americans.

PLAYBOY: What did your house in Cape Girardeau look like?

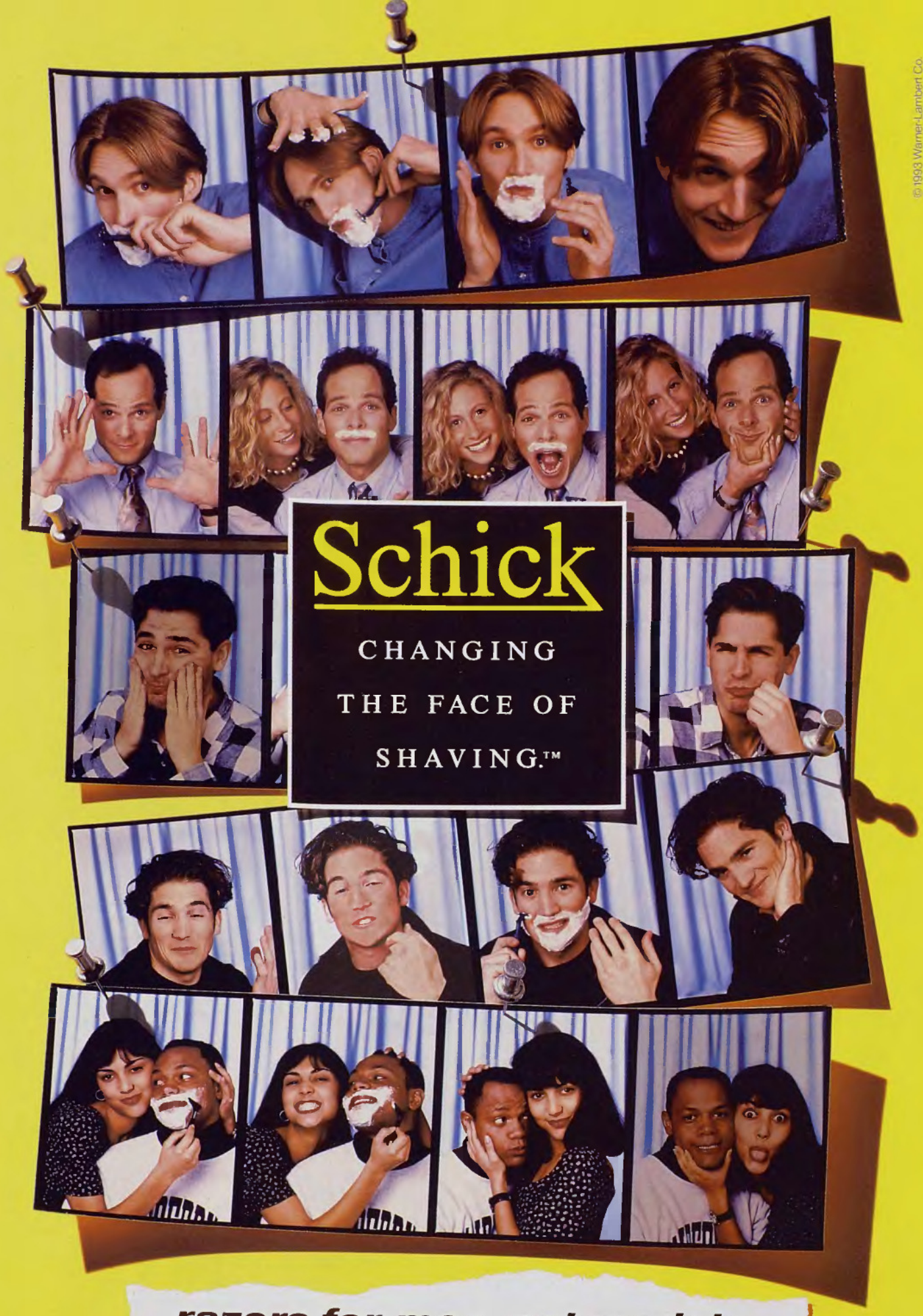
LIMBAUGH: It was small. Window air-conditioning units that blasted all the time, because my father was very hot-natured. It had a white-picket-fenced backyard, where I played Wiffle ball. I was punished by having to mow the yard. That's why to this day I hate the smell of freshly mowed grass.

PLAYBOY: So this was not a plantation.

LIMBAUGH: It was not a plantation, no.

PLAYBOY: Not like in *Roots* or anything like that?

LIMBAUGH: [*Laughs*] Oh, come on. A plantation with black servants.



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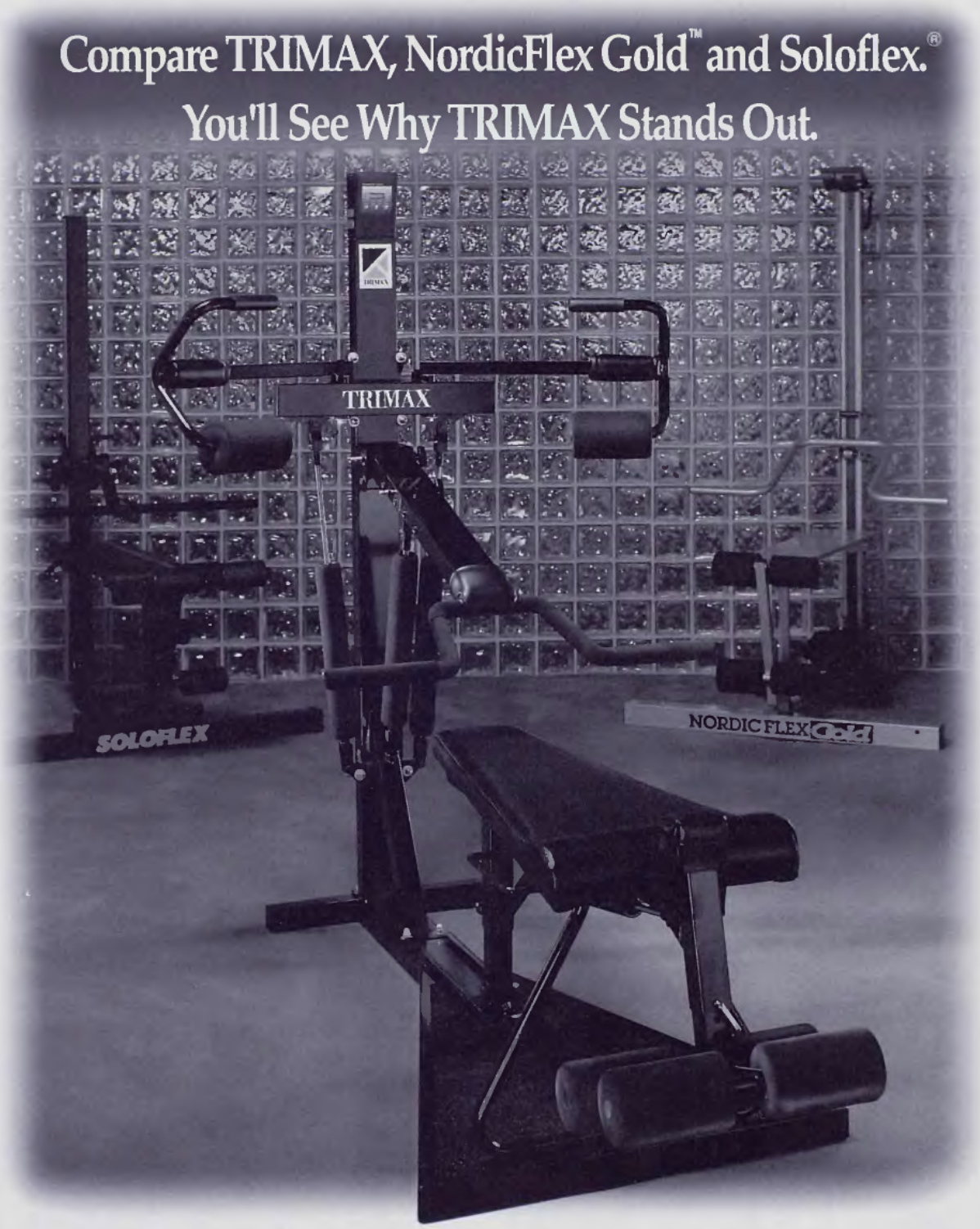

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PLAYBOY: Well, much has been said about your family and the powerful lawyers who come from it. You grew up in an upper-middle-class environment.

LIMBAUGH: My family is rich in the traditions of the work ethic. Most are lawyers, but there are some stragglers who are bank presidents. Some are still wandering aimlessly, searching for their golden answer. I did until I was 34 or 35.

PLAYBOY: A lot was expected of you?

LIMBAUGH: Very much so. My grandfather—who is 101 as we tape this interview—is a man whose image and reputation is flawless perfection. A man who never cursed, never smoked, never drank, never lied, never cheated. A man whose image is impeccable. Living up to that threw my dad through some loops. It threw a lot of us. But at the same time it benefited us. It's a small town and everybody wanted to know what everybody else was doing. And if they found out, they'd put it on the marquee at the local theater.

PLAYBOY: How did the town react to your leaving school and becoming a disc jockey at 16?

LIMBAUGH: Oh, the town didn't give a hoot about me at that point. It was more that my father was thinking, Oh, my God, how have I failed as a parent? My son is doomed for unhappiness. I had the reputation of quitting everything that I had at one time shown enthusiasm for. I was a Boy Scout Tenderfoot for a year. I hated it, but I did it because I thought it was something I should do.

PLAYBOY: You've said that school was like a prison to you. You're a success and yet you never got a college degree.

LIMBAUGH: Well, I flunked speech. I flunked because I refused to outline my speeches. And in my first year of college at Southeast Missouri State I had to take a phys ed course: ballroom dance, taught by a former drill sergeant in the Women's Army Corps. Ballroom dance. I didn't go. I mean, I was in love with radio—I was immersed in it—but, at the time, none of this seemed worthwhile.

PLAYBOY: What seemed worthwhile?

LIMBAUGH: Speech.

PLAYBOY: Did you have an accent then?

LIMBAUGH: Oh, yeah. People in southeast Missouri, where I'm from, have what is called the Swamp East Missouri twang. They say "git" and "yers." "Temperture." It's not Southern, it's not a drawl. It's kind of a twang. When I started in radio when I was 16, I heard a tape of myself and I was appalled. I literally just trained myself to speak. Every time I heard myself saying "git," I'd say "get, get"—silently to myself, and angrily, "get, get."

PLAYBOY: When you quit college, did you have to sit down and confront your parents about it?

LIMBAUGH: Yes. In fact, my parents had tried to salvage my education even before I got to that point. They drove me

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to college. They drove me to ballroom dance just so I couldn't skip class.

PLAYBOY: Your father didn't like radio.

LIMBAUGH: No, he didn't. He had actually owned part of a radio station—one-seventh of one—and when he looked around he saw nothing but a bunch of vagabonds. My family didn't understand how I was going to go anywhere by knowing all there was to know about the Osmond family, just so I could say so when I played an Osmond record.

Then I received an offer from a radio station in Pittsburgh. That meant going from Cape Girardeau—which is market 2000—to a top market. That's just not done. But my family didn't stop me. They were always supportive after that.

PLAYBOY: Were you politically minded in those days?

LIMBAUGH: Well, I was, but I wasn't allowed to be. I remember the first political comment I ever made. I was a DJ at radio station WIXZ, which is in McKeesport [a suburb of Pittsburgh]. I was doing a morning show, playing oldies; I did a lot of funny things then. Back then you could legally phone people and record their voices without them knowing it, without having to ask them for permission. I would call sporting goods stores and ask for a left-handed baseball bat. Or a hardware store and ask to rent flashbulbs. But one night I was watching Richard Nixon deliver the State of the Union address, and then came the Democratic response. I said, "What the hell is this Democratic response? I think it's horrible. This is the president of the United States. This is a State of the Union speech." Well, I got a call after my show was over that said, "You will refrain from offering political points of view on this show." OK. OK. It was not a big deal to me. It wasn't disappointing. At that point I had no earthly desire to do politics on the radio. I was using the name Jeff Christie then. I can't remember why I liked that name.

PLAYBOY: Maybe because it's the diminutive of Christ.

LIMBAUGH: [*Laughs*] Well, that may be some unconscious door you've unlocked. Anyway, if all you ever do is radio, you know your job is to go into a tiny room that's encased by glass and sit behind a microphone. And in order to have an attitude of confidence, bravado and positiveness, you have to talk into that microphone and envision everybody listening to you—actively listening to you. Not passively. If you sit in there and say, "Why am I doing this?" you are not going to succeed. You have to create an illusion. You must. And I think that is the beginning of the ego problems and self-esteem problems that radio performers have. Because once you leave that studio and go out with a friend and are introduced to somebody, nobody's ever heard of you. Nobody knows who you are. Well, that's a serious attack on the illusion you've created, and you begin to question it. It's a fantasy world in that studio. People who do nothing but radio are not nearly as successful as those who have done something else in their lives or are doing something concurrently.

PLAYBOY: But you were doing pretty well in Pittsburgh, for a young kid, at least.

LIMBAUGH: I was, yes. I was 21. I was making $25,000 a year. I was driving a Buick Riviera. That was an $8000 car.

PLAYBOY: Yet you eventually left Pittsburgh. Why?

LIMBAUGH: I was let go. Actually, I was fired twice in Pittsburgh. I had been fired from another station for playing *Under My Thumb* by the Rolling Stones too many times.

PLAYBOY: No kidding?

LIMBAUGH: Yeah. That violated the record-rotation law.

PLAYBOY: There have been several stories about how you avoided the Vietnam conflict.

LIMBAUGH: Well, first thing: There was no avoidance. You imply that I undertook action.

PLAYBOY: Escaped the war.

LIMBAUGH: Well, I didn't do anything. I did have a student deferment because I was in college for that one year. And I had a medical deferment for what is called a pilonidal cyst. It's a tailbone cyst. I don't know if it's still something that disqualifies you, but it did then. If the thing flared up, which they are wont to do, it required major surgery. So I didn't do anything to avoid the war. And had I been called, I would have gone.

PLAYBOY: And politically you were then as you are now?

LIMBAUGH: I was a hawk.

PLAYBOY: You've never been anything but a conservative?

LIMBAUGH: Right. You know, PLAYBOY readers are going to smirk at this, but to this day I do not own a pair of blue jeans—and it's not just because of my size. The generation I grew up with wore T-shirts, tie-dyes and jeans. Peace signs all over them. At my little college, we had our contingent of antiwar protesters on campus, and they were all blue-jean-clad. But I started working when I was 16 and I loved the establishment. I wanted to be a part of the establishment. Capital E. I wanted to fit in with it, at 16. I wanted to get an early start on the Eighties, and the selfishness and greed that prospered then. I wink. I say this with a wink.

PLAYBOY: Moving on. From Pittsburgh you migrated to the Kansas City Royals baseball team, where you worked in sales and marketing. You have referred to those times as somewhat dark.

LIMBAUGH: Well, I wasn't a personality at all. I was stifled, stepped on. In a corporate situation, individuality is usually present only among people on the corporation's fast track. I was not going anywhere there. The purpose of a sports team is to win games. I had nothing to do with that.

PLAYBOY: You were married at that time.

LIMBAUGH: Yes, I was. I was married twice when I was with the Royals. The first time my divorce took place about six months after I started there. Then I remarried two years later. Kansas City was the site of profound failure for me.

PLAYBOY: Were you depressed?

LIMBAUGH: Yes. It was in those last years there that, for the first time in my life, I began to judge myself on such things as how much money I wasn't making and, therefore, what I couldn't afford to do. And that seemed to determine my relationships and friendships. I was going backward. I had been making $25,000 in Pittsburgh, and yet here I was, 32 years old, making $14,000 or $15,000. And I was surrounded by tons of money.

Yet, through all that I was never doubtful of my success. From the time I was six years old, I have known that I was going to do something, whatever it was, with fame and notoriety. I've never, ever doubted that. It got me through a lot of the dark days. I always knew that it was going to happen. Always.

PLAYBOY: And meanwhile you continued to educate yourself. You're a voracious reader, right?

LIMBAUGH: Yes—well, I wasn't then. I didn't think I needed college. It wasn't until two years after I quit college and went to Pittsburgh that I regretted not being educated. I didn't regret not finishing college per se; I didn't regret not having a degree. I regretted that I was a dumb ass. So I embarked on a voracious, voluminous, omnivorous course of action designed to educate myself. I have been totally devoted to and obsessed with staying informed. And I graduated—to put it in terms that people understand—in 1983 when I left the Royals and went to the first adult radio station I ever worked for—a station that had me doing commentary. Finally, here was my test. And it all just fell into place.

PLAYBOY: Media tycoon Ed McLaughlin heard your Sacramento radio show and took a gamble on you, bringing you to New York on a $150,000 contract. Was that an exciting time for you?

LIMBAUGH: Oh, yes—but it was also agonizing. See, I had found everything I'd ever wanted in life in Sacramento. Finally, after all these years, I mattered. I was a practicing member of the community, I was a big fish in a little pond, I owned a house. That's why I thought, Oh, I've screwed myself—$150,000 is not going to be enough to enjoy life in New York.

PLAYBOY: Was it?

LIMBAUGH: No. It was tight for about a year. But the percentage was fair: $150,000 against 30 percent of the net, and then that escalated two ways, with years and with ratings. We tore up the original contract last year, rewrote it and

extended it through 1999. Are you going to ask at some point what the total sum of my efforts amounts to?

PLAYBOY: We weren't, but we will now.

LIMBAUGH: Well, there is so much speculation about this.

PLAYBOY: Then let's clear it up.

LIMBAUGH: Yes, why not clear it up? [*Laughs*] I'm always curious about this. This is a little game for me. Would you mind if I tell you all I do, without giving you dollar amounts?

PLAYBOY: Go ahead.

LIMBAUGH: Let's just look: I have a book that has about 2.5 million copies, which led to a contract for another book—with an advance. There's the radio show, on 600 stations, with five minutes of commercial time an hour on each—so that's 15 minutes of commercials every day, 45 minutes a week. On TV we have 220 stations for a 30-minute show, eight minutes of commercial spots. I have a monthly newsletter, which is up to about 270,000 subscribers at a yearly rate of $29.95. Now what else is there? There's the audio version of the book, with 200,000 to 250,000 copies. And the paperback is going to hit in September.

PLAYBOY: So bottom line: more than $5 million?

LIMBAUGH: For the year?

PLAYBOY: Yes.

LIMBAUGH: That's true.

PLAYBOY: That's what we needed to know—and that's why America is the place of miracles. Let's talk about something a little different. A female caller on one of your recent shows said that she would be glad—indeed, honored—if you would father a child with her. You replied that, right now, you were incapable of a successful courtship. Why?

LIMBAUGH: Oh, we're finally getting to the PLAYBOY questions.

PLAYBOY: You said it in front of 15 million people.

LIMBAUGH: That was one of those instances where I was feeling a little sorry for myself, because I think it's perhaps true. The past five years—since my divorce and my move from Sacramento to New York—I have been resolutely focused. I mean, narrowly focused.

PLAYBOY: On?

LIMBAUGH: Me. I think that's one of the reasons why I've succeeded, because I've been able to immerse myself totally. However, that has created a void that, at the age of 42, I've only recently contemplated. I look at other people who are just as committed to their careers as I am, and yet they still manage to have a family and a relationship and other things that are not related to what they do. With my sudden realization of this void, I've found myself desiring to fill it. But I've been afraid to, because my relationships have basically been sour and have ended up being distractions. I don't want to be distracted now. I don't want to get my feelings hurt. I don't want to feel sorry for myself or sad or any of that. I need to be up. I need to be enthused. And I need to like myself.

Then I say to myself: That's a cowardly attitude. You have to take risks. Why don't you look at all this as something that could enhance your life? I ask myself these questions, and I answer, well, I recall my experiences. My experiences have been less than sustaining in terms of happiness and contentment.

PLAYBOY: Do you know why?

LIMBAUGH: Yes. When I say I'm incapable of a successful courtship, it's because I don't feel that I can be myself totally. I hate being coy when I don't want to be. I hate acting uninterested when I don't want to. But you must. Nice guys never get laid. I'm amazed at the truth in that.

PLAYBOY: Give us some idea of what you like in a woman. Intelligence?

LIMBAUGH: Of course. I consider that basic. I mean, she has to have her own life and be capable of making herself happy. She has to have her own reason for wanting to do things. Confidence. But the bells and whistles—see, I have this theory. When one speaks of love, I think of magical, mystical emotions over which humans have no control. Generally, it just happens to you. When you're in love and you don't want to be—such as when

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the one you love tells you to go to hell—you can't just walk out and say "I don't want to be in love tonight" and get over it. Otherwise, there would be no such thing as heartbreak. But when you act like you don't give a rat's ass about someone, that's when they're all over you. If at 42—or even when I'm older—I find somebody I care about, I don't know if I'm going to want to act like I don't love her or care.

PLAYBOY: Yet surely your success has cast you into another class of eligibility.

LIMBAUGH: Yes, but Woody Allen was right about one thing: All success means is that you get rejected by a higher class of women.

PLAYBOY: That's kind of a negative outlook. Besides, we don't see you adopting a Jewish New York comedian's attitude.

LIMBAUGH: You're right—but it sounds good. And maybe it'll make Jewish New York liberals think I'm partially OK. Actually, you've caught me in one of those periods of introspection. This is new. The reason I think I'm contemplating this is that in the past six months I have met a couple of women who have made the bells and whistles go off.

But I've not been comfortable with it. I'm no longer willing to pursue in reckless abandon as I did when I was somewhat younger. That's because it's a distraction. I'm afraid to actually commit.

PLAYBOY: Your personal life is very public. *The New York Post* ran an item about you and a woman being spotted together in Central Park.

LIMBAUGH: That could have been avoided if she hadn't called the newspaper.

PLAYBOY: Really?

LIMBAUGH: [*Laughs*] Of course.

PLAYBOY: Well, we hope she wasn't one of the bells-and-whistles women.

LIMBAUGH: No, no. Listen, this is not consistent. I've gotten introspective with you here and I may appear depressed. I'm not. We all go through these periods of introspection, but it hasn't affected my concentration and my devotion to work. That's important because, as I told you, I feel that I have to prove myself every day. It's tough being me, because there are a lot of people trying to convince me that I am crucial, that I am a cut above mere humanity. A young woman once said to me, "This is your sacrifice." I said, "What do you mean?" She said, "You can't have a normal life. You are too important. You are on a mission."

PLAYBOY: Well you are a role model for millions of people.

LIMBAUGH: I understand that. And I'm not trying to engage in false humility, but at some point you have to pull back. I don't have to look at myself in the mirror and say, "OK, hang on here, Rush. Don't lose yourself." Right now, I'm in total control, despite those efforts to get me to elevate. So what I'm saying is, there are people who are just as important as I am, even more so.

•

[Congress passed President Clinton's budget plan after our initial interviews. We wanted to ask Limbaugh about that, and to follow up on questions asked in the earlier sessions. Although Limbaugh's representatives had originally agreed to this final session, they now balked, and it was only with considerable negotiating that Mano was permitted to meet again with Limbaugh.]

PLAYBOY: Thank you for giving us this time. We know how busy you are, and we have just a few questions for you.

LIMBAUGH: I want it on the record, by the way, that I resent this follow-up. I don't have to justify what I think to anybody at PLAYBOY. I don't know who asked you to come back, but they're probably not satisfied because it doesn't make me look bad enough in some idiot's eyes at the editorial board.

PLAYBOY: OK. One issue we didn't touch on in our earlier sessions is the welfare problem. Is welfare really the evil that you and other conservatives paint it?

LIMBAUGH: Certainly. It is bankrupting the nation. Defense isn't bankrupting the nation; welfare payments to people who are otherwise capable are bankrupting the nation. Here's a recent example: California Governor Pete Wilson has

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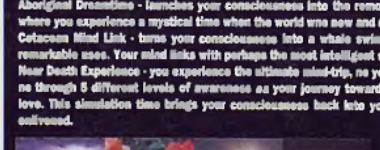

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suggested that Californians simply cannot afford to pay for the health care, general welfare and education for illegal aliens. But then representatives of the illegal aliens responded, "That's un-American."

That's where we've gone wrong. The definition of American is to take the money produced by hardworking, risk-taking Americans and give it to illegal immigrants who come here to sponge. Illegal aliens. Then, when we want to pull back on it because we can't afford it anymore, it's called un-American. This is a clear example of how the welfare state has gone totally wrong. Welfare states have failed around the world: the Soviet Union, Western Europe, Germany, Sweden, London, Paris. They're going down the tubes—they're in horrible shape—because the dream doesn't work, the utopia can't exist. We are headed down the same path, and the American people know it.

PLAYBOY: In our original sessions you said that President Clinton will do apocalyptic damage to the economy before he's through. Can you be more specific about that?

LIMBAUGH: "Be more specific about it." I think I've been as specific as anybody you've probably ever talked to about it. I'll be glad to update it, but I think it's bullshit to have us sit here, because these are insulting questions. Everybody knows the answer to this.

The reason we're going to do apocalyptic economic damage is that we don't have a five-year plan. There's no such thing—it is not allowed by law. Every budget is a one-year budget, then projections are made on the next four years based on the mistakes and projections in the current budget.

So, there's not one genuine budget cut in this one-year budget. They may be cutting defense a little, but we're making that back with loose spending in other areas. The budget's not getting smaller, is it? But who's getting taxed? The people who create jobs. In the past two years, small business has created 100 percent of the jobs while big business has laid people off: IBM, 100,000 here; Kodak, 10,000 over there; Apple, 2000 here. Big corporations are downsizing and they're not facing a tax increase. But small business is facing rising tax rates of from 31 percent to more than 42 percent. And in some states, if you factor in the state and local tax, you're paying more than 50 percent. Small business earnings—profits—are being eaten up in taxes. It's an all-out assault. And then, not satisfied with that, we have to be retroactive to January first. You cannot tax the wealth-producing sector to this degree and have economic growth. It is just impossible.

Now the Clinton administration says, "But wait, we're going to give you tax breaks if you invest in your small business." Or, "If you start a new business and hold it for five years, we'll give you a big capital-gains break." What they don't understand is: What are these people going to invest? Their profits and earnings are being taxed with these new rates. When confronted with that reality, the administration says, "But wait, we've got interest rates down for you." Well, they have done no such thing. Interest rates are down because the bond market is convinced there's not going to be any economic growth. Inflation drives interest rates, and inflation is low. We may be in a deflationary cycle. Interest rates have been plummeting for 24 months, long before Clinton even got serious about running for president. Besides, who wants to borrow money in an economy like this? There's no confidence that you're going to be able to earn enough to pay it back, and if you do earn enough, it's going to be taxed. So it's back to the zero-sum game.

Then they say, "Look at the stock market. It's at an all-time high. They love our plan!" They don't love the plan. They're scared to death. The reason the stock market is going up is that it's the best risk you can take right now in terms of return. The stock market has long ago ceased to be an indicator of economic strength and activity—it set all-time highs during the 1990–1992 recession that George Bush was in charge of. People are putting their money there because it's the only place to go right now. But nobody's happy about it.

And where's the party? How come 90 percent of the Democratic congressmen and senators who signed the budget bill didn't show up for the signing, and the ones who were there hid their faces behind pieces of paper? Because they didn't want to be seen anywhere near the signing of this bill. Nobody wanted this bill. It's a rotten bill.

The concept that many people can gain at the same time is totally foreign to this administration. So small businesses, knowing that Hillary Rodham Clinton's marvelous tinkerings with health care are right around the corner, still don't know what the cost of business is going to be. All they know is that they're not going to be able to expand, they're not going to have the money. We have targeted just the rich. We have targeted just small business. We have targeted just those who create the wealth.

The administration has said, "You guys are the enemy, and we're going to fix whatever is wrong. We have to get fairness back in the plan." What's fairness? This is nothing but pure get-even-with-them-ism. The Clinton administration has one agenda: to move power, money and culture as far to the left as possible. And the middle class? I want to tell you something: The reason the middle class is not celebrating that their taxes are not going up is people like me. My show has finally informed them—made the complex understandable. They now know that it is the people who create their jobs who have been targeted and assaulted here.

Now, clean that up and make it understandable.

PLAYBOY: That was about as clean as anyone could make it.

LIMBAUGH: You understood it, huh? OK, good.

PLAYBOY: Which leads to our next question. You're an excellent showman. Is it possible that you use that showmanship to sell what are actually pretty unattractive political points of view?

LIMBAUGH: No. I am not coming forward with showmanship and articulating some foreign concept that a bunch of unthinking robots are being programmed to believe. I don't have that kind of power. Nobody in the media has that kind of power.

The fact of the matter is: I am a profound success because I relentlessly pursue the truth, and I do so with the epitome of accuracy. That sets me apart from mainstream journalists. Talk to my audience and without exception they'll say, "Finally, there's a guy who says what I've always been thinking."

I validate. I don't orchestrate, dictate or otherwise cause people to ponder. I simply validate. And some people will indeed listen and say, "You know, I always thought I was a liberal, but he says exactly what I think." People are not the blithering dunderheads that many in the dominant media culture—which obviously includes the editorial staff of PLAYBOY—would like to believe they are. And that's why the media are obviously so threatened.

PLAYBOY: A follow-up on race: It is perceived by some that you are antiminority—maybe even racist.

LIMBAUGH: Whoever thinks that is simply wrong. If they think I am racist or—what did you say?

PLAYBOY: Antiminority.

LIMBAUGH: Antiminority, that's just wrong. It is untrue. I ask anybody with an open mind and intellectual honesty to listen to my radio show or watch my TV show—listen to the blacks or other minorities or women who call my show, and listen to the way they're treated and the way they're portrayed. You will find blacks on my show far less threatening and far better examples of the black population, en masse, than you will find on any other late-night show. Like Arsenio Hall's. I think the way blacks are portrayed on my show is far better than the way they're portrayed on his.

PLAYBOY: But the perception that you're antiminority——

LIMBAUGH: Those are just the musings of a liberal who has a prejudice about conservatism and assumes that conservative means antiminority, exclusive majority, whatever. It's absolute nonsense, and it's

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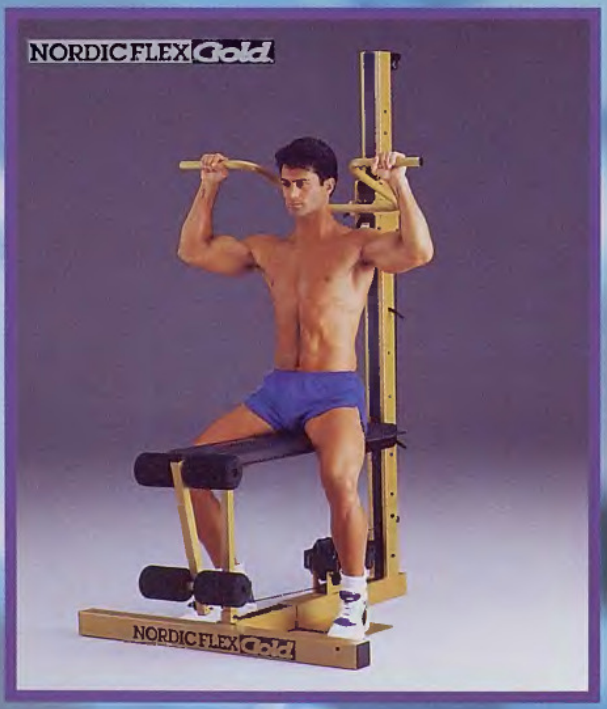

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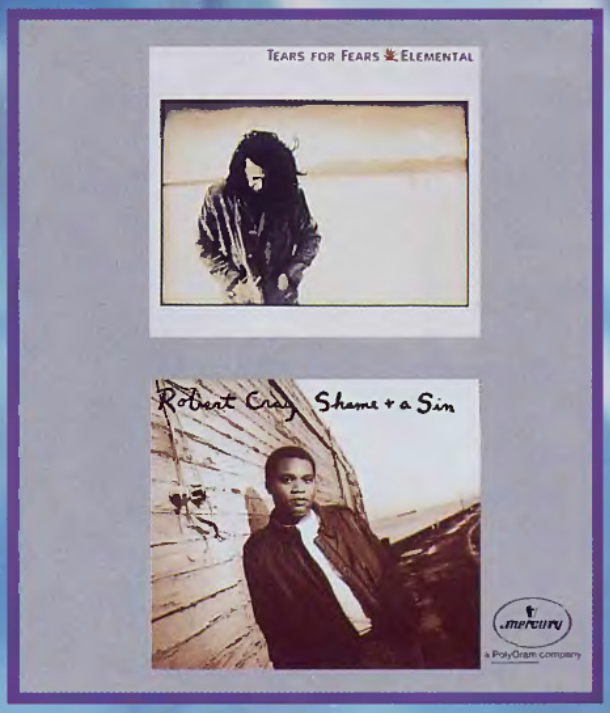

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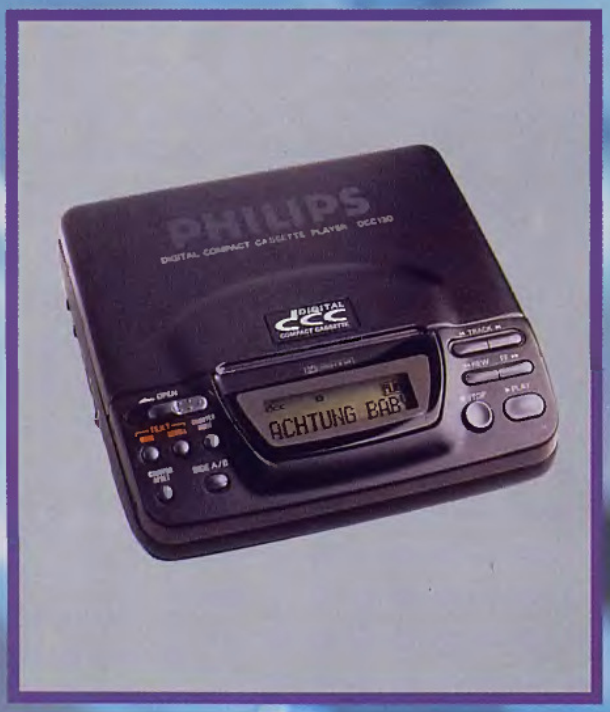

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a question, as I say, borne of intellectual laziness and vapidity. Whoever came up with these questions should know they're irrelevant. "Some people say, 'You are this,' and 'You are that.'" Well, some people say that PLAYBOY ought to be shut down, too, but I don't think PLAYBOY's going to spend a whole lot of time dealing with that. They have more important things to do, because they have survived. They have a market. Same with me. I've survived, and I don't think you survive on hate or bigotry. I don't think you become as big as I am—as loved as I am, as broad-based in my appeal as I am—if what you do is based on being antiminority.

What I am—and you guys have to understand this—is antiliberal. I think liberalism is a scourge. It destroys the human spirit. It destroys economies. It destroys prosperity. It assigns sameness to everybody. And wherever I find it, I oppose it. It happens to be in many of the minorities you've identified—Hispanics, blacks, the multicultural movement, feminists. Liberalism is where they're aligned. And so I'm opposed to them ideologically. But on no other basis do I feel bothered by them.

PLAYBOY: You told us in our first session that you've made a lot of money. Do you mind telling us how you use it, say, to entertain yourself?

LIMBAUGH: No. I save it—almost 100 percent of it—in case places like PLAYBOY actually drive me off the air. That way, I'll have a nest egg to rely on.

PLAYBOY: All right—moving on. You said that during the Reagan era, people were proud to be Americans again, and that to try to revise those years is a criminal act. But how do you answer the charge that, under Reagan, the U.S. has turned from a lender to a borrower nation? And how would you resolve the deficit challenge?

LIMBAUGH: How would I answer the *charge* that the U.S. has turned from a lender to a borrower? I don't think it's a charge. It's a fact. I have yet to assign any specific damage that has resulted from it. [*Sarcastically*] But I have total confidence that Bill Clinton will fix it. As for resolving the deficit challenge, let me tell you what we need to do—and this could be quite lengthy:

Our problem resides in the way we budget. We use something called the "current services baseline" to budget. In essence, Congress now sits down with the president and they write a budget, but they pay no attention to current data. They simply take the current services—that's why it's called the current services baseline; it is primarily outlays and revenues—and, by law, they may now just say, "We're going to spend 10 or 12 or maybe as high as 13 percent more this year on that line item than we did on the previous line item."

Now let's say you and I ran a business. And let's say it was a $50 million business, and our income one year was $45 million. We have a $5 million deficit. That's a problem, and we know that in order to make that $5 million back—and to stay even—we have to do something. Maybe we have to cut some workers or close a plant, cut back on whatever expenses we can—paper clips and that kind of thing—until we make that $5 million back.

But that is not looked at here. The previous year's information is not factored in at all—only the increase allowed under the current services baseline is factored in. That's why the budget grows in such exponential ways. It is in the current services baseline that the mystery of the phantom spending reduction is to be found.

We hear about deficit reduction. We hear about spending cuts. Yet we also hear that after five years of the Clinton plan, the federal deficit will still be around $280 billion, while $1 trillion will be added to the national debt. So people said, "Wait a minute. If we got deficit reduction, and if we're reducing the size of government, how come the national debt is being added to by $1 trillion?" I will illustrate that for you by bringing it down to the family-lifestyle level:

Let's say that you and your wife earn $50,000 a year, and your automobile costs, oh, $25,000, and you're amortizing that in monthly payments. You decide that next year you're going to buy a Mercedes. You're going to get a $100,000 car. Your salary is going to go up four to five percent—you hope. You think you're going to get a raise, but you really don't know, just like the government assumes it's going to get more revenue, but it's not really sure.

So you're going to spend 100 grand. You think you can afford the payments and so you've budgeted that. Next year comes. You get scared. You say, "No, I'm not going to buy a Mercedes, I'm going to buy a Corvette," and you spend only 50 grand. Now you're spending $25,000 more this year than you did on your current car, but you're telling yourself you saved $50,000 because you're not going to spend the 100 grand you planned on spending for the Mercedes. And that's what happens in the U.S. budget. They are telling us that $56 billion is going to be cut from Medicare over the next five years, but in truth, real Medicare spending is going to increase about six to eight percent—down from the 12 percent to 13 percent projected in the current services baseline. That's how you save money in Washington, and that's how you get a spending cut.

So the national debt continues to get bigger, and the deficit continues to exist. You could construct other household examples to illustrate this. In fact, one could say that women have been doing this for a long time. I remember my grandmother buying two months' worth of Tide because it was on sale at half off. She took cash from the family budget and spent it all on Tide—leaving the family with no cash flow for a month, but claiming she had saved all this money. Americans do this all the time. But in Washington it's horrendous, because they're not honest with us about the way that it happens. They try to fool us with the terminology: deficit cuts, spending cuts, deficit reduction—and it isn't happening.

Now, your question was: How do we resolve it? There is a solution. I was first exposed to this by Larry Kudlow of Bear Stearns, and I have since run it by a number of other economists who also think it would work, using the projections in the Clinton budget plan.

Many economists feel that we should use the rates of revenue growth without tax increases. They're saying: "Let's freeze spending—not cut it, just freeze it—at every level across the board. We'll even factor in cost of living adjustments to inflation. Therefore, if the inflation rate is two percent, then we'll raise every item. As theorized, in five years—with no tax increases at all, just freezing spending—we'll be down to a $60 billion deficit and on our way to a balanced budget." I feel this is a theory worth trying. It is certainly something we're not doing. In commonsense terms, it's the only thing to do.

PLAYBOY: In her *New York Times* profile of you, Maureen Dowd portrayed you as somewhat of a lonely type. Our questions: What were you like in high school? Were you active socially? Did you date a lot? Were you already career-minded?

LIMBAUGH: My high school life was as normal as the average American kid's.

PLAYBOY: That's it?

LIMBAUGH: There's nothing there. [*Into tape recorder*] Editors of PLAYBOY: It was entirely normal.

PLAYBOY: Looking down the line, can you see yourself like H. L. Mencken in his 70s—languishing somewhere, unlistened to, having once been the great social commentator of his era?

LIMBAUGH: Sure. And I don't want to be a curmudgeon. I want to have other sources of happiness in my life. So I say: Rush, you'd better find other outlets. You can't expect to get 100 percent satisfying feedback every day for the rest of your life. If you get into that habit, you're headed for misery, because it's not going to last.

At some point I'm going to get tired of this. There have to be other sources of self-satisfaction, other things from which I derive happiness.

PLAYBOY: And if there aren't?

LIMBAUGH: Then maybe I'll overstay my time—go beyond it to where it isn't fun. But that's the last thing in the world I want to happen.

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did the actor want
a piece of heaven in tahiti
or did he want to play god?

Marlon Brando's Paradise Lost

TODAY, when one asks island residents about Marlon Brando in Tahiti, where he has owned his private atoll of Tetiaroa for the past quarter of a century, the responses fall into two categories: pained silence or "Marlon? It is *tragique*. Such a good man, such dreams he had——" Not only has the tiny tropical isle been shaken by the May 16, 1990, killing of Dag Drollet, son of another distinguished family, but the events since the night Brando's son shot his sister's boyfriend have also somehow brought the actor and his complexities into sharp focus. Brando and his vision of a paradise in Tahiti were once taken at face value. Now, the man and his dream are called into question, their authenticities eroded by anger, sorrow and dismay.

Romantic seekers have often been drawn to this Shangri-la, intent either on losing themselves or in finding a higher truth. When Brando first arrived on Tahiti in 1960, he carried with him the same Edenic longings as painter Paul Gauguin and writers Herman Melville, Robert Louis Stevenson and W. Somerset Maugham. Widely considered to be the world's foremost naturalistic actor, Brando sought refuge from what he often denounced as the mendacity of the movie business and the meaninglessness of Hollywood celebrity. His private atoll of Tetiaroa seemed to offer Brando an escape from complicated and often volatile family problems—divorce, custody battles and widely publicized affairs. But Tetiaroa also afforded the actor relief from the inner demons that had pursued him throughout a lifetime of psychoanalysis. He would pour millions of dollars into his environmental projects and enlist the support of some of the

article by Peter Manso

ILLUSTRATION BY RAFAL OLBINSKI

world's foremost scientists. He hoped for a new beginning with his Tahitian common-law wife and their children. Yet his *vita nuova* was doomed from the start, undermined by inattention, unrealistic expectations and the actor's insensitivity to a clash of cultures.

•

Arriving on the island in late fall 1960 to shoot *Mutiny on the Bounty*, Brando immersed himself in all things Tahitian. He rejected the stately home provided by MGM and rented a traditional thatched dwelling, wore a free-flowing pareu, the multicolored Tahitian sarong, and adopted the native custom of wearing a frangipani blossom behind his ear. "I love it down here. I'm not Brando the star, I'm Brando the man," he told *Mutiny*'s assistant director Ridgeway Callow after a week. "I can go around barefoot, stripped to the waist, wear anything that I want and nobody pays attention. Here one is judged by local standards."

As was often his habit, Brando's enthusiasm was a reaction to his continuing personal and professional conflicts. It had been reported that in June 1960 he had married longtime mistress Movita, who was pregnant. He and former wife Anna Kashfi had gone back to court in their ongoing battle over Brando's visitation rights with their two-year-old son, Christian. And during that year the actor had also been juggling affairs with actresses Rita Moreno, France Nuyen and Barbara Luna. To make matters worse, Brando had lost control of *One-Eyed Jacks*, his directorial debut, which had gone well over budget.

But to Tahitians who met the actor during this time, Brando's search seemed to be deeper than the escapism of a harried man. "He was really floating," observes Alex Ata, the onetime director general of tourism. "In the middle of breakfast or lunch, or even when they were filming, he might leave and go out to the reef alone in a canoe, maybe with a ten-pound box of ice cream. He would talk to the birds and sometimes not come back until sunset. He seemed to be desperately trying to discover something."

The desire for privacy and isolation was nothing new to the reclusive actor, who had long steeped himself in Buddhism and other spiritual interests. Equally intoxicating were the local women, whose voluptuous sexuality was unconstrained by Western conventions. "You could come home and find one woman in your bedroom with another woman, performing," recalls Jimmy Taylor, one of the production's costumers. "They didn't mind you watching. There you were, wondering what the hell they were doing in your house." Added Callow, "Sex to a Tahitian is merely an uncomplicated part of their way of life." According to another crew member, Brando was "screwing like mad, trying to fuck as much as he could—local products, including all the extras we'd hired for the crowd scenes."

Likewise, for all his proclaimed egalitarianism, Brando was not above using the privileges of a powerful Hollywood star. "His goons would pick the women up for him. He stayed at home, the town came to him," explains the production company's cook. Adds Taylor, "These stock girls were of various groups. Some were legitimate, honest family girls, and some were just plain little *pufias*. Little whores."

One of the actor's favorite activities was to gather a group of women and play spin the bottle. "You know, when the bottle stops spinning, you get to kiss the girl? Marlon made up stories," says Taylor. "'Your *foo-foo*'—*foo-foo* means pussy—'is *ake*!' *Ake* is like citron, sour like lime. The girl says, 'No, no. *C'est pas moi, moi c'est chocolat*!' And they'd sit there and laugh."

While most of the Tahitian women cast in the film had minor, nonspeaking parts, there was one role of substance: Maimiti, the Tahitian princess who becomes Fletcher Christian's lover. After auditions, the part went to 19-year-old Taritatum a Teriipaia. Part Chinese, part Polynesian, Tarita, as she was known, was a dancer in the floor show at Les Tropiques, a local nightclub, where she also worked as a dishwasher. "She had a beautiful little butt, with these little dimples high up," said Taylor, who was assigned to fit her for her costumes. "Also a prominent mound of Venus—flesh, not hair—which was visible when she was wearing a pareu, and her breasts were full and lush. When she walked, that pretty derriere went from one side to the other. Tarita's only flaw, a common one among Tahitians, were her feet. They were as big as a camel's."

Tarita, of course, would change Brando's life forever. Yet, when she first got the role she claimed never to have heard of him. Her reluctance to accept the assignment only heightened her appeal. "I'm teaching her to be Maimiti, she is my product," Brando told the crew. Tarita spoke of her acting coach as "a terrible man," but she was soon spending nights at his bungalow. Their chemistry was contradictory, but to that part of Brando engaged in searching, she radiated a deep and primitive force.

"Tarita never talks," Ata says. "She was a poor Bora Bora girl but she had her own power. She was fascinated by Marlon but refused to kowtow. She might have been at times indifferent to what he was doing with other women, but that wasn't passivity."

By early February the Tahitian rainy season still had not let up, dashing any hopes that the production could be kept on schedule. Like the rest of the cast, Brando returned to Los Angeles, only to become embroiled in the conflicts from which he had seemingly escaped. He placated Movita by buying her a house, but there seemed no way of mollifying Kashfi, who was drinking, taking barbiturates and, from Brando's perspective, neglecting their son. To complicate matters, only days before his scheduled return to Tahiti on April 19, Rita Moreno suddenly reentered his life by taking an overdose of sleeping pills. According to the Hollywood rumor mill, she had been driven to desperation by Brando's announced defection to Movita. Two days after Moreno's hospitalization, Brando, besieged by reporters, flew to Papeete.

Once again, the island must have seemed an oasis of calm. But chaos still reigned on the *Mutiny* set after director Carol Reed had been forced to resign. Brando was in constant conflict with Reed's replacement, Lewis Milestone. The delays continued, and on August 1, 1961, with only half the film shot, Brando's $5000-a-day overtime fee kicked in. The sum would eventually reach $750,000 above and beyond his $500,000 base pay and per diem. But even with the money rolling in, his attitude worsened. Sometimes Brando stumbled onto the set bleary-eyed, searching for cue cards to help with his lines. Sometimes he would storm off to lock himself in his dressing room while attempting to rewrite *Mutiny*'s script.

Probably the only thing that interested him was the atoll of Tetiaroa, which he had spotted during location scouting some 35 miles north of Papeete. A true coral atoll composed of a dozen small motus, or reef islets, enclosing a central lagoon, the tiny landmass was striking for its bone-white beaches fringed with abundant coconut palms—but most of all for its silent tranquility. Equally beguiling to Brando was the atoll's history: Tetiaroa had been used in ancient times by the royal Tahitian Pomare rulers as a sacred meeting place for their pagan *tabuas*, or priests. The property was not listed for sale, but Brando thought the estate of the original owner, Dr. Walter Williams, once Tahiti's only dentist, might entertain an offer.

By summer's end MGM had had enough and recalled the company to finish the film in California. Industry

(continued on page 108)

"You've been bringing me presents for more than 20 years. When are you going to make your move?"

BEVERLY HILLS HOT

miss july 1989 is playboy's latest gift to hollywood

Miss July 1989, Erika Eleniak, struggled for respect as an actress when her first TV series, *Baywatch* (top left), was called *Babewatch* by its critics. But Erika shot back with a high-caliber performance as Steven Seagal's lethal lady in the surprise hit of 1992, *Under Siege* (top right). From there, she could have strolled through a series of similar roles. Instead she changed course—a favorite tactic of Erika's—and joined the stellar cast of this year's hot comedy, *The Beverly Hillbillies* (bottom). What's next for this gutsy lady? Expect the unexpected.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY AND STEPHEN WAYDA

COME AND listen to a story about a pretty young girl. Loved the movies and TV and thought she'd give that life a whirl. One day she was in our magazine, now she's a star on the Hollywood scene. Swimsuits, semiautomatic weapons. Those are the props Miss July 1989 sports in her movie roles. But when Erika Eleniak hits the screen, nobody pays much attention to the surroundings. Audiences are too busy eyeing Erika, 24, who first dazzled our readers as PLAYBOY's cover girl in April 1989. Three months later she was our Playmate of the Month, launching a career that was headed directly toward Hollywood. Soon after her Playmate splash, Erika landed the role of lifeguard Shauni McLain on NBC's *Baywatch*. That role led to her feature film debut in *Under Siege*, in which she played Steven Seagal's mate, gunning down a battleship full of bad guys without once smearing her makeup. Today, our favorite starlet's star is on the rise. She'll play Elly May in the all-star *Beverly Hillbillies* movie, and she now appears on producers' wish lists whenever a casting call comes around. A real-life fairy tale? Sure, but it wasn't as easy as it sounds. The story of Erika's ascent features sweat and tears as well as limousines and champagne. It would make a good movie: troubled teen gets her act, head and heart together, conquers demons and doubters, turns the film biz on its ear and lives perfectly ever after. A good movie, that is, if you were to land the right actress for the lead role. She would have to be beautiful and ideally proportioned. She would need guts and drive to survive the troubles of the first reel. In fact, she would have to be Erika.

Erika's biopic, starring Ms. E herself, opens in sunny Glendale, California. Our heroine was a Valley girl who first posed scantily clad in an ad for children's underwear. At the age of ten, she got her first

screen kiss in *E.T.*, playing the girlfriend of the extraterrestrial's young pal. But then came her years as a wild child and Erika's self-image as "the girl you didn't want to mess with." A self-described "Sixties reject," she favored heavy metal and hard liquor. "Maybe I partied too hard," she says. That realization led her to Alcoholics Anonymous when she was just 17. But now comes the uplift in our story: She yanked herself up by her fashionable bootstraps. It was a sober, determined Valley girl who came to PLAYBOY four years ago. And went straight to the spotlight, spinning a basketball on our April 1989 cover, looking surprised to have spun her life around so quickly. Three months later she was Miss July, a gig that segued to her role as lifeguard Shauni McLain. Now successful—but again barely dressed—Erika had to defend herself from charges that *Baywatch* was mere T&A TV. She shot back by describing the show as "*St. Elsewhere* on the beach." Citing the modest red swimsuits she wore each week, she said she wasn't being exploited: "Those are regulation suits." Critics still sneered,

From her first appearance as a model for kids' underwear to her skintight attire in *Baywatch*, Erika has put her natural beauty in the best light. But nudity is a different matter, she says. Without any help from the wardrobe department, a girl can feel vulnerable: "Posing nude makes you very aware of your body." She needn't worry. None of her fans has ever complained.

calling the show *Babewatch*. But soon the TV critics didn't matter. Putting Shauni's formfitting uniform away once and for all, Erika was off to the movies and on her way to greater success. Her role in the hit film *Under Siege* went to her in part because of her PLAYBOY ties. The producers were searching for the right actress to play Steven Seagal's lethal sidekick, who—as written in the script—had a Playmate pictorial in her background. They showed the script to Gary Cole, PLAYBOY's Photo Director. Cole said, "Why not cast a real Playmate in the role?" He recommended Erika, and she got the part, helping

Seagal vanquish a small army of terrorists. *Under Siege* captured more than $100 million at the box office. Next thing you knew, "that girl in *Under Siege*" was hotter than the barrel of the machine gun she wielded in the movie. Scripts started hitting her door with the concussion of mortar fire. Everyone wanted her to be the next Linda Hamilton, but Erika wanted a nice juicy role in comedy. Cut to Beverly Hills, just south of Erika's teenage partying grounds, mere blocks from her friends at the Playboy Mansion. That's where she joins the stellar cast of *The Beverly Hillbillies*, which everyone in town expects to be one of this year's hits. She plays Elly May, Jed Clampett's gorgeous, flirtatious and outrageous daughter. Industry insiders think it may be the role that makes Erika a marquee movie star. (See *Sex Stars 1993*, page 178.) That, of course, would bring an upbeat climax to the story of Erika Eleniak, teen-terror-turned-centerfold-starlet-turned-Hollywood-heroine, all in seven years. But even stardom won't be the last beat of our upbeat scenario. There's far more to come before you hear the last of Erika, who summed up her philosophy in PLAYBOY the day we met her: "I don't want to be under anyone's thumb. I want to take charge of my own life." Now that she is Beverly Hills hot, her only limit is the big blue sky over the Hollywood sign. Y'all keep watching Erika, y'hear?

ILLUSTRATION FOR PLAYBOY BY LARRY RIVERS

THE GENT

she's intelligent, beautiful
and your best friend's daughter.
what's a gentleman to do?

fiction by BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN

SHE WAS A pretty, dark-haired thing with big black eyes, the daughter of his friend Gus, and he had watched her grow up on the beaches of East Islip. From the porch of the cottage he rented each summer, Harry could see her fly along the water's edge, doing cartwheels, leaping over dunes, practicing ballet steps from *The Nutcracker*. She giggled and fought with her friends and tried on makeup, and when she got older, she worked at the farm stand. Then she went off to one of the good schools. But she came back for the summers. And when she had matured into a young woman, Harry got the feeling she was interested in him. Grace was 19—well-built, with long legs, sizable breasts and a playful-looking rump—when this notion of his took hold. She had the good schools in her voice, too, which was a weakness of Harry's and, as far as he was concerned, put her over the top.

Her parents owned a summer house right down the beach from Harry's cottage. Whenever they gave a barbecue, they would invite Harry over, and at some point in the evening, Grace would corner him and with her black eyes shining ask him about the communications field and how to break into it. Or sometimes she wouldn't ask him about the communications field but would poke him and tickle him and tell him to loosen up. One day he drove her into town to get some lighter fluid for the barbecue. With her skirt drawn back, her hands in her lap and her tanned legs kicked up on the dashboard, the pressure was so intense he almost had to stop the Jeep. At the checkout counter, she said she had gotten her own flat in the city and why didn't he come by and say hello. When he said he'd think about it, she let out a frustrated growl and pinched his ass in front of three customers. So it wasn't his imagination. She was there for him. Yet he kept his distance. He was a good deal more than twice her age, which explained it somewhat but not entirely, since he was no stranger to young women. Also, he lived alone and was divorced, so he was covered in that department. And it certainly wasn't fear of her mother, Nora, who had actually encouraged him. Nora was a cool and complex woman with a million thoughts colliding behind her troubled forehead. Whenever she saw Harry and Grace together, she looked on with interest. One day she took Harry aside

and said, "I don't see why she can't have a mentor."

So Nora was on board, but the main reason he stayed away from Grace was that he did not want to hurt Gus. Gus and Harry had been friends since high school and had played on the same football team. Gus was a great big curly-haired bear of a man who smoked a dozen cigars a day, ate anything he wanted—despite a dangerously expanding waistline—and generally enjoyed life tremendously. He was Harry's hanging-out buddy, and they got together in Manhattan at least once a month. As a union official, Gus was entitled to a chauffeur, but he insisted on doing his own driving in the city, even though he was terrible at it. He would pick up Harry in his Lincoln Town Car, and with his cigar waving to make points and sometimes taking a little blow to make things worse, he would somehow weave them safely up to Sylvia's in Harlem, or Wally and Joseph's across town, or all the way down to Little Italy for a feast on Mulberry Street. He fancied himself an expert on food, and Harry, who thought he knew something about it, too, was content to sit back and let Gus do the ordering and be generally seignorial. On the nights they got together, Harry got to mingle with Gus' friends—busted-out jazz musicians, ward politicians from Harlem and medium-level wiseguys from President Street in Brooklyn—the kinds of people Harry would never meet in the normal course of things. There were hookers in the mix as well.

Gus' best quality was his loyalty: A friend could do no wrong. Harry had produced his share of stiffs in the movie business, but as far as Gus was concerned, each one was a gem and should have been nominated for an Academy Award. And Harry repaid this loyalty in kind. On one occasion, Gus was accused of mishandling union funds and was forced to take a sabbatical and lie low in Providence for a couple of years. Harry, without being asked, had sent him five hundred here, five hundred there, and Gus had never forgotten it. As it happened, when the heat was off and Gus got his old job back, Harry was busy with a TV series and rarely got to see his friend.

"Now that I'm doing good, you never call me," Gus complained over the phone. "I guess you're one of those foul-weather friends."

As much as he might have wanted to, there was no way Harry was going to sleep with Gus' daughter.

So he bit the bullet and hunkered down and it wasn't that awful. He lived alone in a duplex on Manhattan's East Side that belonged to a wealthy cousin of his who owned an advertising agency and had homes all over the world. Harry paid the cousin a nominal fee each month, a fraction of what the place would have cost had it been rented legitimately. The only catch was that he had to show up to entertain his cousin's clients at lunch once in a while. Additionally, a crew would arrive every couple of months or so and use the apartment as a backdrop for an advertisement, which really set Harry's teeth on edge. That, and the fact that he couldn't have his name on the tenants' directory. There were times Harry felt like a kept woman. But if this was so, he was being kept in a grand manner. The top floor of the duplex was covered by a glass canopy, and Harry slept each night beneath a shower of stars.

At this time of his life, Harry wasn't happy and he wasn't unhappy. He was treading water in the romance department. There was a National Hockey League executive in the building across the street who came over and rolled around with him a couple of nights a week and then went back to her own apartment, an arrangement that suited her as much as it did Harry. Yet Grace was always out there on the edge of his thoughts. More than once he had wondered what it would be like to be in bed with her.

Harry ran into her once on the street and she was only medium friendly. After saying hi and introducing him to a couple of good-looking yups, she went off arm in arm with them. Harry guessed she had a new agenda going and he could close the chapter on her, which left him both disappointed and relieved. Gus told him she had gotten a job as a researcher at NBC.

One day Harry got a call from Gus' accountant saying that his friend had drowned off the coast of Providence. Evidently, he had jumped off a fishing boat to take a swim, got caught in the tide, lost his breath and turned blue. By the time the fishing-boat captain and the Coast Guard got to him, he was dead. There was some question as to whether he actually drowned or had a heart attack, and this never got resolved.

"All I know," said the accountant, "is that he leaves a great gaping hole in our lives that can never be filled."

Harry could have done without the gaping-hole reference. What was he doing, trying out material for a eulogy?

It took a while for the news to sink in. Gus had been such a force. It wasn't so much that he loved life, he *was* life, and it was hard to imagine him gone.

There was a ceremony at Campbell Brothers Funeral Home on Madison Avenue. A large group of Gus' nighttime friends were there, most of them looking gray and haggard in the daylight. A contingent of hard-looking men came up from Miami Beach. Grace was prettier than ever in her black dress and seemed properly subdued. Nora had a fixed and quizzical look on her face. She'd been aware of some philandering on Gus' part, and the funeral seemed to be just another day at the office for her. After the rabbi had spoken, the accountant followed with a eulogy, and sure enough, he came in with the gaping-hole material. Harry had jotted down some notes of his own on the theme of size—the size of Gus' appetite, the size of his heart, the size of his hopes and dreams—but he was not called upon to speak, which really pissed him off.

After the ceremony, Grace invited a small group of friends back to her apartment, and Harry decided to go along. She lived in a basic one-bedroom flat on the top floor of a downtown high rise. Harry knocked back a couple of Stolis, ate some crabmeat hors d'oeuvres and exchanged reminiscences about Gus with a press agent. Then he thought he might as well go home. He'd worn a suede safari hat to the apartment and had tossed it on a bureau in the bedroom, but when he looked around, he couldn't find it. Grace followed him into the bedroom, bumped her hip against his and told him not to worry, she was sure it would turn up. All he had to do was drop by the next day and she would have it for him. So she was up to her old tricks again.

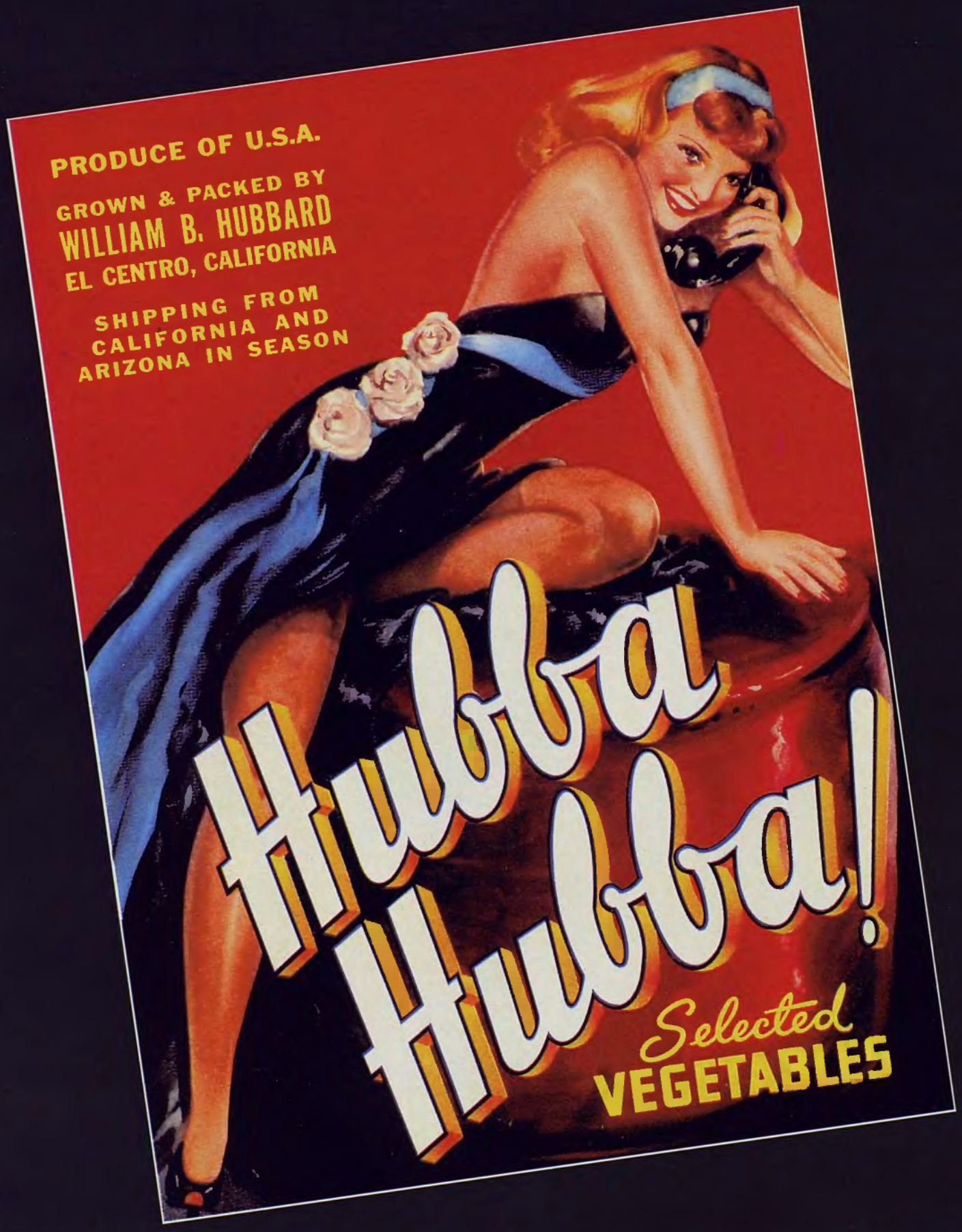
He decided to write off the hat, but she was on his mind more than ever. He'd noticed, at the apartment, that she had developed a careless, fidgety quality that made her even more desirable. He lost all interest in the National Hockey League executive.

One night, over drinks at Clarke's, he described his confusion to a small-time hustler named Bobby, who had been a friend of Gus' and who made his living selling hot brooches he got from a jeweler in Vegas. Bobby had been out of town and missed the funeral. Harry told him how attracted he was to Grace and that she'd made it clear to him that she was his for the asking, but that he had stayed away from her because of his friendship with Gus. Bobby, who'd spent six years in prison as a young man, looked at him as if he were crazy.

"Fuckin' guy's dead now," he said. "What the hell are you worried about?"

Well, maybe that's the way they thought in prison, but it had nothing to do with Harry. Gus' death made it all the more impossible for him to go after Grace. What was he supposed to do,

(concluded on page 222)



NOW, THAT'S A TOMATO

A SALUTE TO THOSE PINUP ARTISTS WHO ELEVATED THE VEGETABLE CRATE TO AN ART FORM

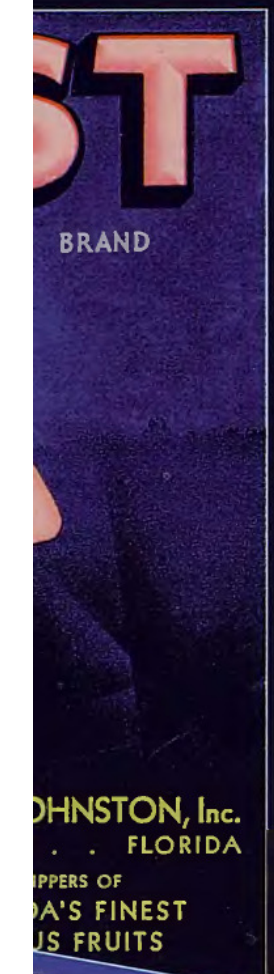
NET WEIGHT 37 LBS.
FIRST PICK BRAND
Fancy Quality
PAJARO VALLEY
APPLES
PACKED BY A. BALICH FRUIT CO.
WATSONVILLE, CAL.
4½ TIER BELLEFLEURS
IRREGULAR CONTAINER

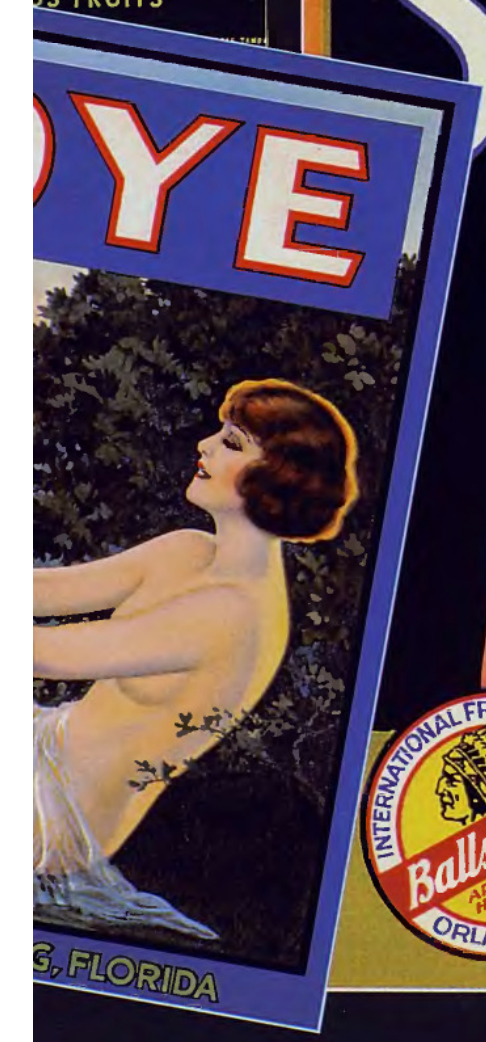
NUDIS
FINE FLORIDA FRUIT
FRED
TAMP
FL

BUXOM
VEGETABLES
PACKED AND SHIPPE
F. H. HOG
YUMA, ARIZONA
FIREBAUGH, CALIFORNIA
PRODUCE OF U. S. A.

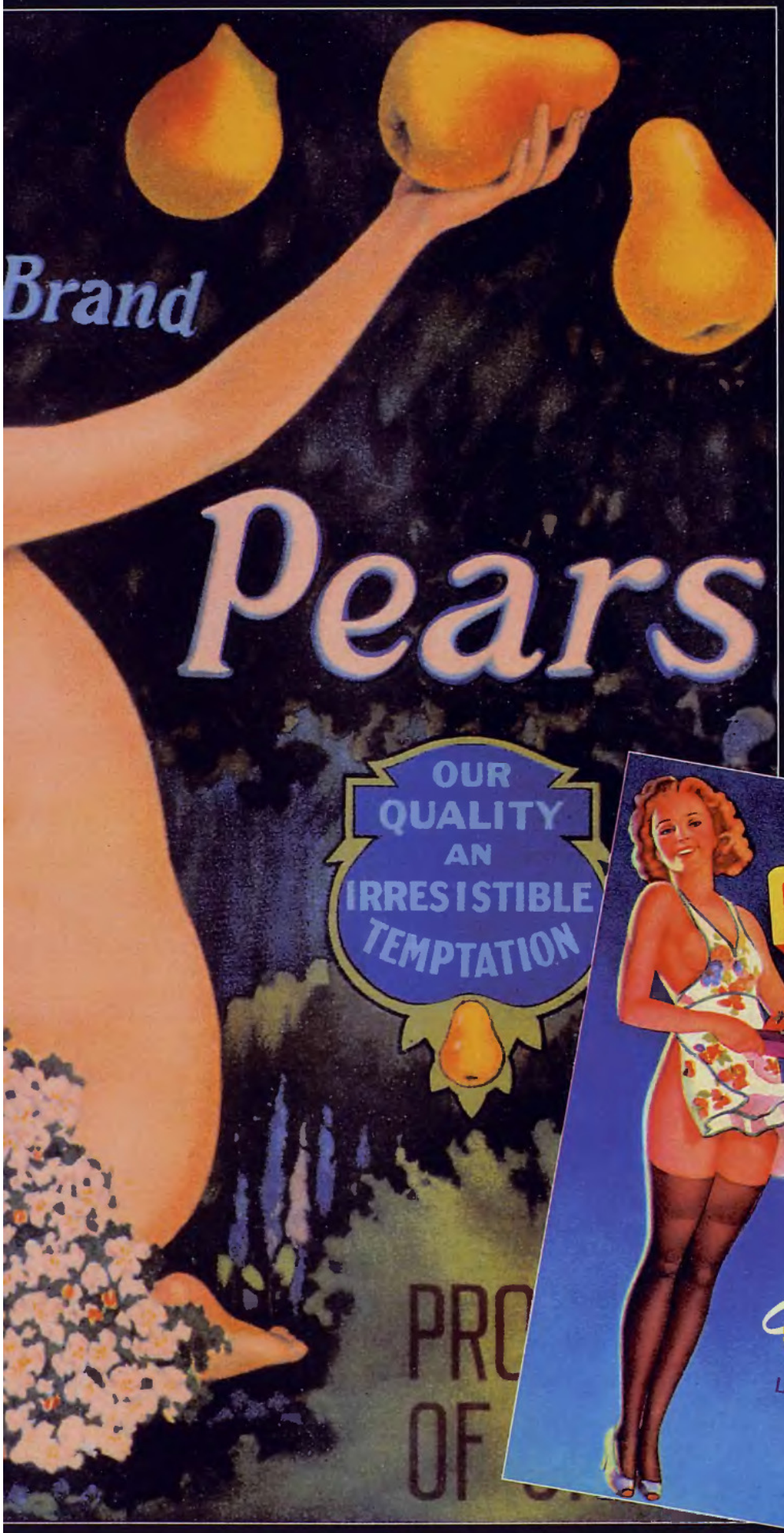
LA
GREGG MAXCY, INC. – SEB

The passion of fruit labels: They weren't meant to endure—either as art or as advertisements—yet today these lithographs are collector's items. The World War Two era, Betty Grable–style Hubba Hubba logo (opening page) was designed to attract the wholesaler as he strolled past alluring labels on stacked produce. With the fruit in a crate, the sign did the selling. First Pick (top, far left) assured freshness (straight from the picker's dress). Nudist, Ladye and Buxom (left, clockwise) employed sex appeal, while Squeeze Me (bottom) relied on a slogan. Only one copy of the Baby Doll strip label (below) is known to exist.





Eva
LASTRETO & CO.
INC.
CENTRAL OFFICE
SAN FRANCISCO
CALIFORNIA
MINIMUM NET
WEIGHT 45 LBS



"The Eva Brand Pears label," says historian Pat Jacobsen, who provided these rare labels from his collection, "is the Hope diamond of agro-lithography." From the late 1870s until cardboard boxes and modern shipping techniques overtook the crate and label business in the mid-1950s, tens of thousands of designs and millions of copies of lithographs were produced rapidly and discarded after one use. One of only three remaining copies, Eva of the perfect pear (left) is worth about $300, but Jacobsen isn't selling—he's preserving as many of the labels as possible and will eventually donate them to a museum. The Arizona Maid (below) delivered a feminine icon circa 1953, domesticated and delicious. It's enough to make you a vegetarian.

"'My life is going to be this island. All I have to do is figure out a way for it to produce enough income.'"

columnists slammed *Mutiny*'s bloated budget, and press reports charged the studio with mishandling the out-of-control Brando. To add to the actor's woes, Tarita was four months pregnant at Christmastime, which promised only further complications with Kashfi. "'I have so many problems with my two wives,'" the wife of one of Brando's closest Tahitian friends recalled Brando's pleading with her. "'You're a woman, you tell her. I don't want that kid, I have too many.'" She did as she was asked, but Tarita refused to have an abortion. Tarita had the baby, a son named Teihotu, in Tahiti on May 30, 1963, saying: "I had my baby, and Marlon was very mad after me."

While Brando's relationship with Tarita was anything but serene, his fantasies about a new life on Tetiaroa remained undiminished. Throughout the summer of 1963 he commuted from Los Angeles. He returned again in November to meet with the only member of the Williams clan in residence in Polynesia, a woman in her 70s, nearly blind and living alone on one of the motus with 40 cats. He also set himself the task of dealing with local officials who, as many had predicted, had already voiced their disapproval of the atoll's sale to a foreigner.

The crux of the opposition's position was that for centuries the atoll had been the private getaway of Tahiti's royal family and was now of inestimable value to its burgeoning tourist trade. Brando, though, persevered. Dealing with the opposition within the National Assembly—headed by Jacques Drollet, whose murdered son would later figure so prominently in the actor's troubles—he insisted that he had only the purest motives. He pledged that the property would be passed on to his Tahitian heirs. Through carefully planned ecological programs the land would be kept in its natural state.

He was not above exerting his celebrity power and influence, either. He soon asked his longtime friend, French actor Christian Marquand, to prevail upon Madame Pompidou. Soon French Polynesia Governor Jean Sicurani received a letter from Georges Pompidou, prime minister of France, prompting Sicurani to tell Drollet that he and others must give up their opposition. As Drollet recalled, the governor said, "I cannot refuse the prime minister of the French Republic."

After nearly a year of negotiation, the sale was completed in two parcels, the first in October 1966, the second in January 1967. The price was a modest $270,000.

Over the next three years Brando muddled through stinkers such as *The Appaloosa*, *A Countess from Hong Kong* and *Candy*. But he didn't care. His attention was focused on his new Polynesian family and on Tetiaroa.

Only weeks after finalizing the purchase, he had gone to see Hugh Kelley, an American expatriate developer with several island resorts to his credit. "He said to me, 'I'm going to build this colony where intellectuals, artistic, scientific and literary people can come and trade ideas,'" Kelley recalled. "'And I'm going to build myself a really nice place down here, but on a separate island.'" Kelley thought it sounded like "a fiasco." Brando, though, was not to be deterred.

"'I've decided to give up Hollywood,' is how he put it," Kelley remembers him saying. "'My life is going to be this island. All I have to do is figure out a way for it to produce enough income.' I think he mentioned needing probably a million-something a year because of all the alimony and child support. I told him the only way I thought he could derive that kind of money would be a large development, probably condominiums. We worked on it for several weeks, but Marlon just lost interest."

Doubtless, the idea of cluttering the atoll with condos like those that despoiled Hawaii and half the world's most beautiful beachfronts had dawned on Brando. In 1969 he hired Buckminster Fuller–influenced architect Bernard Judge, head of a Los Angeles–based firm called Environmental Systems Group, to come up with an approach more in keeping with his goal of responsible stewardship. As Judge recalled, what Brando wanted most was to establish "a natural living relationship between the Polynesian people, Western man and the fragile ecology" of his new atoll—to "do it right."

"My role was to deliver a master plan for the island that was to be approved by the local government and its funding agencies," Judge explains. "The idea that you could deal with nature in a way that was nonpolluting was a strange notion back then. What struck me most forcefully was Marlon's enthusiasm, which motivated a lot of people, including myself, to be passionate about something we thought we could realize."

As supervisor of the island's development, Judge soon pitched a tent on the beach of the atoll's hub island, Onetahi, where he would live for the next two years while his boss explored the possibilities of aquaculture. No source of information was off-limits—the Smithsonian Institution, the Library of Congress, Unesco and major universities throughout the world—and the first of the many experts Brando contacted was Taylor "Tap" Pryor, who was living on Maui. Pryor had originally started Sea Life Park Hawaii on Oahu and was currently involved in several aquaculture experiments, not only as a scientist but as an entrepreneur.

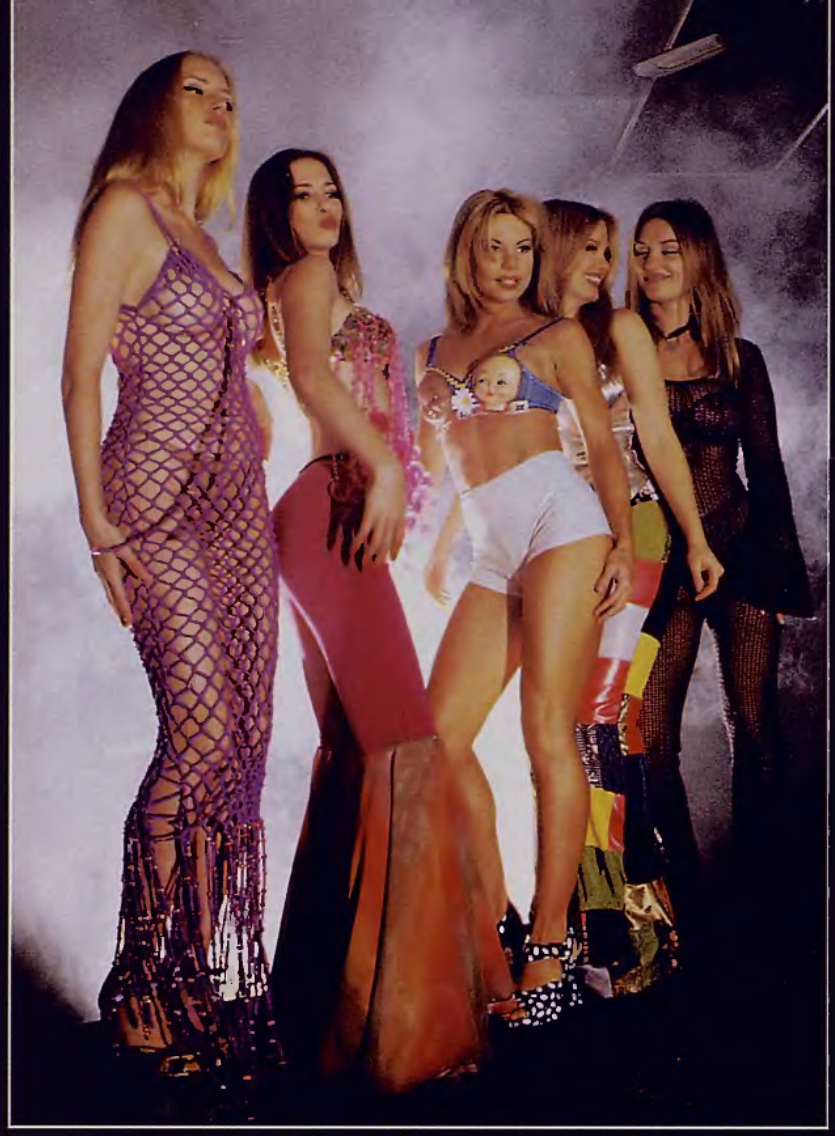
With Pryor's arrival on Tetiaroa, Brando listened enthusiastically to the proposal to start a lobster farm in the atoll's lagoon. Other suggestions included pearl and turtle farming, raising *cavao*, the local coconut crab, as well as developing solar and wind power. But the major obstacle was bringing in supplies and equipment. The atoll was surrounded by a barrier reef that could be crossed only on the crest of a wave at high tide and then only by a shallow-draft vessel in the hands of a skilled helmsman. The quick and easy route would have been to blast a pass in the reef. But Brando refused to endanger the lagoon's fragile ecology, so the only alternative was air transport. That created a problem, though: A bulldozer would have to be carried across the reef to build an airstrip. Judge's solution was as wacky as it was effective. Relying on Brando's clout and checkbook to woo the Tahitian Navy, he brought a huge Cat tractor ("the biggest in Polynesia") from Papeete aboard a government-owned World War Two landing supply transport. He then offloaded it atop the reef's balcony and calmly drove the piece of heavy machinery ashore.

Building the 680-meter airstrip was more complicated, even though the runway would turn out to be little more than a swath through the palms from one side of Onetahi to the other. "The problems were unbelievable," Judge recalls. "The Tahitian work crews would rather fish than work. The runway was supposed to take four or five months. It took a year and a half."

Even though Brando's relationship with Tarita was ambivalent, he soon had a second child with her. On February 20, 1970, his daughter Cheyenne was born, though, like her brother, she was not legally given the Brando name

(continued on page 208)

"Damn contemporary, bullshit architecture!"



don't be fooled by the lipstick—
this girl group moves
to a chic new beat

FEM 2 FEM

WELCOME TO the dance club underground, where tonight's undercurrent features five women sweating and caressing to a Euro–cyber–hip-hop backbeat. Welcome to the all-out feminist fire of Fem 2 Fem, Los Angeles rockers who wear their sexual preferences on their handcuffed sleeves. No, it's not the sweet sort of gay femininity that k.d. lang sings about. This is "lipstick lesbian" chic with soft-sell sex and a hard-core message. In the controversial video for their hit song *Switch*, these women chant "It's erotic, it's taboo, switch to the beat that's right for you." The message is clear: Lesbian rock is out of the closet. So deal with it.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

Slam-glam, thank you, ma'am: In 1992 Lynn Pompey, Julie Park, Lezlie Deane and Michelle Crispin (left to right on their Critique Records album, opposite) formed L.A.'s hottest "lipstick lesbian" band. With Jennifer Wolf (at left in photo to right), they scorched dance clubs with the Fem 2 Fem sound—sexual politics with a driving beat.

"Straight people are finally starting to accept us," says Lynn Pompey. When she admitted her homosexuality in 1990, "it was scary. But it felt great. It finally freed me to be myself. That is what Fem 2 Fem is all about—people expressing their freedom." Says Julie Park, "I had my first sexual experience with a woman when I was 18, and I jumped on it. But I don't care about people's sexual organs, I care about their hearts. With Fem 2 Fem, we're saying that it's OK to be a lesbian who looks feminine—to be who you are." Bandmates Lezlie Deane and Michelle Crispin are, in fact, straight. Lezlie is an actress (she killed Freddy Krueger in *Nightmare on Elm Street 6: Freddy's Dead*). Michelle used to be a truck driver in Los Angeles. "I think everyone should be for gay rights," says Lynn calmly, as Lezlie autographs a male fan's butt.

Fem 2 Fem's *Switch* video comes in three flavors: clean, dirty and filthy. Right now, even the clean version is too hot for MTV. The filthy cut would make Madonna blush, but Julie (cradling Lynn below) says she doesn't know what the fuss is all about. "You would think that we were fucking each other, but all that happens is that Lynn leans over me and milk spills out of her mouth into mine. Is that dirty? I guess people will judge for themselves." And that's the whole idea. Fem 2 Fem titillates in order to promote equal-op erotica. "That's why we wanted to be in PLAYBOY," says Lynn. "We don't want men to see us and think, Oh, what a waste. We want people to see us and get the message—gay rights can be glamourous." Julie, whose floral dresses and combat boots define the band's style, says, "We're all about surprise. We don't shove our sexuality in anyone's face, but we don't hide it, either."

SEX:
AN ORAL HISTORY

exceptionally candid talk about our most private lives

NEARLY EVERYONE loves to gossip or brag about who's sleeping with whom or who just had a hot night. Many of us have some idea of what our friends' sex lives are like—how often they have sex, with how many partners, whether or not it's enjoyable. But we have almost no idea what they are like in bed. What do they try? What do they avoid? What do they think about? What do they feel?

The people we've interviewed are ordinary Americans from various walks of life. (Their names, however, have been changed.) They describe sex—what works for them, what doesn't. But they also talk about the emotions suffusing sex, about its meanings, acknowledged and only suspected; about the joys of monogamy and promiscuity; about intimacy and distance; about honesty and lying.

These people spoke at one moment in their sexual history. Although we tend to think of sexuality as fixed, sex for most of us is in flux. It changes most obviously as we learn about it. It changes as we gain or lose confidence in ourselves. It changes with our status in life. It changes from relationship to relationship and, with any luck, it changes within every relationship.

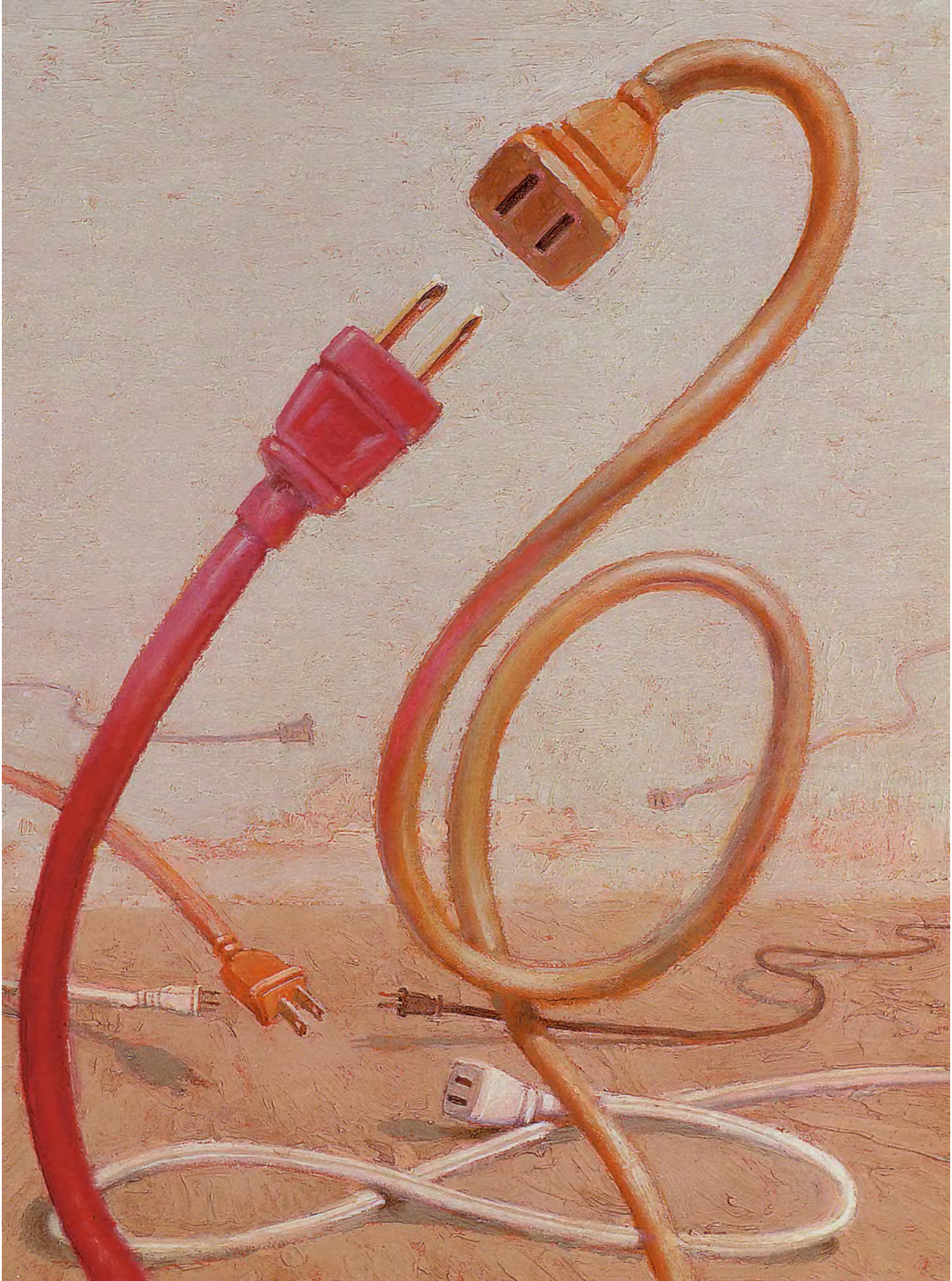
Sex is one of the best windows to the self, and we all choose, every day, how far to open the curtains.

Sally Laughlin is 24, shares an apartment in Washington, D.C. and is about to start graduate school in social work. She was raised near D.C. in an upper-middle-class suburb. Her father is a partner in a big law firm; her mother was a housewife until the kids were grown and is now an analyst at a brokerage.

In high school I liked kissing a lot, but I didn't really want to do anything else. I didn't mind boys groping around my shirt and I didn't mind kissing, so that's what I did. By my junior year I decided that I needed to learn how to perform oral sex, figuring if I did that the guys weren't going to bother me too much. High school boys are easily pleased. So I invited my best friend Dennis over, I got him kind of drunk and I said, "I'm going to

ARTICLE BY HARRY MAURER

ILLUSTRATION BY MARTIN HOFFMAN



perform oral sex on you to figure out what to do. You teach me." What he told me was, Don't ignore the balls. Touch them, lick them. Guys love that. I was like, OK, cool. And he told me basically to let myself go. Lick, don't bite. And don't suck. The point is not to suck. The next boy I did it to followed me around like a puppy for the next year and a half.

I finally slept with a couple of guys in college, but the sex never felt very good. After college, I moved back to D.C. and met Leon. He was completely different. He was black, from a welfare background, had been in jail, had pulled himself up by his bootstraps. He was street-smart, no-nonsense and very sexual. One night we went out dancing, and we had sex three times before we actually went out and four times after. And he was 32—it wasn't like he was 18 or something. One night I stripped for him to music. He was the first person to fantasize out loud to me about what I looked like, about what we were doing. He'd say things like, "You're so hot, you're gorgeous, you're so sexy," while we were having sex.

After I broke up with Leon, I had a few one-night stands. And then, that summer, one of my roommates had a friend over named Mikey. About seven or eight of us sat around having a big talk about what was good for each of us sexually. Afterward, all the women were dying to have sex with Mikey. He said he liked to try a lot of positions and liked to work it out so the woman could masturbate. We all perked up our ears to that.

Mikey and I ended up going out for a year. He was cute and he was good in bed. Sex was it, that was what we had. He and I would fantasize, fantasize, fantasize. If we didn't have much time, we'd both masturbate, and we'd help each other out, like, "What do you want to hear about?" And we'd get each other off. We'd talk about doing it in public, or me going down on him in restaurants.

My favorite thing to do while masturbating was to go down on him, and he'd tell me a fantasy. Usually, I'd be on my back, because I prefer to masturbate lying on my back, with my head turned to the side and him in my mouth. He wasn't really fucking my mouth, but it felt good on my tongue and lips. In that situation, the point was for me to get off, so whatever I wanted to do to his penis was cool.

There was one problem with Mikey. He didn't perform oral sex on me as much as I wanted. I found out at the end that it's not something he liked to do that much. He did it three or four times, one of which was incredible.

We'd broken up for a while, and he invited me to go to a New Year's Eve party in New York. I flew up, wearing a teeny dress and spike heels. We went to this party and the whole night we were around each other but weren't able to have sex. It was a warm New Year's Eve, so we went to the roof of this place. There was a view of the World Trade Center. I went down on him with him leaning against a wall and me kneeling, which he told me looked wonderful, and I'm sure it did in that particular outfit.

After he came I thought maybe we'd have sex. But then he started lifting up my dress, and I said something like, "No way, Mikey, you're going down on me?" He was like, "Yeah." I stood up, he was kneeling. That dress is so small and tight, you just squinch it up a bit and it stays there. He pulled down my stockings. I'm not sure if I was wearing underwear.

The feeling of it—oh, when he would go down on me, he would go down on me well. I remember the feeling of my fingers in his hair, my back against the wall, and there was an exhaust heater going, so it was warm enough, and I just stared at the World Trade Center.

My current boyfriend, Greg, could never do that to me—go wild on my body. Mikey would forget I was there, and I liked that, because I'd forget he was there, too.

With Greg, it's like he wants to make love and I want to fuck [*laughs*]. Greg is the only man I've ever come with just from fucking, though. Three different times, when I was on top of him. I don't get it, because sex with us isn't that great. And it's not the best orgasm, to be honest. I think he just has a prominent pelvic bone or something. Well, maybe I just feel comfortable with Greg in a way that I never did with Mikey.

Otherwise our sex has been rotten [*laughs*]. In fact, we haven't had sex in a month. We have a hell of a lot more in common than Mikey and I did. But sex with Greg is not very sexy. It's very loving, which drives me crazy. It always feels as if he wants something from me when we have sex, and I feel turned off by that.

Often what happens is, we'll start kissing, and I just turn off. I'll be like, I can't do this. Now we aren't even trying because it's hellish. The way he kisses drives me crazy. It's this Mother-may-I kiss. I'm like, God! Fucking kiss me if you want to kiss me.

He's also never been able to suck or touch my breasts in a way that excites me. He doesn't use his tongue hard enough. I've tried to explain, and I'm sure he's trying, so I start to think, God, maybe that wasn't it. That's what I thought that the other men were doing, but maybe not.

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At 57, Judith Rothstein figures she's slept with more than 1000 men, and she didn't really begin until her 30s. She is the daughter of Orthodox Jewish immigrants from Czechoslovakia and grew up in poverty on New York's Lower East Side. She married at 18 to escape her family and found herself trapped with two children in a bad marriage. In eight years she never had an orgasm. Now she is divorced, retired from her job as a social worker and living in an apartment on New York's East Side.

The only men I'm attracted to are the ones who are a challenge. If I can take someone like my father, who shows absolutely no interest in me, and get him to love me, well, that's an accomplishment.

The best example is this bachelor I went out with for ten years. I met him in 1968 or 1969. We saw each other every other weekend. It was the best sex I ever had, and I've had sex with a lot of people. I found out that not only could I have an orgasm, I could have 26 orgasms. And he would not stop until I had all 26. He was a craftsman. He knew how to control his own orgasm. He would have only one to my 26. He could maintain his erection for all that time—for two, two and a half hours. He did everything except go down on me. He was bright, sarcastic—and very cold. In those ten years he never said "I love you" or "I like you" or "You turn me on." He didn't talk at all.

Still, I thought it was heaven. I mean, to find out you can have 26 orgasms! And I didn't feel like I owed him anything—that was the beauty of it. Most men's attitude, even if they do know how to play you, is: Hurry up so I can do my thing. His was: This is giving me great pleasure to give you pleasure. And to see if we can break our record of 26 [*laughs*].

The only thing is, I did get emotionally involved. I did want him to say "I love you." I would have liked him to say "I'll come during the week" or "Let's get married." But he rigidly kept it to every other weekend. And the understanding was that we would both go out with other people.

So during those years with him, I was dating. Probably in my 30 years of being single, I've had at least 1000 guys. And I always had sex on the first date. Either you turned me on and I had sex the first night, or I was never going to have sex with you. I've had several long love affairs; those were people to me. The rest were just numbers. My women friends all thought I

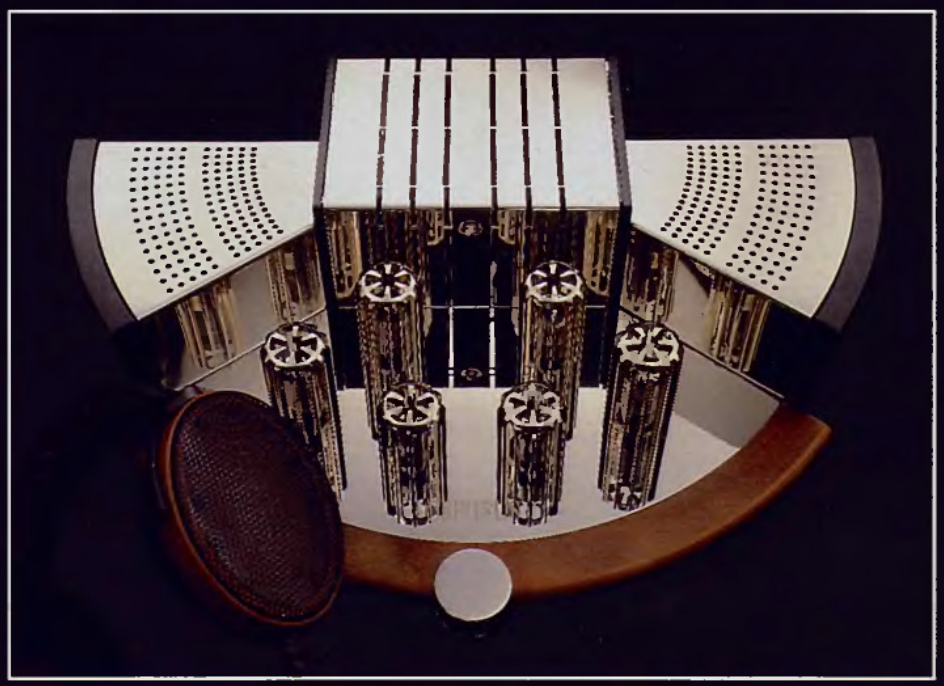
(continued on page 148)

"It's a pretty good solar system. None of them have ever escaped from it."

PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT COLLECTION

exceptional goodies that make giving and getting a delight

Above: Art for your wrist. The Guitar is the first Swiss-quartz watch to feature a hand-printed silk screen of a drawing by Pablo Picasso that is the artist's interpretation of the instrument. The Guitar watch has a trapezoidal sterling-silver-plated case, a stem that resembles a tuning key and a rich, whiskey-colored leather band, by Special Editions Ltd., $125.



Above: Yamaha's GTS1000A sport-touring matarcycle handles brilliantly, thanks to a frame design called the Omega chassis. Automotive in concept, the chassis combines an independent swingarm front suspension with an adjustable rear suspensian for greater stability. Other features include a 20-valve faur-cylinder engine and anti-lack brakes, about $13,000. Right: Sennheiser's Orpheus HE/HEV 90 resembles a sculpture but is actually a personal listening system that mates a tube amplifier with state-of-the-art headphanes. Crafted of leather, wood, stainless steel and aluminum, it connects directly to yaur stereo, abaut $13,000.

Above: Based on a Montblonc design from the Twenties, this Agotha Christie fountoin pen is hondcrofted of polished black resin and decoroted with a ruby-eyed sterling-silver snake. A replica of Christie's signature appeors on the cap, ond the serpent shows up again engroved on the 18-karat gold nib. The price: $650, with o case. A motching pencil and ballpoint are also availoble.

Forty years ago, when Hugh Hefner creoted the premiere issue of PLAYBOY, another visionory, Leo Fender, designed a three-pickup electric guitar that he called the Strotocaster. Today, to commemorote these joint onniversaries, Playboy has teomed with the Fender Custom Shop to offer the Ployboy Stratocaster, a limited-edition gold-and-flome-maple guitar featuring a rare hand-pointed rendering of the original Marilyn Monroe centerfold, about $9000.

PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT COLLECTION

Top left: Hit the slopes in Bollé's eye-catching Alien Shield wrap-around sunglasses, which come with shatterproof polycarbonate lenses that provide total ultraviolet protection, $110. Below: Apple's Newton Message Pad is a palm-sized communications device that can read your handwriting and translate it into printed text, keep track of yaur appointments and contacts, send and receive wireless faxes and electronic mail and function as an alphanumeric pager. Using built-in infrared technalagy, Newton users can also beam messages to each other without wiring. Price is between $700 and $950, depending on the options.

PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT COLLECTION

Right: *The Green Devil*, Leonetto Cappiello's 63" x 47" vintage stone lithagraph on canvas, is an original early 20th century advertisement for Maurin Quina aperitif that appeared in Parisian storefronts, restaurants and train depots, from Spencer Weisz Gallery, Chicago, about $650 unfromed.

Above: The ultimate way ta toast the holidays, Dam Pérignon's Le Cadeau is an etched, hand-polished and numbered pewter rafraîchissoir that holds two magnums of 1982 Cuvée Dom Pérignan Rasé Champagne. Available in a limited editian of 200, it cames packaged in rose-colored bengaline moiré, about $1500. Belaw: Sany's Starship Enterprise look-alike, the CCD-VX3 Handycam Pra, is a Hi-Bmm camcorder that shaats near-broadcast-quality videa. Features include a 12 to 1 zaam, a full-range inner facusing system, digital calor noise reductian, stereo sound, a stereo microphone and more, $3B00.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON AZUMA

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 231.

article by Carl Hiaasen

A South FLORIDA Survival GUIDE

the dolphins are randy, the alligators hungry and bales of marijuana fall from the sky. this wonderland isn't for the fainthearted

IN THE SUMMER of 1992 Hurricane Andrew obliterated southern Dade County, Florida. The extent of the damage surprised everyone, and several days of chaos and looting passed before President Bush sent troops to restore order.

The Army was welcomed warmly by thousands of people whose lives had been shattered by the ferocious storm. The soldiers erected tents for the homeless, handed out food and water, played ball with the kids and by night patrolled the eerily darkened streets of Homestead. The GIs felt like heroes. But this was south Florida. Something weird and warped was bound to happen.

One evening, several troops of the 82nd Airborne were riding down a debris-cluttered street when they were confronted by a local gang armed with Uzi submachine guns. Just so you understand: The Army didn't stop the gang members, the gang members stopped the Army. And this is what they told the soldiers: "Put down your guns, boys." Or colorful instructions to that effect.

It could have been an exquisitely amusing scene, and swiftly resolved, except for one thing: The soldiers had no bullets in their M-16s. That's because the Pentagon customarily forbids the carrying of loaded

ILLUSTRATION BY WILLIAM JOYCE

weapons in peacetime missions on U.S. soil. So here were the brave fighting men and women of the vaunted 82nd Airborne, about to be robbed of their rifles by a bunch of foulmouthed teenagers—and not even in Somalia or Bosnia but in Florida, for God's sake, the United Frigging States of America.

The soldiers stoically refused to surrender their empty guns. The gang members shrugged, piled into their cars and roared off in search of someone else to mug. Soon thereafter, the commanders of the Army's hurricane-relief effort officially requested that troops be allowed to put live ammunition into their M-16s.

Those of us who live in south Florida felt bad for the visiting soldiers. Somebody should have warned them what to expect—that is, the inverse of normalcy, middle America blown inside out. From the Indian reservations of the Everglades to the neon charade of Ocean Drive, from the condo canyons of Fort Lauderdale to the funky shrimp docks of Key West, nothing is what it seems to be. Nothing is what you hope it will be.

In my lifetime, south Florida has mutated from a quaint tropical postcard to a Dali mural. The natives have been stampeded by brightly clad retirees from the Northeast seeking year-round golf and leisure; by their carpetbagging sons and daughters seeking fast fortunes in real estate; by waves of lawyers, doctors and other predatory young professionals following the southbound herds; by half a million Cubans fleeing Fidel Castro; and by oceans of Haitians, Nicaraguans, Colombians, Puerto Ricans and Jamaicans looking for an escape from squalor.

The mix is combustible and the numbers are overwhelming. Four million agitated souls now occupy the slender southeastern edge of the Florida peninsula, and each day a few more crack up in some perversely memorable way. For the newcomer, survival requires discarding all sunny preconceptions. Forget the travel-agent hype. This is a tense, overcrowded, unmanageable metropolis that just happens to have year-round sunshine and a few beaches.

On paper, south Florida is less dangerous than, say, the South Bronx or the east side of Detroit. But Florida's robust crime statistics don't adequately convey the impressive variety and inventiveness of our sociopaths. Violence here is exceptionally arcane and grotesque, especially when it is viewed against the picturesque backdrop of swaying palms.

In the addling heat, mundane disagreements all too often detonate into Peckinpah-style mayhem. Recent items: An otherwise sane and law-abiding woman murders her neighbor to avenge the mistreatment of two pet parrots. An angry cabbie fatally pummels a customer during an argument over a fare. And a 78-year-old woman who complains about a crude rap song is bludgeoned to death with a boom box. The teenage killer then sprays her corpse with metallic red paint in a creative but futile attempt to conceal evidence of the murder.

What's going on down here? It's not that Floridians are simply crazy from the heat. Other places are just as broiling, yet none of them experience such an unrelenting pageant of the bizarre. Vagabond hordes seem drawn to our tropical locale. In the classic final scene of *Midnight Cowboy*, street hustler Ratso Rizzo dies on an interstate bus to Miami. In real life, hundreds of Ratso Rizzos arrive here safe and sound every day. They're all chasing something, or fleeing from something else.

Wallace Stegner wrote: "A young frontier gathers every sort of migrant, hope-chaser, roughneck, trickster, incompetent, misfit and failure." Ravaged and overrun, south Florida remains in spirit a frontier, radiating uncommon heat, splendor, greed, fury and lust. The latitudes attract extreme personalities and provoke extreme behavior. If you must come, then come prepared.

TRANSPORTATION

This is the only vacation destination in America where the rental cars have been stripped of all corporate logos and identifying marks. That's because highway robbers scout for rentals, crash into them intentionally and attack the drivers. After the murders of half a dozen tourists (and scores of other assaults), the Florida legislature last year ordered Hertz, Alamo and other rental fleets to remove their company names from car bumpers so that robbers won't be so easily able to target tourists.

Maybe that will work and maybe it won't. Native thugs have a keen eye for out-of-towners; anyone wearing a Hawaiian shirt and driving a teal Taurus will attract a criminal's attention, especially if the Taurus is going the speed limit. My advice is: Don't rent a new car in Miami. Get a clunker and drive like a bat out of hell. You'll blend in just fine.

LODGING

South Florida has plenty of good safe hotels, but visitors should remain alert. Drug dealers also prefer the good hotels as places to do business. Consequently, your vacation might be interrupted by a police raid, a gun battle or a dismemberment. A few years ago, four undercover officers were shot and wounded during a drug sting at the Doral Resort in Miami Beach. I remember the pale bewilderment on the faces of arriving guests who found the lobby of their hotel cordoned off with yellow crime-tape and guarded by a SWAT team.

Last winter, a dispute that might have been drug-related resulted in a bag of human body parts being deposited in Dumpsters at a Holiday Inn on Collins Avenue. It was the second consecutive day that someone in the neighborhood had made such an unpleasant discovery, so the police department asked all guests at the hotel to check their rooms for additional human remains, specifically for a missing head.

If during your Florida vacation you should find body parts in your hotel room, call the front desk immediately and demand a new room at the same nightly rate—and be firm about it.

TOURIST ATTRACTIONS

The good news is that the Hurricane Andrew Museum (featuring piles of actual storm rubble) never got off the drawing board. The bad news is that there are plenty of other inane tourist traps to take your money. Floridians can make a theme park out of a head-on collision, so beware. Stick to the reliable old standbys.

As a kid, one of my favorites was the lovably hokey Miami Seaquarium, famous for its performing dolphins. After the show, we'd gather to watch the helmeted divers feed the barracudas, stingrays and giant groupers in the tank. It was a terrific place. But now the Seaquarium is spending $70 million on a renovation that includes high-rise water slides and wave-making machines—an absurd concept for an amusement park situated on Biscayne Bay, which has an abundance of natural water and waves. More dispiriting signs of yuppie pandering can be found in the Seaquarium's gift shop, where tourists now can purchase gold neck chains by the foot. It's enough to make Flipper puke up his breakfast herring.

Other Florida marine exhibits took the Seaquarium's performing-dolphin act and added a new angle: For $50, tourists may now swim with tame dolphins in an ersatz lagoon. For an additional $50, the concessionaire will videotape your dolphin encounter so that you can share it with the folks back home.

Unfortunately, such videos sometimes turn out to be X-rated. Male dolphins are among nature's randiest and

(continued on page 154)

"This is very popular with the environmental crowd."

Northwestern Exposure

seattle's arlene baxter has nothing to hide

AT FIRST, I WASN'T SURE about posing nude. It's a pretty personal move," says Miss December. As a jet-setting professional model, Arlene Baxter—just "Baxter" to friends, though her dad calls her Motormouth—has been personal with cameras all over the world, draping her 5'11" frame in next to nothing for swimsuit and lingerie ads. That's what makes "the Baxter bod" renowned in modeling circles from Tokyo to Milan to Paris. But this Playmate pictorial was something new. Even Baxter hesitated before making her move. "I finally decided that if people wanted to see my body, they could just check it out. When I dropped my robe, it was like saying, 'Here it is. Take a look, enjoy it.'"

Her life has been a nonstop sprint toward the pleasures of what's-next. The daughter of a Marine jet pilot, Baxter grew up as "a southern California brat" in Mission Viejo. "So my parents decided to humble me. They bought a 40-acre farm outside Seattle and pretty soon I was milking a goat, crying." She adapted quickly enough to be voted "Friendliest Girl" at Maywood Junior High in Renton, Washington, where classmates called her Birdlegs. Soon, posing nude before a mirror, "I started liking my body for the first time. I was getting a little butt, a little bit of breast." A few local modeling jobs led

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG AND STEPHEN WAYDA

to a career that found Birdlegs earning up to $8000 a day. She lived in Japan, Germany, France and Italy, where a towering blonde is sure to get pinched. "Over there, it's like every man is a construction worker. It's 'Oo-la-la' and 'Come on, ba-bee' and a lot of touching. I kicked a few guys." She didn't kick about one Continental phenomenon: "Europeans aren't puritans. If you're nude at the beach on the Côte d'Azur, nobody's yelling, 'Look at that, you can see her breasts and her downtown!'"

Now Baxter's back in Seattle, pleasing cameras up and down the West Coast. She keeps warm in a cozy apartment with views of Elliott Bay and the Olympic Mountains. The place is full of candles. The fireplace crackles constantly. There are no mirrors or satin sheets in the bedroom, just "a comfortable bed," most notable for "the interesting things you can do in it." Since tan lines are verboten in

After nine years as a model, Arlene is ready to try acting. She scorns the Method school. "Those classes are a waste of money. It's impossible to be spiritually at one with a teacup," she says, shattering Stanislavsky with one quip. "Acting isn't brain surgery. If your eyes are dead, the camera sees it. If you're sensual, that boils up from your heart into your eyes."

Since she grew from Birdlegs Baxter into a 5'11" frome more shapely than a swan's, Arlene has preferred men of similar dimensions. "There's a different feeling when you're spooning with a big man, a better fit. But a guy's heart, his sense of humor and his respect for my independence are more important than his size," she says. "As a model, I know how it feels to be judged on your looks, so I'd never reject a guy who didn't look like a male model. Now that I'm a grown-up girl, I know there's a lot more to life than meets the eye."

her business, she sunbathes nude on the terrace, occasionally apologizing to her scandalized neighbors: "Oh, I'm sorry. I'll cover up if you want."

After years in the limelight, she's a little cynical about glossy images—even the ones you see here. "Posing nude was wonderful. I'm a sensuous girl and that's going to emanate from these pages," she says. "Just don't forget that this is fantasy. Honey, when we're making love I won't be wearing the things you see here. I might have on an old T-shirt. Let's hope that's off in five minutes. We'll see what happens then."—RALPH MARINO

MISS DECEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Adeni Baxter

BUST: 34C WAIST: 24 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5'11" WEIGHT: 130 lbs.

BIRTH DATE: 11-27-62 BIRTHPLACE: Oceanside, California

AMBITIONS: More toward a film and television career. To start my own family.

TURN ONS: Meeting new people. Traveling to new places. Stargazing. Rocky Road Ice Cream. Margaritas.

TURNOFFS: Vulgarity. Lying. Bad service in hotels and restaurants. And Being underestimated.

BEST DECISION: Moving back to the West Coast after nine long years in N.Y.C.

SELF-IMAGE: Smart, outgoing, strong and happy. A lover of life.

IDEAL MATE: Independent, funny, highly motivated. He's really a lot like me

MY PHILOSOPHY: Just Do It! Success waits for no one.

What a stylish hat!

The Baxter Family

The graduate '81

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The furniture salesman cornered the couple on the showroom floor and was giving them a pitch about the living-room set they'd been looking at. "And one more thing," he said. "You put down only a $20 deposit, then you don't pay another cent for six months."

"Let's get out of here, Judy," the husband said. "This guy's on to us."

The word at the Department of the Interior is that they're considering adding two more faces to Mount Rushmore—Bill Clinton's.

After the young woman introduced her Hare Krishna fiancé to her father, he asked to be alone with the young man. "What sort of work do you do?" the father asked.

"I don't have a job."

"Then how will you support my daughter?"

"Krishna will give us what we need."

"And where do you intend to live?"

"I don't have a place yet," the orange-robed fellow replied, "but Krishna will provide."

"And how will you care for your children when they come?"

"Oh, Krishna will provide."

The daughter came back into the room.

"What do you think, Dad?" she asked anxiously.

"Everything's just fine, honey," her father said. "He thinks I'm God."

Why are Australian dogs the world's fastest? Because the trees are so damn far apart.

Good morning, Mr. Carson," the travel agent said. "It's nice to see you again. What can I do for you this time?"

"Frankly, I need your help," Carson said. "Remember two years ago, when you booked a trip to Rio and my wife got pregnant? And then last year, when you booked a tour of the Far East and, again, my wife got pregnant?"

"Yes, of course," the agent said. "But how can I be of help?"

"This year, suggest someplace cheaper," Carson replied, "so I can bring her along."

How do you get a blonde to laugh on Saturday? Tell her a joke on Thursday.

The American pilot shot down a Messerschmitt but was so impressed with the German pilot's flying skills that he went to visit him in the field hospital. The fellow was in pretty bad shape, so the American asked if there was anything he could do for him.

"*Ja, ja*," the German said. "They amputated my leg, you see. On your next bombing run, could you drop it over the fatherland?"

"Sure, pal," the Yank replied.

A few days later, he returned to report that the mission had been carried out.

The German thanked him, then said, "They took the other leg. Would you mind dropping it over my homeland?"

The American again did as he was asked.

"Many thanks," the weakened German said when the American returned. "But, my friend, I have one final request. Last night they had to amputate my right arm."

"Now hold on one darn minute," the American interrupted. "Are you trying to escape?"

Why is a WASP woman like a prizefighter? She won't go into action until she sees a ring.

The woman seated herself in the psychiatrist's office. "What seems to be the trouble?" the doctor asked.

"Well, I, uh," she stammered, "I think I, uh, might be a nymphomaniac."

"I see," he said. "I can help you, but I must advise you that my fee is $80 an hour."

"That's not bad," she replied. "How much for all night?"

Two aliens landed in the middle of Manhattan. After walking a few feet, they saw a fire hydrant. "What's the name of this city?" one asked the object before him. "Hey!" he said, giving it a kick. "I'm talking to you."

"Ah, leave it alone," the other said to his companion. "Can't you see it's just a kid?"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"And here's what 'Consumer Reports' has to say about the inflatable Madonna doll you idiots dreamed up."

etiquette by **GLENN O'BRIEN**

SUCKING UP

LET'S FACE IT: In these economic times, we all need a competitive edge in the marketplace. Money is tight. Jobs are scarce. Many contractors are bidding for the same jobs. Today's sharpest entrepreneurs must pioneer new ways of ingratiating themselves, worming their way into the elite and flattering the powers that be. They study and master the ancient disciplines and traditions of sycophancy, fawnery, truckling, bootlicking, groveling, back scratching, apple polishing, brownnosing and sucking up. Forget the art of the deal. Today it's the art of the kneel.

When the going gets tough, the tough start fawning.

Ass kissing, alas, has probably lost many of the subtleties and extravagances practiced in the days of absolute monarchy, when it was often a matter of life and death. If John the Baptist had kissed a little tushy he never would have found his noggin being served sunny-side up. How do you think Marco Polo made it to China and back? By being rude and arrogant? Hardly. The man curried favor and flattered his way around the world.

Fortunately, we Americans have found many new and inventive ways of ass kissing particularly suited to modern times and democracy. In the Seventies film critics Rex Reed and Judith Crist discovered that by writing extremely laudatory reviews, they would find their names on theater marquees and in newspaper advertisements coast to coast. As a result they became national celebrities.

Don't think of ass kissing as personally degrading. It's not personal. That's the important thing to remember. When the Japanese bow, they may be thinking, "I will bury you, hairy barbarian." The bow is a cultural practice of obeisance with no personal meaning. And such forms of token courtesy and ritual politesse can provide an excellent cover for covert maneuvering. So can more overt forms of ass kissing, like hero worship and being a fan. Think of Anne Baxter as Eve Harrington, the understudy to Bette Davis' character in *All About Eve*, flattering, fawning, adoring and meanwhile studying the star until she moves in for the kill, taking over her career and her man.

You can pay court, curry favor and kowtow. You can laugh at the boss' bad jokes. You can pay insincere compliments with every ounce of earnestness you can muster. All you have to do is remember: It's only temporary. Someday they'll all be laughing at your bad jokes.

There is no substitute for hard work. But if you must work hard, if you must work late, get caught doing it. Be noticed. That's the number-one rule of ass kissing. If you do someone a favor, do it visibly. If you pay a compliment, pay it loudly. If you must grovel, grovel grandiloquently. Style is everything. When you pay a compliment, don't say it in a smarmy way. Say it brightly and with vigor, as if you mean it:

"Good point, sir."

"I guess that's why you're the boss."

"Do you mind if I watch? I can't tell you how much I've learned from you."

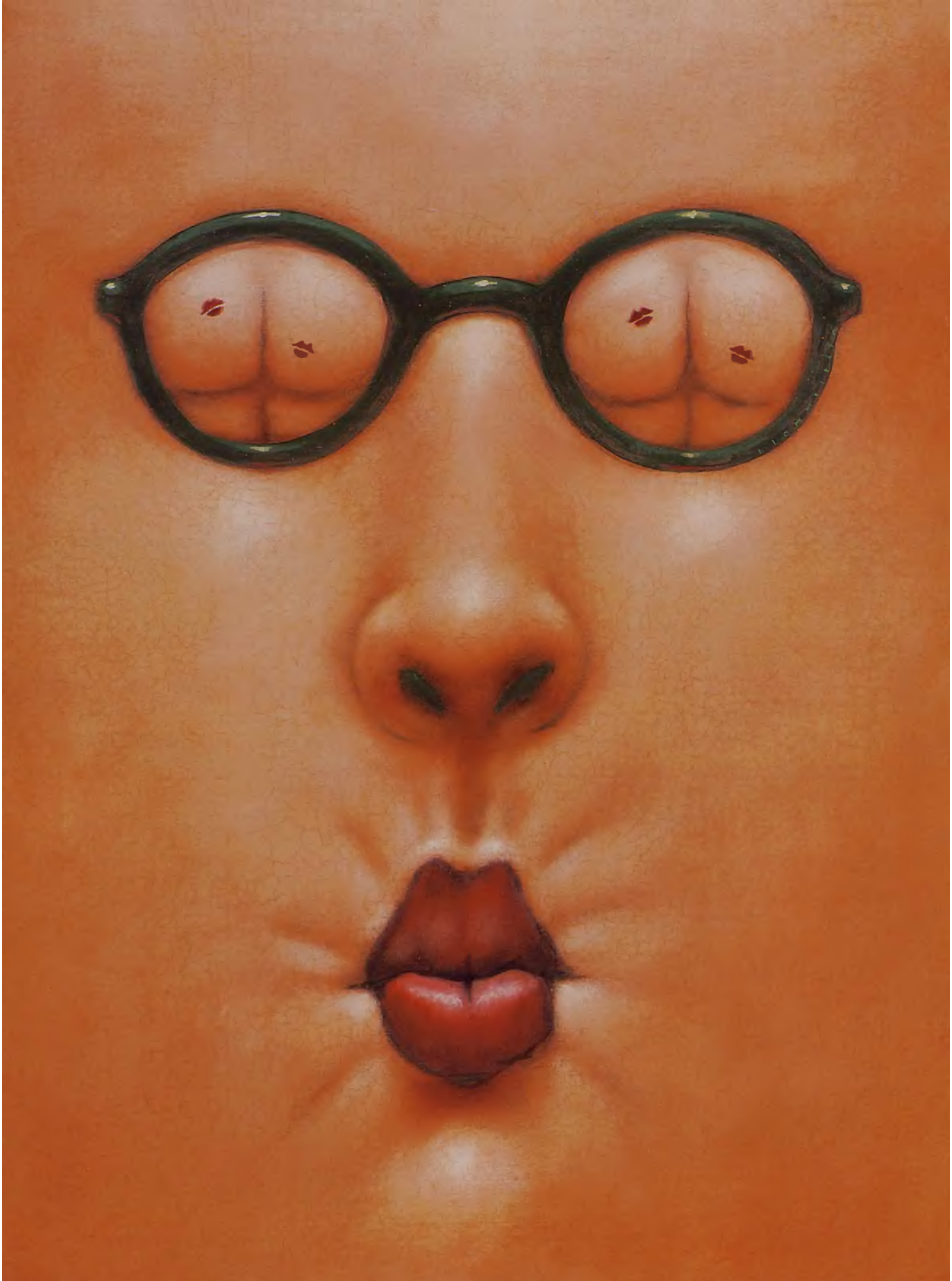
Andy Warhol was the modern master of flattery. Publicly he liked everything. He believed that if you can't say anything nice, say something nice anyway. His favorite expression was "Gee, that's great." But in the same way that in certain Asian languages the same syllable can take on a vast array of meanings depending on intonation, Warhol was able to cram a spectrum of meaning into the words "that's great." He could say a "that's great" that meant "that sucks" to some people while retaining the literal "that's great" meaning to its subject. That's when ass kissing is an art. When, with cultivated ambiguity, you can flatter and insult at the same time. Why do you think they call it tongue-in-cheek?

Arsenio. Did you ever notice his name starts with the word arse? The man has elevated public ass kissing to a new level. And it works. He gets his guests to open up because they feel comfortable. When he asks an embarrassing question he does it apologetically. Oh! Did I say that? But it works. Smile. Touch them on the knee. Be their friend. Who's going to get more dirt? Mike Wallace or Barbara Walters? Case closed.

Yesterday's yuppie is today's toady. It's a dirty job, but somebody has to do it. And if you do it right you don't have to be ashamed. Ass kissing is an ancient and honorable tradition. It has been practiced by scholars, artists, movie stars, captains of industry and every president in the White House. Be obsequious and proud. Flattery will get you everywhere.

If you practice ass kissing assiduously, if you do it long and well, you will be rewarded. And you'll know you've begun to succeed when your own ass becomes the target of would-be smoochers. And what do you do when your ass is kissed? Be smart. Be brave. Just turn the other cheek.

ILLUSTRATION BY RHONALD BLOMMESTIJN



A PUCKER-UP PRIMER

useful tips on how and where to place your lips

FAWNERY'S HALL OF FAME

Neville Chamberlain
Henry Kissinger
Sammy Davis Jr.
Peter Lawford
Clyde Tolson

OVERLY ACCOMMODATING NATION-STATES

Switzerland
Costa Rica
Hong Kong

THE SYCOPHANT'S SYLLABUS

The Book of the Courtier
by Baldassare Castiglione
How to Win Friends and Influence People
by Dale Carnegie
Honor Thy Father
by Gay Talese
More Joy of Sex
by Alex Comfort

BOOTLICKERS WHO BITE

Truman Capote
Dick Cavett
Andy Warhol
Joe McGinnis
Lieutenant Columbo

NUMBER-ONE ASS-KISSING VOCATION

catering

KOWTOW CAPITAL OF THE U.S.

Washington, D.C. (ground zero: the White House pressroom)

TERMS OF ENREARMENT

Lateral ass kissing: Kissing the ass of someone who is approximately as famous and powerful as you are, such as Phil Donahue kissing Oprah Winfrey's ass.

Downwardly mobile ass kissing: Kissing the ass of someone who really should be kissing your ass, such as Bill Clinton kissing Barbra Streisand's ass, or Paul McCartney kissing the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame's ass for inducting him into an institution in Cleveland, the other members of which include Bobby Darin.

Recidivist ass kissing: Kissing somebody's ass, and then, worried that you have not kissed it hard enough, kissing it again. *Fortune* does this every time it runs a cover story about General Motors or IBM, the same one it's been running for the past 40 years.

Superfluous ass kissing: Kissing the ass of someone whose ass no longer has an epidermal surface left to be kissed. Example: Barbara Walters telling Michael Jackson how talented he is.

Preemptive ass kissing: Kissing the ass of a precocious tot whom you despise but fear may one day own the network. Example: the talk-show hosts who kiss Macaulay Culkin's ass.

FIVE WHO NEVER KISSED ASS

Joan of Arc
Muhammad Ali
Sean Connery
Rosa Parks
Crazy Horse

TRUTH AND CONSEQUENCES

what happens when you don't fawn over famous people

FAMOUS PERSON	CONSEQUENCE
Geronimo	scalped, disemboweled
Dovid Geffen	won't let you interview Axl Rose
Attila the Hun	eyebolls fed to famished scorpions
Michael Ovitz	won't let you interview Julio Roberts
Torquemada	genitals set on fire, nose flayed
Mark Canton, Columbia Pictures chairman	won't let you on the set of Prince of *Tides II*

CAREERS PREDICATED ON PANDERING

the military
audio consultants
interior decorators
fine-art gallery owners
journalists who write for *Premiere*

KOWTOW CAPITAL OF THE WORLD

Los Angeles (epicenter: Michael Ovitz' outer office)

OBSEQUIOUSNESS IN THE MODERN ERA

how technology and the new celebrity changed the rules of groveling

By Joe Queenan

EMERGING TECHNOLOGIES have much to do with the ascent of obsequiousness in America. A generation ago, when there were only three major networks, Ed McMahon pretty much handled the role of designated national ass kisser all by himself, with occasional pinch-hitting help from veteran fanny fawner Sammy Davis Jr. But with the spectacular rise of cable television and the Fox Network, the number of job openings for gifted keister kissers has risen dramatically. Today, one entire cable network, MTV, is devoted exclusively to the worship of buttocks, while CNN carries conventional news coverage during the day, followed by a full slate of prime-time ass-kissing programs in the evening. PBS is blessed with perhaps the most cerebral ass kisser in the history of television, Bill Moyers, and TNT has become a sort of electronic retirement home for long-in-the-tooth ass kissers such as Gary Bender and Dick Vitale.

Indeed, one of the great roadblocks facing younger ass kissers who are just breaking into the entertainment industry is figuring out how to dislodge the arse-adulating colossi who stand between them and the big time. While it is true that titanic cheek coddlers such as Sammy Davis Jr. will occasionally die, and that humongous ass kissers such as Howard Cosell—who made a career off kissing a single ass (Muhammad Ali's)—are beginning to fall by the wayside, that still leaves a galaxy of aging, ass-kissing supernovas—Barbara Walters, Dick Enberg, Larry King—that is large enough and powerful enough to prevent all but the most talented ass kissers from taking center stage. Still, the rise of such creative, trailblazing, younger ass kissers as Kurt Loder, Ahmad Rashad and Downtown Julie Brown should encourage youngsters everywhere to keep their lips in good working condition for the once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to step in during an emergency and kiss Madonna's petite, or Arnold Schwarzenegger's not-so-petite, ass.

To succeed in the extraordinarily competitive field of professional ass kissing, it is vital that you first learn the history of the art form. Smooching the celebrity seat and pecking the potentate's posterior have played an important role in Western civilization almost since the dawn of time. Plato, to use a colorful ESPNism, kissed Socrates' ass big-time, and Homer did the same thing to Zeus. Under Nero and Caligula, the previously independent Roman Senate degenerated into a largely ceremonial gathering of toga-sporting ass kissers. Saint Peter probably landed the coveted position of first Pope because he kissed more ass than the 11 other apostles. Mussolini never would have gotten anywhere without kissing Adolf Hitler's ass, and a similar claim can be made for Nikita Khrushchev, whose lips had an extraordinarily servile relationship with Joseph Stalin's capacious Georgian buttocks.

Nevertheless, at earlier points in history the long-term benefits of kissing a famous ass were decidedly mixed. All the ass kissing in the world did not prevent Sir Walter Raleigh from getting *(text concluded on page 234)*

PERFORMANCES TO STUDY ON FILM

Larry Miller in *Pretty Woman*
Tony Curtis in *The Sweet Smell of Success*
Robert Duvall in *The Godfather*
Peter Ustinov in *Spartacus*
Steven Bauer in De Palma's *Scarface*

PERFORMANCES TO STUDY ON TELEVISION

Eddie Haskell in *Leave It to Beaver*
Ted Baxter in *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*
Felix Unger in *The Odd Couple*
Richard Simmons
Robin Leach

Lifetime-Achievement Award:
Ed McMahon

GREAT MOMENTS IN ASS-KISSING HISTORY

Pope Leo I tells Attila the Hun he's a really cool guy and would he please not burn Rome to the ground.

Sitting Bull goes to work for Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show.

Neville Chamberlain tells Adolf Hitler he's a really cool guy and would he please not burn Europe to the ground.

Marshal Pétain tells Adolf Hitler he's a really cool guy and would he please not burn France to the ground.

Pope Pius XII tells Adolf Hitler he's a really cool guy and would he please not burn Rome to the ground.

Graydon Carter leaves *Spy* magazine to become editor of *Vanity Fair*.

ORAL HISTORY *(continued from page 118)*

"I didn't lie there like a lox. I took control. I wanted it to seem like I was being assaulted."

was crazy, because I had an attitude about sex like men did. If I saw someone I liked, I'd walk over to him and say, "Hi, I think you're handsome, do you want to fuck?" He didn't have to be the right age, the right religion. He wasn't going to be my husband. I already had a boyfriend I really liked. This was just bed.

I'm not saying I didn't have emotional problems or that I wasn't very needy. I think a lot of the time I would have been happier to not have had sex, if I could have crawled up on his knee and been babied and held. But you can't say to a stranger, "I'm really feeling low, can I climb on your knee?" You can say, "I want to fuck."

What makes a good fuck is not what makes a good husband. It's a man's ability to distance himself from you, to make it a purely mechanical act, like running a race. That's why I've always found the first night is the best. Even in good relationships, the ones that last, there is nothing like the excitement of the first night. The newness, the strangeness. Once you know somebody, they're human. But that first time, you're not a human being. You're a faceless fuck.

I like tender and gentle, but not in sex. There was hostility even in the forcefulness of my response. I didn't lie there like a lox. I took control. I didn't want it to be loving. I wanted it to seem like I was being assaulted. I've had men say "Kiss me." Kiss you? That's not what I'm into at the moment! I don't want to kiss you. The affection is before or after but not during. The act is two animals clawing at each other, thrusting their bodies as hard as they can until they scream. Where is the affection in that?

I talk a lot during sex. I wish more men would do that. It's also important for a man to tell me he's coming. I don't even know sometimes. They try to keep it all in. A man coming turns me on. If he lets me know, usually I can come just by virtue of having made him come, because it's such a turn-on to see someone so excited.

In general, I have a lot less sex now than I used to. Part of it is because of AIDS. I still have sex, I just try to be careful with whom. By that I mean a man who's middle-class, not a drug user, not bisexual. And I insist he use a condom. At one time I would have said to myself, "What the hell, let's have sex even though I'm never going to see you again," but now the tendency is, "What the hell, let's not bother. Why take the risk? I'm never going to see you again."

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Sue White is 21, married 2½ years, a month into an affair. She is attractive, with straight jet-black hair, pale skin, green eyes. She is wearing a low-cut minidress and high heels. She lives in Washington, D.C., where she works in an office and attends college.

I started having sex when I was 15. Until I was 17 or so I didn't have any boyfriends. I had a group—there were about ten of us who were close friends. We'd have parties every Wednesday and Saturday night, and I think that we all had sex with one another at some point.

I moved to the city when I was 18. After I had been here about a month I went out with Freddie. He plays in a band and he's three years older than I am, so, of course, I thought he was really romantic. He came home with me, we had sex, we went out every night and we got married two months later.

He has a big sexual appetite. We still have sex once or twice a day, which I guess is unusual. I've cooled off a little bit because I work and go to school full-time, but he hasn't. I'm always hitting him and telling him to go away, but he doesn't. We have sex all the time. Late at night. After dinner. In the morning.

He used to work across the street from me, and we'd have sex at lunch in the men's room in his building. We've had sex all over the place. The men's room at a fancy hotel, which was funny. We were waiting for a movie, and we had about an hour till the show started, so he went into the hotel's men's room and said, "Sue, it's empty, come in here." We had sex in the stall, standing up. It's a clumsy thing, because bathrooms aren't made for sex. You're always straddling a toilet or tripping over it.

Sometimes we have sex several times a day. He almost killed me one day. He wanted to see how many times he could have sex. He said he thought he could do it 25 times. I think he got up to 16 and then it was midnight and I told him he had to stop because the day was over and it wouldn't count.

We like everything. You name it, I'm sure we've done it. Oral sex, anal sex. He brings home porn films, which I don't like but he does, so I let him watch. My girlfriends can't spend the night because he always wants me to have sex with them while he watches. He's like, "Sue, crawl into bed with her." I say, "Freddie, no." It gets so embarrassing.

He tries to get us drunk. If it's a close friend of mine, I'll warn her. Then we tease him. One night a girlfriend and I got terribly intoxicated. She and I are very affectionate, we're always kissing each other. We came home and I don't remember what happened. He says we did it, but I don't believe him. I think she and I were more likely to have been throwing up than having sex.

If I'm tired, I've found it's easier to just have sex with him than to try to dissuade him. If I tell him no, he'll say—and he means it to be funny—"Then I'll just have to satisfy myself." He starts to masturbate, and he'll run his elbow into me while he does it, and he'll make little sighing noises. "Oh, my wife doesn't love me and she won't have sex with me." I get sick of it after a while and have sex with him. I usually end up liking it even if I try not to.

I've never had an orgasm. I read that a lot of women don't until they're older, so I don't worry about it. I figure that trying to have one would make it frustrating, so it will happen when it happens. I never masturbate, I don't really like it. What I like about sex is not just sex. I wouldn't sit around and do it myself. What I like is the other person.

I'm definitely not looking for more sex than I already have. The affair I'm having is more for emotional reasons. Freddie is very self-centered. We get along pretty well, but we have nothing in common. This other man, his name is Alvin, he and I have a lot in common. He's 35, so he's a lot older than me. Except for the fact that we're both involved with other people, we have a normal relationship. We're getting to know each other slowly. It's the opposite of the way I got married.

We haven't had sex that often because we don't have much time together. Alvin's a very good lover. Of course, he's not as oversexed as Freddie. I don't think many people are. And sex is much gentler with him. He waits to see what I want. He likes giving oral sex more than getting it. He's interested in pleasing me and making me happy more than anything else. He doesn't know I don't have orgasms. Since I'm so loud, neither of them has ever asked me, and I know if a man thinks a woman hasn't had an orgasm, he asks. So I just don't bring it up. I don't want to hurt their egos.

(continued on page 229)

today's hottest country stars in a roundup of westernwear that's at home off the range

OUR HEROES HAVE ALWAYS BEEN COWBOYS

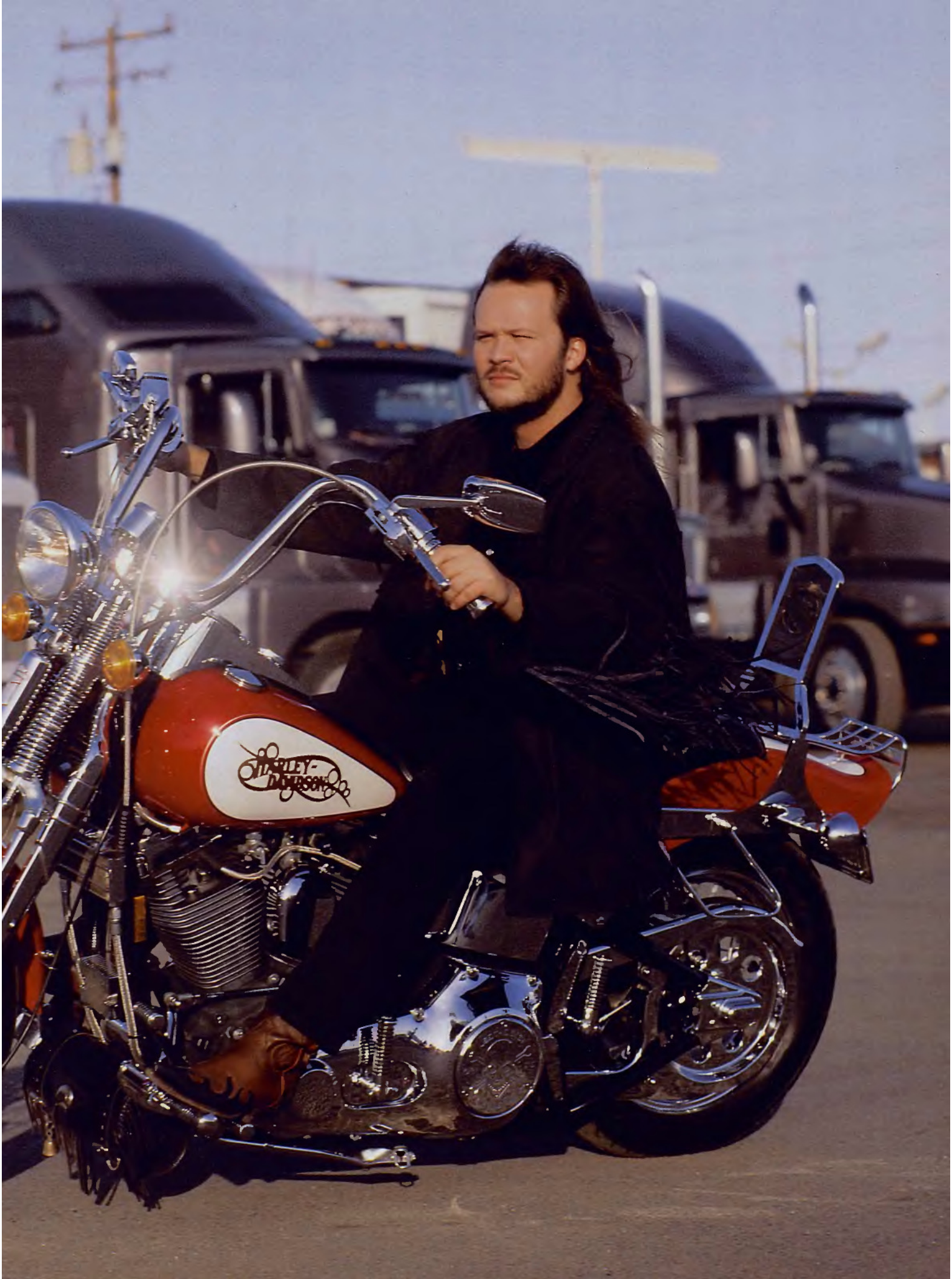
fashion by **HOLLIS WAYNE**

WITH country music topping the *Billboard* charts, it's no surprise that cowboy clothes are making a comeback. That doesn't mean you should rustle up a ten-gallon hat, spurs, chaps or a bolo tie. The trick to dressing Western is to think subtle (not like a rodeo clown). Combine just a few cowboy basics with everyday casuals—just as country singers Kix Brooks, Ronnie Dunn, Travis Tritt, Billy Dean and Billy Ray Cyrus have done on these five pages of fashion. Want to wear a traditional Western shirt, for example? Stay away from drugstore-cowboy styles. Opt instead for low-key looks such as Dalinger's suede shirt with sterling-silver snaps and a Western yoke, shown on page 152. Or pair a banded-collar shirt with a leather vest, such as the one in our Billy Ray Cyrus photo. The best-looking Western vests have details such as silver buttons or whipstitching that give them a rugged edge. The same goes for jackets. Distressed suede and leather styles are the top choices among sharp cowboys, particularly if the jackets have fringed sleeves or topstitching. Obviously, jeans are a must. According to Brooks and Dunn, "real cowboys wear only custom-tailored Wranglers, starched and pressed with a crease." For the rest of us cowboy wanna-bes, there are boot-cut classic five-pocket blue or black denim jeans and at least one pair of boots—for line dancing, of course.

BROOKS AND DUNN With their 1991 album *Brand New Man*, Kix Brooks and Ronnie Dunn made the biggest debut in country-duo history. On the left (above), Dunn sports a leather jean jacket with sterling-silver buttons, by Chrome Hearts, $4070; a cotton shirt with pleated yoke and cuffs, by Acarn, $140; denim custom-tailored slim-fit jeans, by Wrangler, about $27; a leather belt, by Al Beres, $195; and leather cowboy boots, by Stallion Boot Co., $825. Brooks takes a seat in a cotton banded-collar shirt, by Wahmaker, $60; plus a silver stud (worn in top buttonhole), by Nancy & Risë Ltd., $100 a set; a leather vest, by Chrome Hearts, $1155; indigo custom-tailored denim jeans, by Wrangler, about $35; leather cowboy boots, by Justin Boot Co., $139; and a felt cowboy hat, by Resistol Hats, $260.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY WAYNE STAMBLER

TRAVIS TRITT "Country music is a saundtrack for the lives af working peaple," says Tritt, who has racked up eight number-ane hits, three platinum albums, a Grammy and several country music awards since 1991. Here, he's high an the hag in a suede fringe jacket with averstitching, by J.O.E. for Joseph Abboud, $700; a suede Western shirt, by For Joseph, $260; denim five-packet straight-leg jeans, by the Lee Apparel Co., $40; a braided straw belt, from Dauble RL by Polo/Ralph Lauren, $224; and leather cowboy boots, by Ammons Boot Co., $550.


HARLEY-
DAVIDSON

BILLY DEAN He was named best new male vocalist in 1992 by the Academy of Country Music, won song of the year for his number-one single, *Somewhere in My Broken Heart*, and has toured with the Judds, Clint Black and Alan Jackson. Here, Dean hits the road in a calf-suede jacket with crochet stitching, by Alan Michael USA Leather Works, about $1300; a suede Western yoke shirt with leather piping and sterling-silver snaps, by Dalinger, about $600; cotton denim five-pocket jeans, by Edwin, about $70; and suede cowboy boots, by Durango, $180.

BILLY RAY CYRUS Driving females wild with a swivel af his hips, Cyrus became an overnight sensation with the release af his debut album *Some Gave All*. Now, with a new album titled *It Won't Be the Last* and mavie and TV deals in the warks, he's aut to prave that he's mare thaī just cauntry music's latest heartthrab. Looking seriaus above, Cyrus sports a rayon banded-collar shirt, by Wilke-Rodriguez, $95; and cattan denim basic-cut jeans, by Guess, about $60. Behind him: deerskin vest with silver buttans, by Bounty Hunter, $425.

Where & How to Buy on page 231.

SOUTH FLORIDA *(continued from page 128)*

"I interviewed a legal secretary who was nearly drowned by a prodigiously aroused dolphin."

most undiscriminating of mammals. Once excited, dolphins aren't shy about demonstrating their affection. The reaction from human swimmers is generally one of sheer terror; an adult male bottle-nosed dolphin weighs as much as 800 pounds and is endowed accordingly.

Incidents of "aggressive" behavior toward humans have become so prevalent that animal-rights groups have tried to close the dolphin parks that solicit tourist participation. Biologists say that physical contact between humans and cetaceans can be harmful to cetaceans, but it's no picnic for the humans, either. Several swimmers have been hospitalized with bruises, sprains and other unspecified injuries. I interviewed a legal secretary who was nearly drowned by a prodigiously aroused dolphin at a marine park in Key Largo. The woman's harrowing account, published in the *Miami Herald*, emboldened other victims of dolphin lust to come forward.

The bad publicity has compelled the state of Florida to block the opening of more swim-with-the-dolphin attractions. Current exhibitors are allowed to remain open but have promised to supervise the "encounters" more closely and to segregate those animals that can't control their sexual urges. My theory is that dolphins have no burning desire to date out of their species; they're just cooped up and bored. What better fun than to fuck, literally, with the tourists?

One of my novels included a sex-crazed-dolphin attack (tastefully depicted, of course), but readers outside Florida couldn't believe it was based on fact. That's a problem for writers who use this region as a setting. Tales credited to their wild imaginations are often just true stories lifted from the local newspapers and then toned down for the conventions of fiction.

NATURAL ATTRACTIONS

Florida markets itself as a land of rare and untamed natural beauty. Millions of dollars are spent slickly promoting the Everglades, the Keys and the beaches as must-see attractions for those who treasure the great outdoors. The fact is, all of Florida would have been paved and malled and subdivided long ago if it weren't for a few hardy conservationists.

During the past 40 years, nature has taken a whipping down here. Florida's official state land mammal, the panther, is nearly extinct, now down to three dozen stragglers (as a desperate measure, Western cougars have been imported for stud service). Meanwhile, the official state aquatic mammal, the gentle but slow-witted manatee, is being systematically mauled by reckless boaters.

Not even the lowliest members of the food chain are safe. Florida's official state fish, the largemouth bass, has been declared inedible throughout much of the state because toxic levels of mercury are found in its flesh. Nobody is sure whether the metal is coming from industrial or agricultural pollution, but lethal traces have also turned up in raccoons and panthers. It's a bleak joke among Florida environmentalists that practically every species designated as a state symbol is being annihilated or poisoned.

In 1989, after a lengthy debate, our legislature proudly adopted an official state soil, the Myakka fine sand (*aeric haplaquods*, to agronomists). I don't know how many other states honor their soils, but I know our state does: Panthers, manatees and bass may die in the continued plundering of Florida, but dirt is forever. Dirt will never become extinct.

ALLIGATOR LOVE

Although we have more endangered species than any other state but Texas, it's unfair to imply that all Florida wildlife is imperiled. Some critters adapt splendidly to urban encroachment. Alligators, for instance. Once nearly exterminated, the primeval lizards have rebounded prolifically under strict federal protection. Native Floridians give gators plenty of leeway, but tourists and transplants display a childish, sometimes reckless fascination for the beasts.

The best places to observe this odd relationship are the retirement communities in the suburbs of Fort Lauderdale and West Palm Beach. Every high-rise condo has a man-made lake, and every lake has a few resident alligators. After dinner, the old folks go down to the water with chicken scraps, marshmallows and other goodies that appeal to the alligator palate. The crepuscular feeding ritual becomes entertainment for the retirees, who invent cute names for their favorite gators and even take videos to show the grandchildren.

Unfortunately, your average retiree fails to understand that your average alligator has a brain the size of a marble. This means the alligator is intellectually incapable of forming deep emotional bonds. Inevitably, the day comes when an old-timer strolls down to the lake with his or her toy poodle yammering on the end of a rhinestone leash. You can guess what happens next. The gator assumes that the poodle is but another offering—basically a marshmallow with a perm—and proceeds to gobble. The grief-stricken pet owner calls the condo president, who calls Fish and Game, which immediately sends an armed officer to dispatch the skulking killer.

This happens all too often. People new to south Florida expect the wild animals to behave as they do in Disney films. Sometimes people expect even more.

A few years ago, a man living in a north Dade trailer park applied for a permit to keep a pair of four-foot alligators as pets inside his mobile home. When game wardens arrived, they noticed that the man was bleeding from numerous wounds recognizable as gator bites. "This put these officers on notice that something was not right here," assistant state's attorney Avi Litwin later said, in a moment of profound understatement.

The game wardens found the two alligators "in the respondent's bed" and swiftly removed the befuddled reptiles. Their owner, the man with the bite marks, subsequently sued to reclaim his beloved pets. In October 1991, Florida's Third District Court of Appeals denied the man's petition for custody and ruled in favor of the alligators. The animals were released into the Everglades, where presumably they have taken to less stressful relationships.

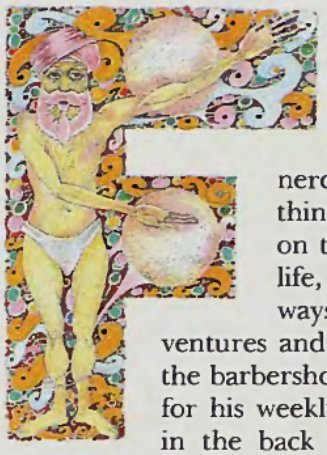
Over the years, south Florida's indigenous wildlife has been augmented by alien species that have escaped from captivity and now thrive in the muggy tropical climate. The most recent influx occurred after Hurricane Andrew, which destroyed many wild-animal farms and set loose a mind-boggling menagerie: 3000 to 4000 monkeys, 1000 parrots, 2000 nonvenomous snakes and lizards, six cougars, three wallabies and an African lion. And those are only what were reported missing from licensed importers. It is believed that bootleg dealers lost more big cats, plus hundreds of rare poisonous reptiles.

Of all the creatures unleashed by the storm, the monkeys caused the most

(continued on page 226)

"No."

The Sri Lanka Position



ISCHBEIN, a corporate lawyer who specialized in defending companies accused of toxic pollution, was one of those formerly nerdy guys who had come to think of himself as a buccaneer on the highways and byways of life, a swaggering condottiere always searching for strange adventures and new experiences. While at the barbershop one Wednesday morning for his weekly clip, Fischbein saw an ad in the back pages of a magazine that promised the latter and maybe the former, and he was hooked right away:

THE SRI LANKA POSITION
Secrets of Ancient Indian
Erotic Wisdom Revealed!
Eighty-minute VHS cassette demonstrates unimaginable sexual bliss. Famed Hindu guru will show you how to attain the ultimate in earthly physical fulfillment! The eroto-metaphysical mysteries of the Orient expounded as never before! You will reach Himalayan heights in bodily joy or double your money back! Adults only.

The price was $79.95, major credit cards accepted. Fischbein, by nature and profession a skeptic, cocked an eye at the hyper-prose. But he understood the kind of artistic license that advertising people went in for. What the hell—the worst case was double your money back. Covertly he tore the ad out of the magazine and put it in his pocket while Giuseppe was plugging in the blow-drier.

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The smart buccaneer treads the path of caution. Fischbein decided to check out the video by himself before suggesting to the woman he was currently seeing that they take a whack at mastering its esoteric wisdom together.

He slipped the cassette into his VCR and heard the twanging of a sitar. Swirling psychedelic colors appeared. Out of them stepped a dark-skinned man, lean, almost gaunt, who might have been anywhere between 30 and 60. He was wearing a turban and a loincloth and nothing else. "I am Swami Shivaram Krishna," he announced, staring straight into the camera. His voice was deep, musical, exquisitely phony, with that crisp, singsongy, not-quite-British intonation that Fischbein associated with people from that part of the world. "I have devoted my life to the study of the *Kama Sutra*, the *Ananga Ranga*, the *Ratirahasya* and the *Smara Pradipa*—the great classics of Indian erotica—and to the *Tantra Rajarata*, the supreme work of the early Sri Lankan masters of the art of love. My purpose today is to impart to you of the West some of the cherished secrets of those ancient scholars *(continued on page 160)*

the swami promised unimaginable sexual bliss—credit cards accepted. never in his life could fischbein have imagined this

fiction by
Robert Silverberg

ILLUSTRATION BY JIM SPANFELLER

By ROBERT S. WIEDER

CELEBRITY E-MAIL

inventing goofy symbols from keyboard characters puts the punch in electronic mail. here's how some famous hackers might spice up their holiday greetings

Janet Reno
D.C. on-line message/
Secty., Justice Dept./
Mr. President:

My New Year's wish: Let me do my job, sans hassles from on high.
No 2nd-guessing, even whN we don't see I.2.I.
I know U'll back me up on this, Bcause it's right to do,
& Bcause I'm bigger (& in polls, more popular) than U.
J. Reno :-)8---8<

I.2.I. = *eye-to-eye*
:-)8---8< = *very tall woman with balls*

Camille Paglia
Dear friend/fan/former lover:

Some :-)8< cheer Christ's birth Bcause R sins R thus absolved. But):-(8x cheer Bcause there was no sex with o-> involved.
I say enough misanthropy!
We have free will, OK?
If Mary hadn't let God buy her a Ÿ
There'd B no Xmas Day.
Camille Paglia >:-)8-8<

:-)8< = *women*
):-(8x = *feminists, legs crossed*
o-> = *male(s)*
Ÿ = *wine, cocktail, etc.*
>:-)8-8< = *devilish woman with balls*

Bob Dole
D.C. on-line message/
Sen. Minority Leader/
route Oval Office:

Gays & Nannyg8, higher taxe$,
Voters getting surly.
God bless U, Bill! Bcause of U,
Santa came 2 my place early!
Dole (-:

(-: = *contrary*

Jerry Seinfeld
Fun-e-mail friend:

What's with this nutty holiday?
Just kidding! Hey, I know
That Xmas has a meaning!
(In contrast to my :>[] show.)
Seinfeld :o)X

:>[] = *TV*
:o)X = *comedian*

Colin Powell
From: C. Powell, ex–Chair Jt. Chiefs
To: S. Nunn, U.S. Senate
Code: Holiday grtings
Sam:

Thanx 2 U, U.S. troops can sing,
from polar caps to isthmus:
"Don we no way gay apparel,
Nor have a 'Mary' Xmas."
Colin <:-)""""

<:-)"""" = *highly decorated soldier*

Sinéad O'Connor
Fellow foe of oppressive liturgy:

Xmas a drag 4 :-I ✝
But 1 thing hLps me bear it.
I wrap all my gifts in +<(:-) paper,
So recipients have to tear it! >:-D
Sinéad C:-I

:-I ✝ = *atheists*
+<(:-) = *Pope's face*
>:-D = *evil glee*
C:-I = *baldy*

Maury Povich
Rather:

Drop by my office 4 some holiday Ÿ̊Ÿ̊Ÿ̊!
It'd be such fun, so bonny,
2 get good & drunk %-S
With the other schmuck !-X-<
Who's been upstaged by Connie. ;-)
Povich ø!ø

Ÿ̊Ÿ̊Ÿ̊ = *drinks, binge*
%-S = *blind drunk*
!-X-< = *dickhead*
;-) = *charming Asian*
ø!ø = *emasculated male*

Dan Rostenkowski
Transmit to all names in Rostenkowski contributors file
Valued friend & supporter:

Excuse this e-mail holiday greeting. Would prefer to send personal written message, but am avoiding anything that has to do with stamps. Warmest wishes you and yrs.
Rosty :-x

:-x = *lips sealed; taking the Fifth Amendment*

Tom Brokaw
NBC on-line memo to
S. Phillips, J. Pauley, *Dateline* staff
To my favorite TV journalists:

Have a perfect Xmas day.
Hope Santa brings U all good things.
(Just don't blow up his sleigh.)
Brokaw >:-)

>:-) = *devilish amusement*

George Steinbrenner
To everybody in the sports media who wanted me out of baseball forever:

In 1994 may all
Your wishes come to pass.
And when we win the j>
May you kiss my rosy (*)!
George S.

j> = *pennant*
(*) = *ass*

Charles Barkley
Dear friend & Barkley fan club member:

I've been a real bad boy >:-> the whole year long.
Guess I'm not on the *<:-)> list.
But I'm rich, test –, & don't make bets, so *<:-)>, "ho ho" this: o!o
Sir Charles .·.·˙·.·˙2!

>:-> = *wicked glee*
*<:-)> = *Santa Claus*
– = *negative*
o!o = *male genitalia*
.·.·˙·.·˙2! = *he drives, he scores!*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

Sri Lanka Position *(continued from page 156)*

"The swami plainly knew his stuff, and his sultry partner was supple and agile."

of passion."

For the next half hour Swami Shivaram Krishna explained interminably in his mincing guru English how the erotic arts could lead one to a higher spiritual level.

He expounded on the nature of the four classes of women—Padmini, Chitrini, Shankini, Hastini—and enumerated the days of the month when each was at her height of desire. He described the eight embraces—the Embrace of Touch, the Embrace of Penetration, the Embrace of Friction, the Clasp of the Serpent and so on—and the eight types of finger pressure: the Leaf of the Blue Lotus, the Leap of the Hare, the Peacock's Claw. It was all very colorful and esoteric, but Fischbein, his eyes glazing, didn't see what good any of it was going to be to him. He began to wonder if he'd have to call in the postal inspectors to make that double-your-money-back guarantee stand up.

Then, suddenly, almost jerkily—some rough editing there, but Fischbein forgave it—a naked and delectable young woman popped into view next to the swami. She was perhaps 20, slender and sleek, with glistening, dusky skin and jet-black hair that had an almost purple glint. Her arms and legs were long and thin, her breasts were full, her waist was improbably narrow, her hips flared in a truly extraordinary way, her eyes were large and glossy.

"There are 64 basic positions and 572 major variations," the swami intoned. He had shed his loincloth but not his turban. "But mastery of these eight will suffice for the novice who would venture into the outer precincts of the realm of the senses."

He proceeded to demonstrate. That used up the next half hour of the tape.

The swami plainly knew his stuff, and his sultry partner was supple and agile. But what was happening on the screen, elegantly executed though it was, was basically the good old in-and-out, accomplished in ways that Fischbein himself, aided by various young ladies from Brooklyn and Queens and one Italian knockout from Staten Island, had managed to get the hang of by the time he was old enough to vote. Eighty dollars seemed a lot to have paid for a video that showed a nifty chick of overseas extraction getting schtupped this way and that by a bony, turbaned gent of uncertain age. The twanging music began to nibble at Fischbein's nerves. His attention wandered again. The swami's lady was lovely to behold, but there was, after all, only limited sexual pleasure to be had from an arrangement of colored dots flashing across a cathode-ray tube.

Then Fischbein heard the swami saying, "You are ready for the supreme position, the summit of the erotic arts, what we of Sri Lanka call the Opening of the Gateway. For this you must clear your mind of all earthly distractions. Strive to ascend by means of kama and artha to the attainment of the moksha that the practice of dharma brings. Yield yourself to Shiva and Gauri, to Lakshmi and Vishnu; surrender yourself to Brahma the Mighty."

As he spoke, the swami and his splendid companion were entangling themselves in the most intricate fashion, turning over and over, weaving themselves into a fantastic knot. It was hard to tell which legs were whose, or who was on top. To the baffled Fischbein it seemed that they both were. Was it possible for pelvises to twist quite so far? Could knees really bend in that direction? And how, he wondered, were they ever going to manage the essential act of insertion when they were wrapped around each other at an angle like that?

But they did. The camera swooped in mercilessly and made that absolutely clear. Lingam had met yoni, indeed. And then—the dazzling insectoid ballet of bizarre movement, the obvious rising arc of incredible excitement, the long, gasping moan of unendurable pleasure indefinitely prolonged—my God, my God, the look on her face!

Wait a minute, Fischbein thought. No way. That simply can't be done.

He rolled the tape back half a minute and watched it again. And again. And again. And went farther back, to the first moments of their pretzeling coition.

"Now you are ready," the swami said once more, "for the supreme position, the summit of the erotic arts."

Fischbein put the VCR on frame-by-frame advance. He watched closely, frowning, trying to mimic the actions on the screen. Your left leg goes here and your right arm comes up there, your chin gets hooked under there, and then——

No. He ran the tape in reverse, frame by bewildering frame. Under *there*, schmuck! She puts her left thigh across your right elbow, with the tip of her foot angled into the crook of your——

Impossible. Incredible.

He ran the tape back yet again. And again and again and again.

•

"You won't believe this," Fischbein said. "Just watch."

"Jesus, Barry. Not a porno tape!"

"Not in the least. Just watch it, Gwen. Watch."

"Is it all just a lecture?" she asked after a time.

"We can fast-forward this part of it, if you like."

"I think that's a good idea."

The naked woman appeared. Swami Shivaram Krishna's loincloth disappeared. "There are 64 basic positions," the swami said, beginning to stroke the woman's notable breasts, "and 572 major variations."

"It *is* a porno tape," Gwen said in disgust.

"It's instructional TV. Channel 13 would be smart to show it during pledge week."

"Things are that bad with us?" she asked. "You think we need to pick up some pointers from a Hindu swami?"

"Wait," he said. "Watch."

"She has a very nice bosom, yes, for such a skinny woman."

"That's not the point. She isn't skinny, anyway. Slim. He's skinny."

"But very impressively hung. Barry, why are we watching this?"

"Please. Wait." He fast-forwarded through the position of Embracing as the Creeper Twines About the Tree and the position of the Bamboo Cleft.

"Now you are ready," the swami said, "for the supreme position, the summit of the erotic arts."

"Will you look at that?" Fischbein asked. "Have you ever seen anything like it?"

"Contortionists," said Gwen with some disdain. "So what?"

"Look at her face."

"All pulled out of shape, yes."

"She's having a good time, wouldn't you say?"

"Maybe. Or maybe that's a look of pain."

"I don't think so," Fischbein said.

This wasn't working out well. He found himself beginning to have doubts about the whole Gwen relationship. They had known each other six months and were in the critical period. Negative aspects of Gwen were starting to emerge that he hadn't noticed before—a certain closed-mindedness, a

(continued on page 166)

"I have a friend who's longing for the winter holidays. Get a snowmaking machine down here immediately."

PLAYBOY'S

GUIDE TO GROOMING

how to have it all, from great-looking hair and a close shave to healthy skin and a trim physique

HAIR CARE

What does it mean to be well-groomed in the Nineties? More than just keeping your hair trimmed and your fingernails clean. There's more guy stuff out there than you could apply in a year, from gels, mousses, lotions, shampoos, sprays and spritzes for your hair to soaps, salves, scrubs, mists and masks for your face and body. On any given day you'll find almost as many men as women having their hair cut, colored and pampered in the nation's top salons. And they're liking it, too. With that in mind, here's a comprehensive guide to the latest in men's grooming and upkeep.

Hair's looking at you, kid: How often should you wash your hair? Experts say shampooing daily is fine unless your hair is dry or damaged. Some shampoo manufacturers advise you to "wash, rinse and repeat." Forget it, unless your hair is oily and extends halfway down your back. Shampoo once in warm, not hot, water and rinse thoroughly, long enough to remove the suds (shampoo left in your hair after a wash flakes and is often mistaken for dandruff). Use a dandruff shampoo regularly? Your scalp will become immune to the cleansing ingredients, so change it from time to time. Over-the-counter dandruff shampoos we like include Head & Shoulders, Selsun Blue, Denorex and Medi-Dan. If you have normal hair, look for products by Sebastian, Joico, Phytotherathrie, Rene Furturer, Mastey and Paul Mitchell. Neutrogena also makes a shampoo that eliminates the buildup caused by styling products.

For dry or damaged hair, use a conditioner, keeping in mind that too much will cause your locks to go limp. Leave-in conditioners such as Mastey's HC Formula +B5 Hair Mender, Jheri Redding's Leave-In Treatment or Body Glove's Sun Reflective Leave-In Conditioner are for guys with extra dry or problem hair that just won't stay in place.

To mousse or not to mousse? Styling products, which include gels, mousses and hair groomers, should be combed through damp, not wet, hair. How do the three differ? Gels have many of the same properties as hair spray, with a thick consistency that blends easily into your hair and offers the most hold. Alcohol-free gels, such as those from Kiehl's or Jheri Redding, are less likely to dry your hair. Mousse is a foaming version of a setting lotion that is easier to manipulate than gel and provides a lighter hold. There are alcohol-free mousses (we like Aussie's) and others that have built-in sunscreens, such as Rene Furterer's Sun Mousse. (This is especially important if your hair is damaged or color-treated.) Finally, hair groomers are designed to keep generally manageable hair looking that way. We suggest Aveda's Elixir or Kiehl's Creme with Silk Groom.

Hair spray is one of the most popular types of men's hair-control products. The key to using it is to spray lightly. The hair-helmet look is out. Brands that are lighter and less sticky include Paul Mitchell's Soft Spray, Sebastian's Shpritz, Vitalis' Pump and Joico's Styling Spray.

Brilliantine, the Fonz' favorite hair groomer, is back. All you need for great hold and added shine is a dime-sized amount rubbed between your hands and smoothed through dry hair. For full, Pat Riley saturation, go with a silver-dollar-sized scoop. Brands to look for include Coconut Oil Hair Shine from the Body Shop, Aveda's Pure-Fume Brilliant Forming Gel and Joico's Transformation Brilliantine.

A cut above: The hair atop your head is dead. The living parts are beneath the scalp, which is good, because otherwise getting a haircut would hurt like hell. Of course, looking into the mirror at a trim gone mad is nearly as painful, so we interviewed three popular hairstylists—John Allen of John Allen's and Damien Miano of the Miano/Viél Salon, both in New York, and Cristophe, the Beverly Hills celebrity stylist who was clipping Clinton on Air Force One while LAX traffic was supposedly being held up. What's their best advice? When getting your hair cut, speak up. You wouldn't turn your car over to a mechanic without first discussing its problems. The same holds true for your hair. Be up-front with your stylist about your personal tastes, your professional image and your hair characteristics, such as cowlicks or irregular growth patterns. Let the stylist know if you have a feature you'd like to accent or downplay. Men with large noses, for example, tend to look best in hair that's cut longer and fuller, whereas guys with small noses can go just about as short as they want. There are also styles that help hide bald spots and, in the case of the blunt cut, create the appearance of volume and fullness when baldness is more advanced.

Your bearded best: Beard hair is usually a slightly *(concluded on page 224)*

things a woman would like to find in your medicine cabinet

Disposable razors and shaving cream • Cologne or after-bath splash • Hair spray and gel • Name-brand pain reliever • Cotton swabs and cotton balls • New toothbrush, toothpaste and dental floss • Mouthwash or breath-freshening spray • Nonaerosol deodorant • Nail file • Body lotion • Talcum powder • Hotel guest amenities (shower caps, fresh bar of soap, shampoo and conditioner, sewing kits, etc.)

BY DONALD CHARLES RICHARDSON

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROGER NEVE

For blade runners only: A man spends close to 3350 hours during his lifetime removing 27½ feet of whiskers. And since beard hairs have about the same tensile strength as copper wire, you will have your work cut out for you. If your preference is shaving with a blade, such as one by Schick, begin by getting your face hot and wet. The best way to do this is to take your shower first to soften the stubble. When you get out, soak your beard again with warm water and leave it dripping. Then apply either an aerosol foam, such as lanolin-based Old Spice or Barbasol, or a shaving preparation (Musgo Real's Shave Cream and Tom's of Maine Natural Shaving Cream are two good choices). Lathering up with a brush and soap in a cup is a pleasant masculine ritual but no more effective than getting your foam out of a can. Shaving creams are denser than foams, so you'll need to rinse your razor more often.

How often should you change your razor blade? If you have a heavy beard, every time you shave. However, if your whiskers are less coarse, you may get away with several shaves per blade. Any more than that and you're risking a nicked face. What to do if you prepare your face, change blades often and still can't get a really clean shave? Alla Katkov, a facialist at the Miano/Viél Salon in New York, suggests using moisturizer to soften the whiskers. A non-oily product, such as Chanel Antaeus Soothing Moisture Balm, is best for men with oily skin, whereas Aveda's Calming Nutrients, bottled vitamin E or vegetable oil works well for men with dry skin. You need only a small amount. Rub it over your wet, clean beard, apply shaving cream and shave as usual, going with the grain. Leave your upper lip and chin for last, as these whiskers are the coarsest and benefit from extra soaking time. Finish by splashing your face repeatedly with cool water to rinse off the residue and to tighten the skin.

Prefer the simplicity of an electric shaver? You'll need dry whiskers to do the job right. First, wash your face. Then towel-dry it thoroughly and shave with a light touch. Norelco's new electric razors are designed to give a close shave without irritation, providing you don't press too hard. Furthermore, several of its latest models, such as the 985RX, can be adjusted to your skin type and beard density. Wahl in Sterling, Illinois manufactures a Custom Shave System with three interchangeable foil heads that allow you to pick the closeness you want. Remington has just introduced the Triple Foil Micro Screen shaver featuring three floating cutters that automatically adjust to the contours of your face. Finally, even if you're a dedicated blade shaver, it's a good idea to keep an electric razor, such as Norelco's Speedrazor, in your desk drawer for afternoon touch-ups.

Bearded men have it easier. If you fit that bill, all you need to do is wash your facial hair (with mild shampoo, not body soap), pat it dry with a towel and use a wide-tooth comb to keep it neat. Periodically, you'll need a trim. You can do this with scissors and comb or an electric cutter such as Wahl's Groomsman Beard and Mustache Trimmer.

Scent of a man: The purpose of after-shaves is to soothe the skin, close the pores and heal the face. Some guys like the crisp kiss of an alcohol-based after-shave, but it's kinder to your face to use an alcohol-free type such as Kiehl's Ultimate Men's After Shave All-Day Moisturizer, Terme di Saturnia's Rationale Intercept Complex, Musgo Real's Gel with Glycerine or Gillette's After Shave Skin Conditioner.

Whereas after-shave is soothing, cologne on a freshly shaved face burns, so slap it on your shoulders and neck instead. To determine if a scent is right for you, try it on, applying a different scent to each of your forearms and allowing them to dry for about ten minutes before sniffing. Then continue to smell the scent over the next four hours—that's how long it will take for the cologne to fuse with your skin's chemistry. Our favorites include Calvin Klein's Obsession, Escape for Men, Paloma Picasso's Minotaure, Joop!, Davidoff's Cool Water and Zino, Aspen, Chanel's Pour Monsieur, Guerlain's Héritage, Drakkar Noir by Guy Laroche, Brut and Nautica.

The skin game: Despite the hype, moisturizers aren't antiwrinkle creams or beauty lotions. They're simply products that trap valuable moisture lost either to controlled indoor temperatures or outdoor environmental factors. In fact, according to New York dermatologist Nelson Lee Novick, moisturizing is one of the most important requirements for healthy-looking skin. To avoid irritation, Novick points out that the product you choose should be free of fragrance, nongreasy and should not encourage acne. Look for moisturizers that do double duty on your face and body, such as Aveda's Botanical Kinetics Hydrating Lotion, St. Ives Swiss Formula Essential Moisturizer and Nature's Gel Moisturing Lotion. Good facial moisturizers include Kiehl's Men's Soothing Nourishing Face Cream or the Body Shop's Mostly Men Face Protector. There are also eye creams, such as Issima Eyeserum from Guerlain, that smooth lines, relieve puffiness and dryness and protect against the sun.

Speaking of sun protection, don't leave home without it. Novick suggests applying a waterproof, PABA-free product with a sun-protection factor between 25 and 30. Anything with an SPF over 30 may have too many chemicals and be too greasy for comfort. Among the products that have received the Skin Cancer Foundation Seal of Recommendation are Clarins Sun Care Cream, Vaseline Face Sunblock Cream and Pre Sun's Moisturizing Sunscreen. Body Glove's Professional Sports Formula Everyday Sunblock is endorsed by the American Melanoma Foundation.

One way to have a golden tan without baking your body is to use a self-tanning cream. There are lots of them out there, including Sunless Tanning Gel from Aloe Up, Sunless Tanning Spray from Neutrogena Glow and Self Tan Creme from Dorian. Whatever brand you choose, we advise using a sloughing cream, such as Dorian's Exfoliating Scrub, before you apply the self-tanner. That way you'll get rid of dead skin and avoid a streaky look. Also, remember to wash the palms of your hands after you apply the lotion or they, too, will have a tan. *(concluded on page 224)*

Where & How to Buy on page 231.

PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE STANHOPE HOTEL, NEW YORK, NY

Sri Lanka Position *(continued from page 160)*

"Fischbein closed his eyes and put the full intensity of his soul into the Thrust of Oneness."

certain prosaic unwillingness to make ontological leaps. Bad signs, these: The buccaneer on the highways and byways of life, the swaggering condottiere, must take care not to saddle himself with an unimaginative, unadventurous woman.

"My God!" Gwen cried suddenly. She grasped Fischbein's right wrist tensely. "Play that part again, Barry."

Fischbein rewound and played the tape back left-handed.

"I don't believe it," Gwen muttered. "Fantastic! Absolutely fantastic! Barry, where did you get this thing?"

He shrugged. "My usual scholarly sources." The tape was coming to an end. The swami offered his final, incomprehensible thoughts on the erotic path to enlightenment. "Really something, *nezpah*?"

"Incredible. Could ordinary human beings possibly do things like that, though?" Gwen said after a moment.

"What do you say we give it a shot?" Fischbein asked.

•

They made charts first, laying it all out on Fischbein's computer. Gwen was an art director for one of the big agencies; she knew all the tricks of the graphics software. He ran the video, frame by frame, and she blocked things out. It took hours, and by then it was past midnight, much too late to run any actual experiments. Fischbein was due at the office at half past eight to take depositions in an effluents-getting-into-the-town-marina thing.

The next night they arranged the printouts in sequence on the floor and walked through them in a kind of pantomime, acting out the fundamental twists and turns.

At first it all seemed impossible to do for anyone who wasn't double-jointed or hadn't been trained for it from childhood. But gradually they began to see that it just might be doable. They were both highly motivated people, and athletic, besides: Gwen was an aerobics fanatic, Fischbein put in an hour or two of racquetball just about every day. And she was as eager to make things happen here as he was. He liked that. Maybe his initial high evaluation of her hadn't been a mistake after all.

Pushing back the living-room furniture, they stripped and then settled down on his thick Kirghiz rug for a few trial runs.

Slowly and carefully they maneuvered themselves into the preliminary postures, carefully twisting leg A around hip B and bending arm C to interlock with thigh D. Fischbein was surprised to discover that, though their naked bodies were in contact in some unusual places, it wasn't sexy. What was going on seemed austere and intellectual, not erotic in the least.

The sexy part will come later, Fischbein told himself, when we stop being so self-conscious about whether we are bending at the proper angles and can just relax and get into the artha and dharma and moksha of it all. This is just rehearsal, putz!

"Are we on the right track, do you think?" Gwen asked a strenuous hour later.

"Unquestionably," Fischbein replied. They had run through the moves a dozen times, reaching higher levels of complexity on each round.

"Shall we go for it, then?" She sprawled out on the carpet, grinning wickedly, and assumed the position of initial receptivity.

Fischbein was certain then that he loved her.

He dropped down beside her and slid his left arm along her shoulder blade, twisting it so that his hand reached to her hip. She raised her right leg until it pointed ceilingward and deftly brought it down across his waist. He turned, then, presenting his left shoulder to her right armpit, and she flexed her body to bring the all-important yoni area within reach of his lingam. Everything depended now on the final series of pivots, a grueling chain of gestures that, if executed properly, would throw their bodies into a double-hoop configuration that would make it possible for him, with a single glorious lunge, to unite their flesh and send them both into a paroxysm of——

"Yes!" Gwen cried throatily. "Do it, love! Do it!"

Fischbein closed his eyes and put the full intensity of his soul into the Thrust of Oneness.

Yes! Yes! Connection was achieved! Triumph was theirs! The sensation of supreme ecstasy would soon——

But Fischbein, bent double or even triple on his living-room floor, felt nothing but savage pain running along his spine from the nape of his neck to his calves. Desperately he struggled to untangle his coiled body from itself before he died of sheer agony. Something else felt strange. Gwen wasn't there. He was all alone, grasping only empty air. She had disappeared, somehow. And then, a moment later, he realized that he was no longer on his living-room floor or anywhere else in his apartment. He became aware that he had disappeared, too.

•

He was stark naked on some darkling plain. The sky was green, with shining streaks of blood-red light spurting across it. An unrelenting wind blew. Giant ribbed columns, black and glossy, rose above him, bending and meeting far up in the sky. Thick, loathsome strips of puckered yellow flesh, like the rubbery skin of an enormous bird from which the feathers had been plucked, dangled down from the columns to form a hideous tent.

"You bastards!" Fischbein bellowed. "Where am I? What have you done to me? I'll sue your fucking asses from here to Calcutta!"

Struggling against the wind, he approached the tent and gingerly peered through its flaps. A bulging green eye peered back at him. Fischbein saw spidery tendrils moving behind it, and a mesh of fine bristly coils glowing like fire. He closed the flap fast.

I've gone out of my mind, he thought. Maybe taking those positions put too much strain on my spinal column and I had a stroke or something, and now I'm lost in my hallucinations.

After a moment he lifted the tent flap again. The eye was still there. The tendrils stirred unpleasantly.

Fischbein trembled. He was tough, a buccaneer and a condottiere and all that, but he depended on his mind in order to make his way through the harsh and brutal world, and if his mind was gone, he was in deep shit, indeed.

"Gwen?" he muttered. "Gwen, can you hear me? Everything looks crazy to me, Gwen. Help me. Help me, Gwen!"

No answer. Things got even worse. A rain of white radiance descended. The air seemed to palpitate and sob. Beneath him the ground went taut like a blanket pulled from four sides at once. Hairy tendrils began to emerge from the tent.

Fischbein turned and ran for his life. The smart condottiere knows when to retreat.

After a time he looked back. The eye thing didn't seem to be following. He didn't dare stop running, though.

"Sue your asses," he muttered over and over. "Six torts from Sunday, you negligent Hindu cocksuckers."

Finally Fischbein was exhausted. He

"No kidding—you're really a yeti?"

dropped down on a bed of hot sand, gasping and quivering. Somewhere along the way, he realized, the sun had risen. It was a red sun, a purple sky. He was in a vast, empty desert. The heat was unthinkable and the air seemed aflame. It shimmered and trembled.

Red sun? Purple sky? Had the peculiar contortions of the Sri Lanka Position somehow transported him through hyperspace to an alien world, or was he simply trapped within the ruins of his destroyed mind? Either way, he felt like crying.

The first matter to decide was whether or not this place was real. If he had gone nuts, he had less to worry about. He was probably really under sedation in some hospital right now. But if this place actually happened to exist, he would have to start thinking about finding shelter from the merciless sun, a source of fresh water, something he could eat and so on.

Fischbein knelt and scooped up a handful of sand. It was so hot it stung his skin. That felt real, all right.

But he remembered enough of his college philosophy courses to understand that the illusory perception of hot sand could well seem to burn the illusory perception of the hand that was holding it, without telling you a single useful thing about the actualities of the universe. Still and all, something about the texture of the sand and the clarity with which he was perceiving the red sun, the purple sky, the golden dunes, led him to think that he was really here, that he and Gwen had tied themselves into so extreme a bowknot that they had popped themselves right out of the familiar space-time continuum into—well, God only knew where.

The landscape changed, though only slightly: It was still empty of trees and everything else, but now there was the hint of hills on the horizon. He was starting to get used to the heat. It would have been nice to have some sunscreen, though, naked as he was under that blast-furnace sun.

What about food? Fischbein saw scraggly little vinelike things with air bladders along their stems, something like shore-growing seaweed, clinging to the dunes. He nibbled on one. It tasted like seaweed, too, kind of like iodine, and left a hint of moisture in his mouth. Maybe he could survive on it until he found something better.

"Gwen?" he called now and then. "Gwen, are you here somewhere?"

Of all the miserable shit, he thought.

Was this going to be his life from now on? Slogging in solitude over fiery dunes in his birthday suit, nibbling on iodine-tasting weeds, all on account of the fucking Sri Lanka Position?

Fischbein cursed the day he ever had succumbed to the idea that sex was worth bothering about.

He caught some small sand animal in the dunes, a kind of furry crab, and with a certain degree of effort managed to eat it. Later he found some more of the seaweedish stuff, and still later another crab. The distant hills began to look bigger. The sun went down, finally, and he curled up against a dune and managed a couple of hours of rotten sleep despite the streaks of searing red light that kept coursing across the green night sky.

A couple of days went by and nothing got any better. It all feels realer and realer, Fischbein thought, plodding onward to nowhere in particular. He spent hours composing the texts of sizzling legal documents, filing suit in his mind for negligence, willful physical harm, bodily assault, personal trespass, fraud and misrepresentation, violation of constitutional rights and civil liberties, tortuous marketing of ultrahazardous risks, and sexual harassment. He would file suit in New York, New Delhi, Sri Lanka, in every place on Earth where that video was sold, and here in hyperspace as well, if he could figure out who had jurisdiction. He'd sue the swami, the company that made and sold the cassette, the writer of the ad copy, the magazine that had published the ad, his barber, the manufacturer of his VCR and maybe Gwen. He would——

Suddenly Fischbein spied a figure on the horizon waving to him out of the shimmering heat waves. Frantically, Fischbein waved back.

"Gwen?" he called. His voice was a hoarse, rusty croak. "Gwen, is that you? Oh, thank God, Gwen, Gwen——"

He ran forward in leaps and bounds. Then he came to an abrupt halt, muttering angry curses.

Not Gwen, no. A man. A naked man. He had found the only other human being on this wretched, forlorn planet, and it was a man. With a blue-and-red tattoo on his arm, no less.

•

They sized each other up at a distance of ten yards or so.

"Cal Anderson," the other said. "Los Angeles." He was big and rangy, deeply tanned, with bulgy weight-lifter muscles. Probably a bit-part player in cop shows on television.

"Barry Fischbein. West 16th Street."

"Is that in New York?"

"New York, yes. How long have you been here?"

A shrug. "Too long. Weeks. Feels like years."

"You were doing that goddamned sex video," Fischbein said, "and suddenly you were here."

Color came to Anderson's cheeks. "How do you know that?"

A dope, Fischbein thought. Just the two of us marooned in this fucking place and I don't even get somebody interesting to talk to.

"*Res ipsa loquitur*," he said. "The thing is obvious. How else could you have gotten here? One minute you're lying there with your girlfriend, all knotted up together in the Sri Lanka Position, and then poof! You're on Mars. Or wherever we are. Have you seen anyone else since you've been here?"

"You're the third one."

So we will have a class-action suit, Fischbein thought. "Where are the other two now?"

"Gone," Anderson said. "They did the position with each other and vanished. I guess they got back to Earth. I've been all by myself since they went. But at last I have a chance of getting out of here, thank God."

"What do you mean, a chance of getting out of here? I don't see any women around here for you to do the position with."

"There aren't any," Anderson said. "I told you there was no one here but me. But now you're here. It occurs to me that maybe we can work something out." He beckoned Fischbein with upraised fingertips. "Come over here and lie down."

"Wait a second," Fischbein said, horrified. "I don't do that sort of stuff."

"You think I do? But what choice do we have? Do you want to fry in this place forever?"

Fischbein didn't move. "Some set of alternatives."

"For the sake of getting home, you could force yourself to have a little contact with male flesh, couldn't you?" Anderson asked. "I've already thought this thing through and I've reconciled myself to it. You ought to be able to do the same."

"We could wait for more women to show up," Fischbein suggested.

"More women? There haven't been any women here. The other two were guys. Women seem to go to a different place."

So that's what happened to Gwen, Fischbein thought.

He said hopefully, "Maybe one will come here, though. Sooner or later. We just have to wait."

"Fat chance. But if one does show up, let me tell you this: I get her. You can wait for the one after that." Anderson looked like someone who could make that threat stand up, too. "You could wait a long time."

(continued on page 218)

PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE BASKETBALL PREVIEW

watch the hardwood, hoops fans: the college game is on the run

sports by Gary Cole

COLLEGE BASKETBALL is play for play and game for game the most exciting sport around, especially when March madness approaches. If the fine-tuning made by the NCAA rules committee this past off-season has the desired effect, disclaimers may have to be posted warning people with high blood pressure or weak hearts to stay away.

The shot clock has been shortened in college play from 45 to 35 seconds, a move that should speed up the end of games and give an edge to teams that run on offense and press and trap on defense. Also, the clock will automatically stop after every basket in the last minute of the game and each overtime, thus eliminating the need for teams to call frequent time-outs simply to control the clock. Finally, the five-second player-possession-while-guarded rule has been eliminated.

Before you complain about the rules committee messing with an already successful college game formula, remember that these are the same guys who had the smarts to put the three-point shot into college ball a few years ago. That rule change put a reborn emphasis on finesse, catapulted the skilled small man into the middle of the action and paved the way for countless last-minute heroics.

Before any more time runs off our shot clock, let's take a fast break through the world of college basketball for the coming season and see if we can discern who's going to be good and, of course, who's going to be best.

ATLANTIC COAST

I hope you're not tired of hearing about the champion **North Carolina** Tar Heels, because the best has become better. Former Playboy Coach of the Year Dean Smith has a chance to hang back-to-back national championship banners, not only because four super starters and three strong bench players are returning from last season's 34–4 squad but also because he has recruited three of the top freshman prospects in the nation. The centerpiece of this team is Playboy All-America center Eric Montross, whose dramatic improvement during the past season was a key to the Tar Heels' success. With Montross in the middle and Brian Reese and Derrick Phelps executing the traps, this year's Carolina defense will be as strong as last year's, despite the graduation of forward George Lynch. Freshmen Jerry Stackhouse (6'6"), Rasheed Wallace (6'10") and Jeff McInnis (6'4"), despite all their talent, will probably get a dose of Smith's philosophy of "limited playing time" early in the season. Down the road at Durham, coach Mike Krzyzewski and the **Duke** Blue Devils will find out what life is like without Bobby Hurley, the team's floor general through two national championships. Chris Collins, son of former NBA star Doug, will need all his father's genes to fill Hurley's role. Playboy All-America Grant Hill, slowed by an injury for part of last season, should have a big year. Antonio Lang and Cherokee Parks must play big under the boards if Duke is to make it to its seventh Final Four in nine years. **Georgia Tech** played on a roller coaster at the end of last season, soaring as it surprised first Duke (69–66) and finally North Carolina (77–75) to win the ACC tournament, and then plummeting against Southern in the first round of the tournament. Coach Bobby Cremins then decided to take a coaching job at South Carolina but returned to the fold out of loyalty to his players—and pretty good players they are. James Forrest, the ACC tourney MVP and a muscular 6'8", can play well under the basket as well as pop out to hit the three. Left-handed point guard Travis Best, along with Drew Barry, Martice Moore and three-point threat Fred Vinson, will add sting to the Yellow Jackets' attack. **Virginia** returns four starters from its 21-win squad but will find it tough to move up in this strong conference. Cory Alexander (18.8 points per game) and Junior Burrough (14.6) are coach Jeff Jones' best players. **Clemson** 6'10" junior center Sharone Wright (15.9 ppg and 10.5 rebounds per game) only figures to get stronger. Coach Cliff Ellis will have problems replacing graduated point guard Chris Whitney, who led the Tigers in assists and three-point shooting. **Florida State's** younger players will have to develop quickly if the team is to equal last season's 25-win, Elite Eight performance. Playboy All-America Bob Sura will lead the Seminoles in points and intensity. Coach Pat Kennedy will again keep his fingers crossed that Charlie Ward, a Playboy

With four starters returning and one of the best recruiting classes in the nation, it should be no sweat for coach Dean Smith and the North Carolina Tar Heels to repeat as national collegiate champs.

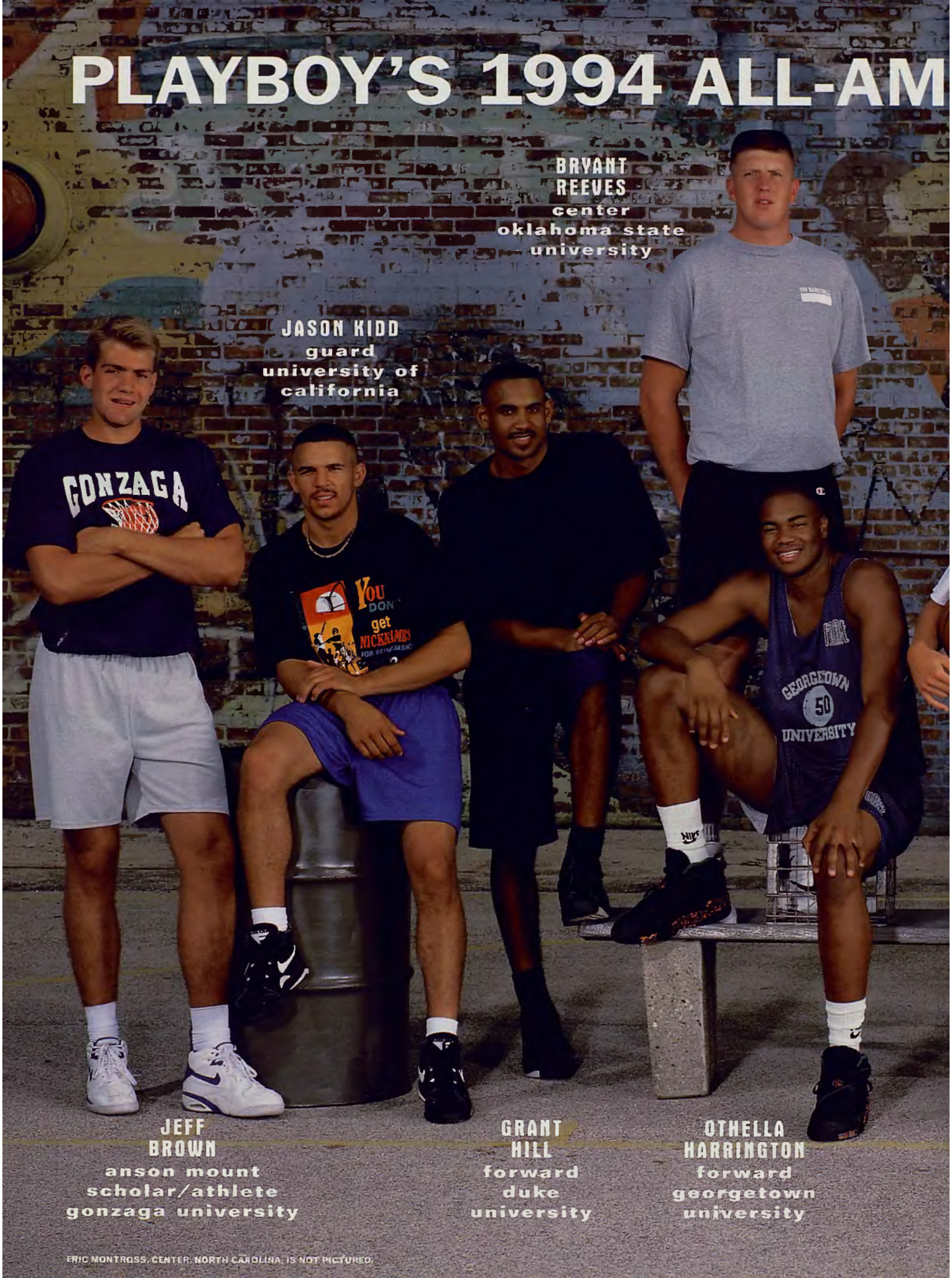
PLAYBOY'S TOP 25

1. NORTH CAROLINA	13. KANSAS
2. DUKE	14. GEORGETOWN
3. KENTUCKY	15. CONNECTICUT
4. ARKANSAS	16. MINNESOTA
5. INDIANA	17. SYRACUSE
6. TEMPLE	18. UCLA
7. WISCONSIN	19. ILLINOIS
8. MICHIGAN	20. MASSACHUSETTS
9. CALIFORNIA	21. ARIZONA
10. LOUISVILLE	22. BOSTON COLLEGE
11. OKLAHOMA STATE	23. ARIZONA STATE
12. CINCINNATI	24. GEORGIA TECH
	25. IOWA STATE

POSSIBLE BREAKTHROUGHS: Providence, Texas, Louisiana State, Purdue, Missouri, Seton Hall, Virginia, Tulane, Memphis State, UNLV, George Washington, Illinois—Chicago.

For a complete conference-by-conference listing of the predicted final standings, see pages 200–201.

PLAYBOY'S 1994 ALL-AM



BRYANT REEVES
center
oklahoma state university

JASON KIDD
guard
university of california

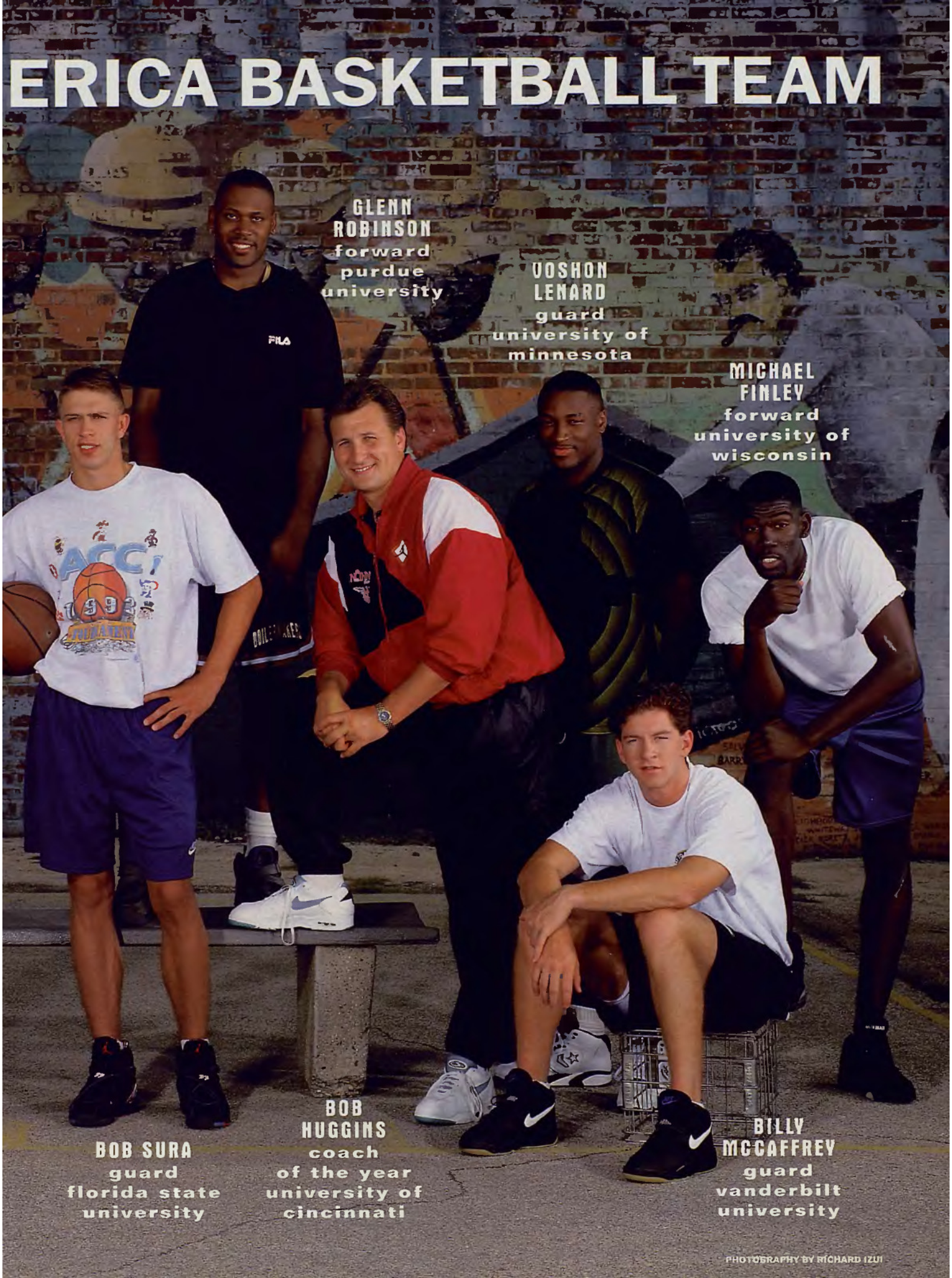
JEFF BROWN
anson mount
scholar/athlete
gonzaga university

GRANT HILL
forward
duke university

OTHELLA HARRINGTON
forward
georgetown university

ERIC MONTROSS, CENTER, NORTH CAROLINA, IS NOT PICTURED.

ERICA BASKETBALL TEAM



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

THE PLAYBOY ALL-AMERICAS

PLAYBOY's College Basketball Coach of the Year is *BOB HUGGINS* of the University of Cincinnati. Intense, competitive and inspirational, Huggins has developed a reputation as the basketball coach for overachievers, always able to assemble a team greater than the sum of its parts. His career coaching record is 262–108; at Cincinnati it is 94–36. Two years ago he guided the Bearcats to the Final Four. Last season, after the team lost its top two scorers to graduation (and missed another starter for 11 games), Cincinnati finished 27–5 with only an overtime loss to eventual national champion North Carolina keeping the Bearcats from making another trip to the Final Four. Our congratulations to Coach Huggins and to the rest of the Playboy All-Americas.

***ERIC MONTROSS*—Center, 7', senior, North Carolina. Center for the defending national champs, Eric made the Final Four All-Tournament Team, All-Atlantic Coast Conference and the John Wooden All-America Team. A two-time Playboy All-America.**

***BRYANT REEVES*—Center, 7', junior, Oklahoma State. Big Eight Player of the Year as a sophomore. Averaged 19.5 points and 10 rebounds per game.**

***OTHELLA HARRINGTON*—Forward, 6'10", sophomore, Georgetown. Big East Rookie of the Year last season. Another in the Hoyas' history of dominant big men (Ewing, Mutombo, Mourning).**

***MICHAEL FINLEY*—Forward, 6'7", junior, Wisconsin. All-Big Ten selection last season, he led his team in scoring (22.1 ppg), rebounding (5.8 rpg) and three-point field goals (63).**

***GLENN ROBINSON*—Forward, 6'8", junior, Purdue. Led the Big Ten in scoring with 25.5 ppg. Placed ninth overall in scoring in NCAA. Made John Wooden All-America Team as the nation's top newcomer.**

***GRANT HILL*—Forward, 6'8", senior, Duke. Averaged 18.2 ppg and 6.5 rebounds. For his career, he has already scored 1301 points, has 276 assists and 145 steals. A two-time Playboy All-America.**

***BILLY MCCAFFREY*—Guard, 6'4", senior, Vanderbilt. Southeastern Conference Co-Player of the Year last season. Led his team with 20.6 ppg average. Shot 55.3 percent from the field, 51.2 percent from three-point range, 87 percent from the free-throw line.**

***VOSHON LENARD*—Guard, 6'4", junior, Minnesota. Most Valuable Player of the NIT with 19.8 ppg. Led his team in scoring for the season (17.1 ppg). Has 109 career three-pointers.**

***BOB SURA*—Guard, 6'5", junior, Florida State. Averaged 20 points and 6.3 rebounds per game last season, and totaled 92 assists.**

***JASON KIDD*—Guard, 6'4", sophomore, California. Named National Freshman of the Year by *Sporting News*, *USA Today* and *Basketball Weekly*. Led the Pac Ten Conference in assists with 222 (7.7 per game) and steals (110). Averaged 13 ppg.**

REST OF THE BEST

***GUARDS:* Jalen Rose (Michigan), Derek Anderson (Ohio State), Shawn Respert (Michigan State), Erwin Claggett (St. Louis), Eric Piatkowski (Nebraska), Lawrence Moten (Syracuse), Steve Edwards (Miami), Tony Dumas (Missouri–K.C.), Kenny Williams (Illinois–Chicago), Khalid Reeves (Arizona), Stevin Smith (Arizona State), Wesley Person (Auburn), Aaron McKie (Temple), Bernard Blunt (St. Joseph's), Donald Williams (North Carolina), Travis Best (Georgia Tech), Lester Lyons (East Carolina), Johnny Murdock (Southwest Missouri State).**

***FORWARDS:* David Vaughn (Memphis State), Jevon Crudup (Missouri), Bill Curley (Boston College), Donyell Marshall (Connecticut), Monty Williams (Notre Dame), Kendrick Warren (Virginia Commonwealth), Lamond Murray (California), Ed O'Bannon (UCLA), Scotty Thurman and Corliss Williamson (Arkansas), Eddie Jones (Temple), James Forrest (Georgia Tech), Juwan Howard (Michigan), Deon Thomas (Illinois), Jerwaughn Scales (Southern), Brian Grant (Xavier), Clifford Rozier (Louisville), Gary Trent (Ohio), Arturas Karnishovas (Seton Hall).**

***CENTERS:* Shawnelle Scott (St. John's), Constantin Popa (Miami), Yinka Dare (George Washington), Cherokee Parks (Duke), Sharone Wright (Clemson), Carlos Rogers (Tennessee State).**

All-America quarterback for FSU, makes it through the football season unscathed. **Wake Forest** will be without Rodney Rogers, who went to the NBA a year early. Randolph Childress (19 ppg) can pick up some, but not all, of the slack. **Maryland** will be talented but young. Coach Gary Williams could start four sophomores and a freshman. Guard Johnny Rhodes and freshman Keith Booth will be heard from.

ATLANTIC TEN

With six of eight teams qualifying for postseason play last year, the Atlantic Ten again demonstrated that it is one of the strongest hoops conferences in the nation. **Temple** muddled along last season, at one point being no better than 10–10 in February. But Coach John Chaney's skill and patience paid off at season's end as the Owls finished in a flurry and fought their way to the West Regional Final before losing to

Two-time Playboy All-America Eric Montross agoin leads the NCAA champion North Corolino Tor Heels into battle.

Michigan. With all five starters returning, Chaney may not have to wait as long this year. Aaron McKie (20.6 ppg) and Eddie Jones (17 ppg) will again do most of the scoring. **Massachusetts** must replace two of its top three shooters from its 24-win team of last season. But coach John Calipari landed what may be his best recruiting class yet, including 6'11" forward-center Marcus Camby. The Minutemen will get balanced double-digit scoring from returning veterans Lou Roe and Mike Williams. **George Washington** features some exotic names and basketball talent to match. Sophomore Yinka Dare

(continued on page 188)

"Has your body no respect for jet lag?"

SEX
STARS
1993
ANNA NICOLE SMITH
PLAYBOY's pick

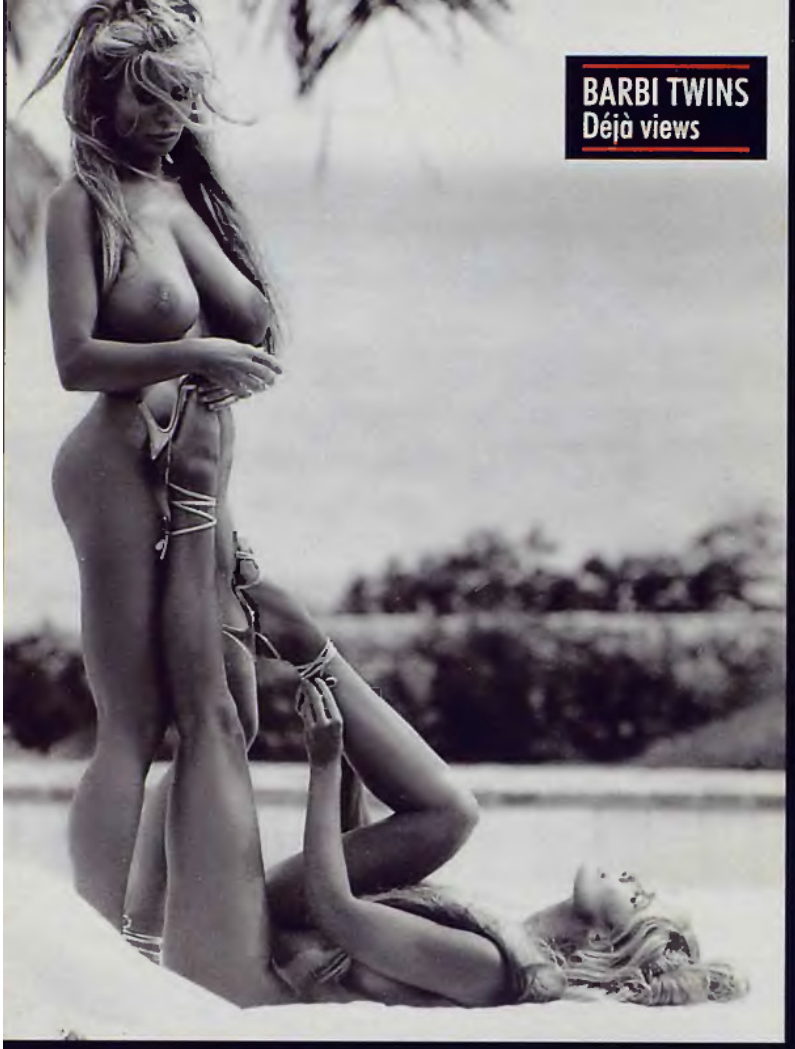
IT WAS A ROUSING YEAR FOR MODELS AND MISCHIEF

JANET JACKSON
Cover girl

MADONNA
Mint condition

text by JIM HARWOOD Funny thing about the Sex Stars of 1993: Most of them are female. Sure, the guys—**Tom Cruise, Harrison Ford, Clint Eastwood**—bring in the big box-office numbers, but they largely limit themselves to action outside the boudoir, leaving it to the femmes to send our hormones raging. A few years back, the actresses we heard about were mostly cool customers—pre–*Fatal Attraction* **Glenn Close, Meryl Streep** and the like. This year **Madonna, Sharon Stone** and **Janet Jackson,** Sex Stars extraordinaire, monopolized the airwaves and magazine covers and, in brazen defiance of those old rules about women's earning power being lower than men's, raked in the big bucks as well. Janet's *Rolling Stone* cover certainly emphasized her sexual image. At first glance, she *(text concluded on page 182)*

ON THE MONEY:
Now cashing in are Anna Nicole Smith, Playmate of the Year, actress and Guess model; Janet Jackson, singer, *Rolling Stone* cover girl and star of *Poetic Justice*; and Madonna, with a megadollar deal.



BARBI TWINS
Déjà views

PAMELA ANDERSON
Surfer's up

DIAN PARKINSON
Priceless treasure

DARYL HANNAH
A JFK landing

SHARON STONE
Cash drawer

RHONDA SHEAR
Night watcher

FABIO
Cover boy

WHITE HEAT: In Sex Star land, blondes still have more fun. Take the Barbi twins, with their calendars and PLAYBOY appearances. Playmate Pamela Anderson has quit *Home Improvement* to devote more time to *Baywatch*; Dian Parkinson has left her *Price Is Right* gig and made a Playboy Celebrity Centerfold video. Daryl Hannah will say "I do" to America's crown prince, John F. Kennedy, Jr.; sizzling Sharon Stone is up to seven-figure salaries per film; Rhonda Shear hosts cable's *Up All Night* show; and Fabio is the hunk on an estimated 55 million romance-novel covers.

ERIKA ELENIAK
Hot hillbilly

DREW BARRYMORE
Great genes in jeans

CINDY CRAWFORD
Gere's dear

HOLLYWOOD CALLING: We knew she had the makings of a star: Miss July 1989, Erika Eleniak, moved on from television's *Baywatch* to a major rale in the movie *Under Siege*. Now she's featured on the big screen again, as Elly May in *The Beverly Hillbillies*.

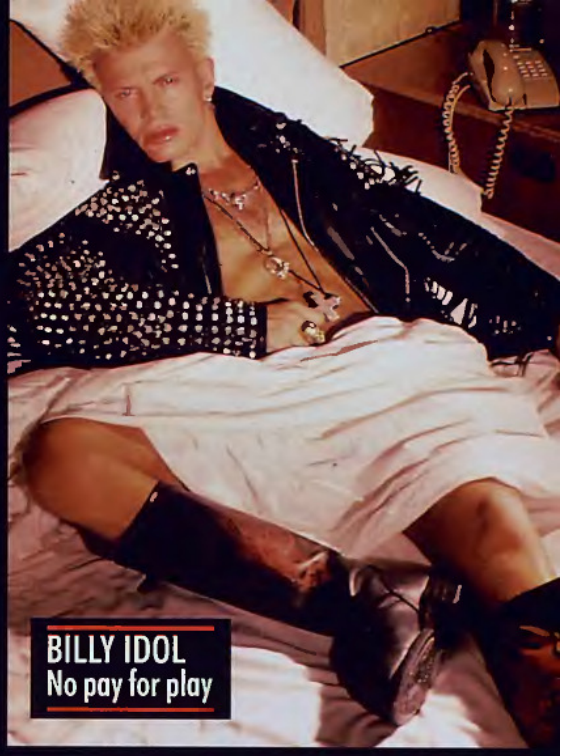
KATE MOSS
Cal's gal

MODEL MANIA: Drew Barrymore, from America's first acting dynasty, makes movies and Guess ads; Cindy Crawford tends to hubby Richard Gere and her career; Kate Moss stars in Calvin Klein ads, while Naomi Campbell plans to wed U2's Adam Clayton. Incredibly, despite her *Sports Illustrated* fame, Elle Macpherson says she "always had a problem with bathing suits."

ELLE MACPHERSON
Beauty on the beach

NAOMI CAMPBELL
Adam's intended

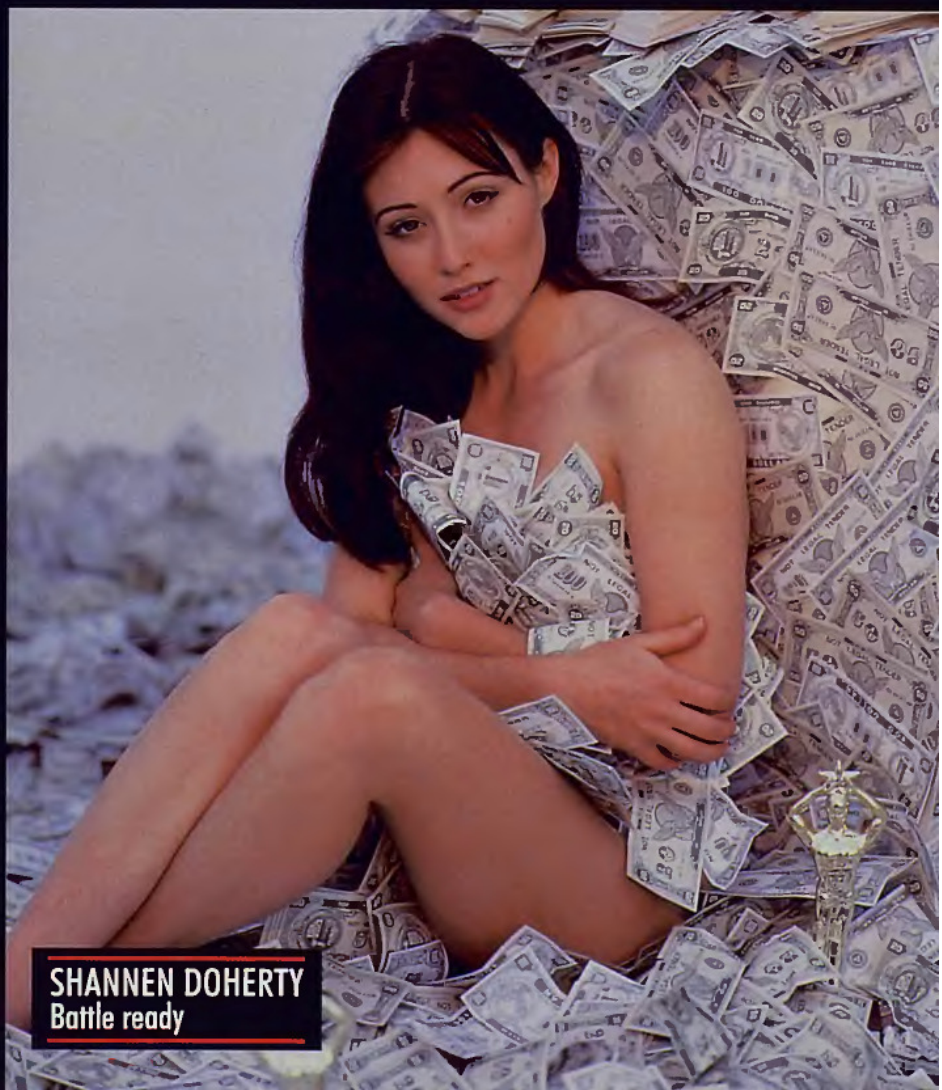
HEIDI FLEISS
Call her madam



BILLY IDOL
No pay for play

TROUBLEMAKERS: Hollywood trembled this summer as alleged madam-to-the-stars Heidi Fleiss hinted she might tell all. Her pal Billy Idol stressed that he, for one, never paid for sex. If half the rumors are true, Italian model Carla Bruni has been busy: She has reportedly come between Donald Trump and Marla Maples, Mick Jagger and Jerry Hall and Monaco's Prince Albert and model Claudia Schiffer. Trouble, if not money, sticks to Shannen (*Beverly Hills 90210*) Doherty, whose name keeps showing up in reports of bar brawls and overdrafts. And onetime church secretary Jessica Hahn, whose revelations toppled televangelist Jim Bakker, stars in a top-selling (number two on *Billboard*'s charts) Playboy video.

CARLA BRUNI
Middlewoman



SHANNEN DOHERTY
Battle ready

JESSICA HAHN
Video vavoom

looked like one of those many-limbed Indian goddesses, but the extra pair of hands—strategically covering her shapely breasts—turned out to belong to her longtime boyfriend, Rene Elizondo, who helped the hype along by telling interviewer David Ritz that Jackson's new album, *janet*, "is so hot it should have come with a condom."

Madonna, the planet's greatest practitioner of hype, is laughing en route to the bank at critics and moviegoers who shunned her steamy performance in *Body of Evidence*; it soared up the chart when released on video.

As for Stone, she's now at the top of Hollywood's "most wanted" list. "I earned this," she insisted to *Vanity Fair*. "I didn't come out here and say I was the greatest actress in the world right out of the chute. When I got here I was 21 and looked 16 and had this voice and this attitude. The best slot people felt that they could put me in was the bimbo slot."

Ah, yes, the bimbo slot—the ultimate obscenity. Male or female, our Sex Stars will tolerate almost anything except that sobriquet. Happily, they're now given time to establish themselves, often not getting their first big break until they're past 30. Stone is 35, **Melanie Griffith,** 36, **Michelle Pfeiffer,** 36, Madonna, 35, **Geena Davis,** 36, **Emma Thompson,** 34—the list goes on until such sweet young things as 26-year-old **Julia Roberts** are almost the exception.

Annoyingly, the men go on forever. At the age of 63, Eastwood knocked out another action hit, *In the Line of Fire*, on the heels of last year's *Unforgiven*, while **Sean Connery,** also 63, gets sexier as he grows older, according to the polls. (One group voted him the sexiest man alive, prompting Connery to wonder how many dead people are sexy.)

What, besides age, makes a fellow a Sex Star these days? Maybe bad hair. That's the message most of us got when lovely Julia Roberts eloped with country singer **Lyle Lovett**—our vote for Most Improbable Sex Star of the Century. No surprise, though, was the news that **John F. Kennedy, Jr.** and **Daryl Hannah,** after traipsing through tabloids and tropics, would wed—even though he'd claimed as recently as early August that they were "just friends."

Hair was, as a matter of fact, apparent in the thoughts of our Sex Stars of 1993. Stone informed us, via that *Vanity Fair* story, that little girls draw pubic hair on their Barbie dolls. And we still don't quite understand supermodel **Cindy Crawford's** explanation of bikini waxing in PLAYBOY this past April.

Debating the follies of follicles ranked second, however, to the gossip about Hollywood marriages on the rocks. (More bulletins are expected if and when the little black book of alleged madam-to-the-stars **Heidi Fleiss** is opened to the public.)

Biggest surprise this year was the collapse of the **Burt Reynolds–Loni Anderson** union, with Burt reportedly drowning his sorrows in the arms of Tampa Bay bar manager **Pam Seals. Mr. and Mrs. Ted Danson** and **Mr. and Mrs. Bill MacDonald** also called it quits, the missuses blaming **Whoopi Goldberg** and Sharon Stone, respectively, for the breakups. But **La Toya Jackson** has been standing by her man, husband and manager **Jack Gordon,** even though he allegedly beat her with a chair.

Jack Nicholson and ladylove **Rebecca Broussard,** mother of his son and daughter, have been off and on, romantically speaking, but Eastwood and his main squeeze, **Frances Fisher,** are happy parents of a baby girl. Daughters are definitely in: Cruise and **Nicole Kidman** adopted one (after canceling an earlier attempt when details leaked out), as did single mom Michelle Pfeiffer, who says she wants to be a full-time parent, at least for the time being. Even **Arnold Schwarzenegger** brags about sharing diapering and other child-care chores for his and **Maria Shriver's** growing brood.

Not all the newsmakers among this year's Sex Stars are likely to become parents. Included are such gender-benders as former hairdresser's helper **Jaye Davidson,** who was nominated for a Best Supporting Actor Oscar for playing a would-be woman in *The Crying Game*; writer-comic **Sandra Bernhard,** who has come out of the closet onstage so often that the hinges are coming loose; and the latest media darling, drag queen **RuPaul.** And after jumping out of country to the top of the pop charts, **k.d. lang** surprised many of her redneck fans by being an outspoken lesbian of the fun kind. She told *Vanity Fair*'s Leslie Bennetts, "Like a lot of women, I have a little bit of penis envy. Yeah, they're ridiculous, but they're cool."

Tina Turner expressed disdain for certain parts of the male anatomy, at least for the one that hangs from ex-husband **Ike.** "I really didn't like Ike's body. I don't give a damn how big his member was. I think that must have been very attractive to a lot of white women. He really was blessed, I must say, in that area."

However well-endowed the male Sex Stars may be, we're not seeing much of their endowment in the movies. **Mimi Rogers,** talking to PLAYBOY in March, had some naked truths to reveal on this subject: "Let's face it. Unless the actor's showing his dick, nobody really cares. Male nudity? What, we see his buns? And in a sexual context, it's really silly to see a dick on-screen because the dick is never doing the right thing. It's limp."

There are those (notably *Esquire*'s new publisher, **Alan Stiles**) who believe today's Sex Stars are to be found on fashion-show runways and in glossy magazine ads. "Models," Stiles proclaimed in the magazine's July issue, "have obtained both the celebrity aura and the tables in restaurants once reserved for famous actresses."

Sounds as if Stiles has been snubbed by a headwaiter, but he's right about the models. They're hot. For a while, with the ascendance of slender **Kate Moss** and **Kristen McMenamy** (of the mercurial eyebrows), the fashion world seemed headed back to the scrawny era of **Twiggy.** Thank the good Lord for **Anna Nicole Smith,** PLAYBOY's very own and very voluptuous Playmate of the Year, who fits spectacularly into the Guess jeans she represents. So spectacularly, in fact, that she was mobbed by an estimated 1500 Chinese admirers chanting "Anna, Anna, Anna" at an August autograph-signing session in Hong Kong. She was rescued by Hong Kong cops and a contingent of U.S. Marines. This being the Nineties, though, the leathernecks weren't dispatched to distant climes by a worried president. They just happened to be in the shopping mall at the time.

"It was crazy," Anna said afterward. But she does understand her appeal to the opposite sex: "Who wants to hug a skeleton?" Smith asked *USA Today*'s Tom Green shortly after winning the PLAYBOY title and completing shooting as **Tim Robbins'** girlfriend in *The Hudsucker Proxy*. Lucky Tim: All this and **Susan Sarandon,** too.

Among male models, the acknowledged monarch is **Fabio,** described by *People* as "an Italian superhunk." The guy who graces the covers of millions of romance novels, Fabio is becoming a one-*uomo* conglomerate with a fast-selling calendar, a record, a fan club, a line of health products and a 900 number as well as a role in the syndicated TV series *Acapulco H.E.A.T.*

Fabio tells his admirers they can build their own self-esteem by following his tripartite program of mind power, body power and humility. Well, whatever works—half of Hollywood seems to be involved in one or another kind of 12-step program. Small wonder they're the rage among Sex Stars, who even more than the rest of us are aware of the limits of shelf life: Hot stuff today is old news tomorrow. Stay tuned for the Sex Stars of 1994.

"Go upstairs? No, thank you, madam. The market was down 75 points today and this is all the relaxation I can afford."

BRANFORD MARSALIS

Even before "Tonight Show" bandleader Branford Marsalis joined Jay Leno to tuck in America each night, the saxophonist had found a wide audience for his talents. The oldest of six musical offspring born to New Orleans pianist Ellis Marsalis, he played in bands led by his brother, trumpeter Wynton, as well as by Art Blakey and Herbie Hancock. In 1985 he joined Sting in a controversial move that earned him the temporary enmity of the outspoken Wynton. In addition to releasing 11 albums under his own name, Branford has hosted a pop-music program on VH-1 and jazz series on both the Bravo Channel and National Public Radio. He played a leading on-screen role in Spike Lee's 1988 film "School Daze."

This past February, Marsalis won his first Grammy Award for the top-selling jazz-blues fusion "I Heard You Twice the First Time." A month earlier, he made headlines of a different sort when he was arrested for speeding on a visit to his hometown. That news didn't surprise Neil Tesser, who was a passenger as Marsalis drove—at nearly twice the speed limit—to the musician's temporary and barely furnished Beverly Hills house. Says Tesser: "We were supposed to start talking at seven P.M. *But Branford had tickets for the Clippers game, and after that he'd promised to sit in on a gig at a local club, so we actually began seven hours later, at two in the morning. At 33, Branford at times still seems like a teenager on top of the world, enjoying all his extracurricular activities before he settles into his homework."*

tv's premiere bandleader belts out his thoughts on music for seduction and the joy of sax, and hits some high notes about selling out jazz

1.

PLAYBOY: Your career has already found you in jazz and rock bands, in movies and now on TV. You've been successful in all of them. Are you a lucky guy?

MARSALIS: Fortunate, not lucky. Lucky is like some guy who plays a horn and can't blow his fucking nose. He looks up and is selling 4 million records. Vanilla Ice is luck. But our band plays well, so we've earned the right to be there. It was good fortune that Jay called us. I create my own fortune, in a way. These opportunities come, I take advantage of them and I don't screw them up. I think of myself as charmed. That's a fate I have nothing to do with.

2.

PLAYBOY: For a recent album, your brother Wynton joined you on *Cain and Abel*—apparently a reference to your public disagreements over musical direction. Which one are you?

MARSALIS: Take your pick, man. That was the whole intent. We were going to have a 900 number for people to vote who's Cain and who's Abel. Whoever they decided would be Cain would get to beat the fuck out of the other one on national television. We never got around to it, but it was a great idea.

3.

PLAYBOY: You have a reputation for being somewhat of a peacock. Do you think of yourself as vain?

MARSALIS: Vanity has a lot to do with how you perceive yourself. For most people, vanity is insecurity. I don't like insecure people, because they crave attention. The people I like don't crave attention at all. They want to look good, they're extremely smart and extremely learned. They know what they know—and they don't give a damn about anybody else. It's great to be around people like that. I'm a stickler for decorum and presentation. I really am cautious of my image and how I am perceived. Just last week, my mother-in-law was picking on my eating habits and she said, "One day you're going to look up and you're going to be a fat old man." And my ex-wife said, "Not him. He's too vain." And I am. I'm a vain son of a bitch.

4.

PLAYBOY: Do you like rap music?

MARSALIS: I love the beat. The words go by me—I don't know what the fuck's being said half the time. I think of it as entertainment. There are some really artistic elements to it, and some cats have done creative things in spite of the idiom itself. They call it rap music, but you can't talk to most of those guys about music. They talk all that shit about its being an art form, and then they say, "Well, we'd like to do more artistic stuff, but yo, man, we're going to give those kids what they want." That speaks for itself. I mean, is the job to make music or sell records?

5.

PLAYBOY: You play alto and soprano saxophones, but you call your main horn, the tenor sax, "the blackest of all instruments." Why?

MARSALIS: It's just soulful, man. You know, it reminds me of Son House, Willie Dixon, cats like that. It sounds like a soul singer. The shit you can do on a tenor, you can't do on an alto. I'm sorry, man. You have cats who can play the alto soulfully, but I just think there's an inherent sound in the tenor. That's why so many cats play it: They gravitate toward it. That horn is just dope, man. It's a great horn.

6.

PLAYBOY: You're bicoastal. How much do you miss New Orleans?

MARSALIS: It's a complex thing, man, the difference between being *from* a place and being *of* a place. I'm ecstatic, I'm happy as a sissy in a bathhouse, to be from New Orleans. The food is great, the peasant aesthetic is wonderful. In the rest of America and in most of the world, everybody aspires to be a rich man. New Orleans is the only city in the world where you see the richest man tie a rag around his head and dance in the street. But I could never live in New Orleans again. The South hasn't changed a lot, even though people keep saying it has. When you start getting into that shit, everybody gets mad at you: "You're trying to stir up trouble down here. We don't want no trouble down here." It sounds like 40 years ago.

7.

PLAYBOY: Can you recall your first encounter with racism?

MARSALIS: No, I was too young. You have to understand, if you grew up in the South, they called you nigger from the time you were born. It's something you grew up with. I do remember something funny, though. We were living in a town called Breaux Bridge, Louisiana. I was five years old, Wynton was four. When Halloween came around it was a big deal for us to go trick-or-treating by ourselves across

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DEBORAH FEINGOLD/OUTLINE

the street, where my mom could still keep an eye on us. So we walk across the street to our neighbors'. Their thing was to dress up their son as a ghost. We knock on the door and out runs the ghost, and Wynton and I go running back across the street and say, "Mom, the Ku Klux Klan is coming to get us!" The poor neighbor, a nice white guy, felt terrible. My mom just laughed. You grew up laughing at that kind of shit.

8.

PLAYBOY: What is your favorite music, movie and food for seduction?
MARSALIS: Music? Opera and jazz. *Madame Butterfly*, *La Bohème*, *Tosca*. And then, Nat "King" Cole: *The Very Thought of You* and the record *Nat King Cole Sings/George Shearing Plays*. *Charlie Parker with Strings*, and Ben Webster with strings: one album called *Sophisticated Lady* and one called *Music with Feeling*. For a movie, *9½ Weeks*. Food? *9½ Weeks*.

9.

PLAYBOY: Keith Jarrett, in a *New York Times* essay on declining musical standards, seemed to refer to you when he wrote, "John Coltrane could not have led a television band." Rebuttal?
MARSALIS: I'm sure no black man could have led a television band in the Sixties. If Coltrane were alive today, a lot of the circumstances that led him to be Coltrane wouldn't exist. I doubt if he'd be the same person with the same singular purpose. And besides, I am not John Coltrane. I am Branford. But it's nice of Keith Jarrett to compare me to Trane, seeing that he never mentioned my name once in print anywhere in the ten years I played jazz—not even to say, "I don't like him." It was odd to me that all of a sudden Keith Jarrett would start fucking with me when I joined the television show. Keith Jarrett is a great musician. Ain't no question about that. He's influenced my music tremendously—the way I play ballads. The shit he did in that article is deserving of asswhipping, and I might consider it if I ever see him. But there's no book that says great musicians have to be great people.

10.

PLAYBOY: What's the nastiest trick you ever played on Wynton or on one of your other brothers?
MARSALIS: Wynton and I worked together. We used to fuck with the younger ones. We would wait until there was a food that they really liked—say, fried shrimp. Whenever one of them got to the last shrimp on his plate, we would always take it. They knew we were going to take it, but we'd always invent some way to get it. Like, we'd just make up some argument and start screaming and then the younger ones would immediately look to my mom, because she's the police. Then they'd look back at the plate and start crying: "Aw, he took my last shrimp." And I'd look at Wynton and say, "What's he talking about, Wynton?" "I don't know, man. They're punks, what do you expect?"

11.

PLAYBOY: One of those "punks," your younger brother Delfeayo, happens to produce your albums. What happens when you have an aesthetic difference?
MARSALIS: We don't. It's my record. He may have an opinion, and I say, "Good, that's your opinion."

12.

PLAYBOY: You took some heavy flak from jazz purists—and from your brother Wynton—when you joined Sting. Did Sting swing?
MARSALIS: He had his swing, yeah. Not in terms of a jazz swing. But Sting is real slick. He can take different styles of music and incorporate them into his own, which is kind of what we do as jazz musicians. I didn't join Sting's gig for fame and attention. I always wanted to be in a rock-and-roll band; I grew up listening to rock and roll, not jazz. And I like his music. It's really dope, man. People said I sold out to play with him. That's a value judgment that has little to do with how well a guy plays or whether his music is good or bad. They couldn't say Sting's music sucks, because it doesn't. They couldn't say that it made my own records shitty. It was a value judgment, a personal opinion based on jealousy.

13.

PLAYBOY: In the documentary film about you, *The Music Tells You*, you say about some of today's more popular musicians, "There's no freedom in freedom." Care to translate that for us?
MARSALIS: There's freedom in control. I have control. I have learned how to play all these various idioms so I have the choice of playing what I want. People always try to get me to say disparaging things about the so-called "contemporary jazz" artists. When I was younger, I was happy to oblige. But now I realize I can't really begrudge them when their music does so well—because the option for them is either to play that music or repeat the phrase "Would you like fries with that?" For most of those guys, playing what they play is absolutely compulsory: There is no choice because they lack the musical skill to play anything else. That's not freedom, it's slavery. Then they spend all their time talking about how they should be free to make any other kind of music they want. Why? I mean, I made my choice. I chose to play this art shit and have people ignore me and not buy my records, and I accept all the societal and economic ramifications of playing that music.

14.

PLAYBOY: You belong to a generation of jazz musicians in which drug use—once considered almost necessary to play jazz—isn't considered glamourous. Has that ever been a problem between you and older musicians?
MARSALIS: A couple of them used to offer me blow, and when I'd say no, they'd say, "Yeah, well, I guess you need to be a man to get this." But once they saw who we were, how we played, that stopped. Besides, all the jazz musicians from the older generation who were junkies, and who are still alive, are alive because they stopped being junkies. I never really received any criticism about not doing shit like that.

15.

PLAYBOY: How would you explain improvisation to the uninitiated?
MARSALIS: I wouldn't. I would just say, "Go buy a record." How do you explain a Renoir to somebody who's never seen one? Just go to the fucking museum. It's different if you have somebody with specific questions; then you can get into specific answers. But there's no true-blue, western European textbook way of approaching this. Wynton makes allusions to food and stuff: "Jazz bands are like gumbo." Now I understand. It's like that whenever you're dealing with things that function on an intellectual level: great paintings, great classical works—take your pick.

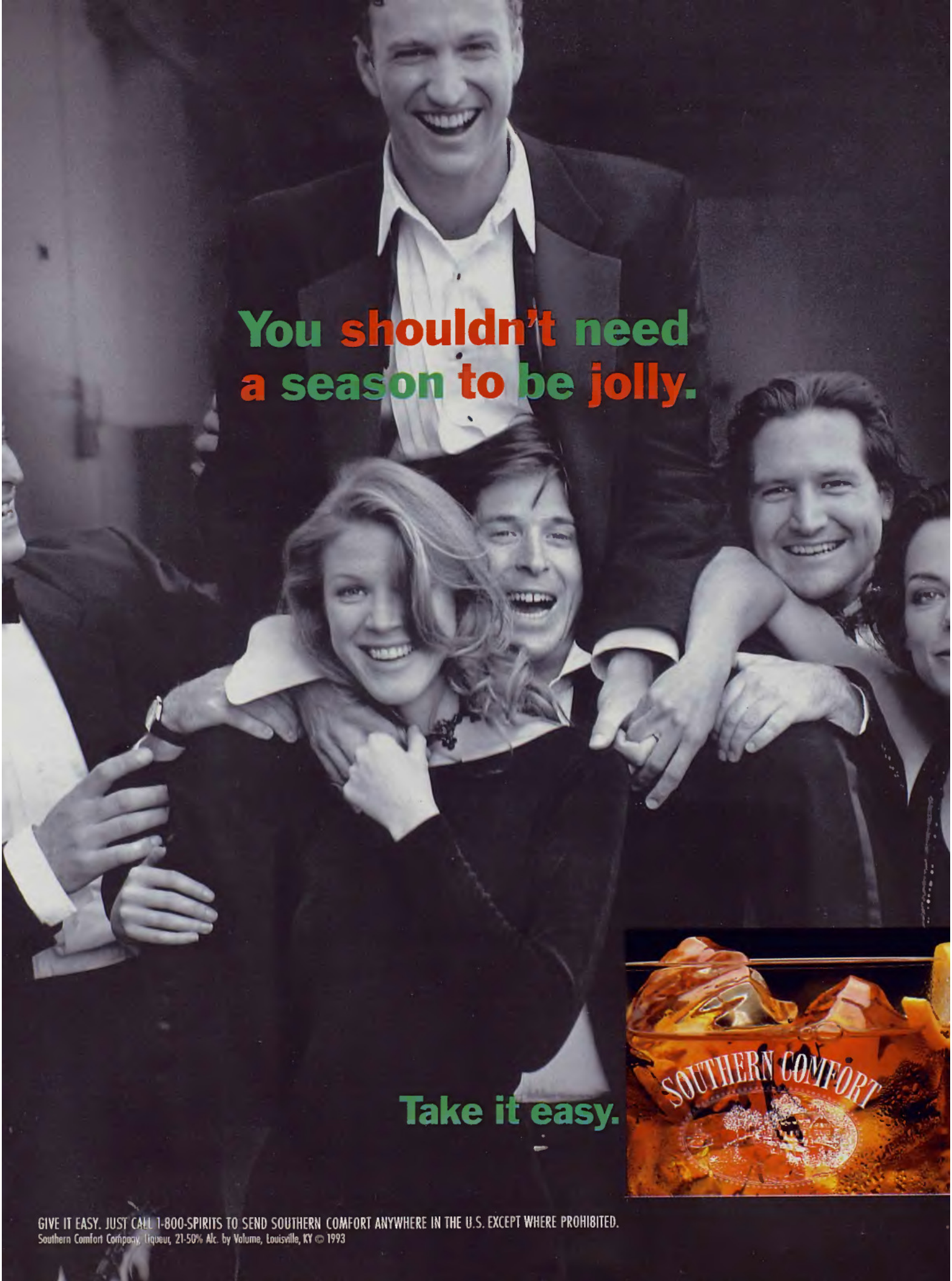
16.

PLAYBOY: As the son of a musician, would your son make you proud by following in your footsteps?
MARSALIS: You know, that's the first time I've been called a son of a musician. What would make me proud is if my son became a baseball player. Get that baseball contract, buy Dad a house. I mean, I'm a musician. And give me a break. I'm so tired of this "musical family" shit. I feel like I'm in a circus. A friend of mine used to tease me: He'd call us the Flying Marsalises, that great trapeze act. I mean, that's what it sounds like. The first family of jazz—what the hell is the first family of jazz?

17.

PLAYBOY: As a saxophonist turned actor, what's your thumbnail review of the film *'Round Midnight*, which starred Dexter Gordon?

(concluded on page 218)



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COLLEGE BASKETBALL *(continued from page 172)*

"Disclaimers may have to be posted warning people with high blood pressure to stay away."

(7'1") blocked 84 shots and averaged 12.2 points and 10.3 rebounds per game, all in just his second year of organized basketball. Kwame Evans solidifies the Colonials' backcourt. **St. Joseph's** has a formidable talent at guard in senior Bernard Blunt, who averaged 18 points a game last season. The Hawks won 18 games last season without a true center; they don't have one this year, either. **West Virginia** and **Rhode Island** could be good enough to get into postseason play but may not be good enough to crack the top half of the conference standings. With 7' Derrick Alston (19.9 ppg) at center and top Pittsburgh recruit Tom Pipkins in the lineup, **Duquesne** could make some noise in the conference, which they rejoined after a brief stay in the Midwestern Conference.

BIG EAST

The traditionally strong Big East Conference suffered through a mediocre season last year. Syracuse was in the first year of an NCAA-imposed probation that prohibited postseason play. Seton Hall and St. John's got to the NCAA tournament but survived only into the second round. Four other teams appeared in the postseason NIT, not the usual showcase for a conference that once routinely placed four teams among the nation's basketball elite. However, with lots of talented underclassmen returning and the Orangemen again eligible, the Big East may qualify five teams for the NCAA tournament. The conference will be evenly balanced, but our nod goes to **Georgetown.** Coach John Thompson returns all five starters from the team that finished second by a single point to Minnesota in the NIT. His best player is Playboy All-America Othella Harrington, who seemed to improve in every game during his freshman season. Senior point guard Joey Brown will control the floor for the Hoyas, while Robert Churchwell and Duane Spencer provide steady play at the forward positions. **Connecticut** forward Donyell Marshall was impressive on this past summer's elite Team USA, leading all scorers with a 14.8 ppg average. The 6'9" forward, still only a junior, will be teamed with three other returning starters for the Huskies, and coach Jim Calhoun has recruited Doron Sheffer, a highly regarded point guard from Israel. With such agile, athletic players as Lawrence Moten, Adrian Autry and John Wallace, **Syracuse** coach Jim Boeheim's Orangemen will go up-tempo this season. Forward Lucious Jackson may be on the verge of stardom. **Boston College,** another squad with five returning starters, will be nearly as good. Big man for the Eagles is 6'9" senior forward Bill Curley, certain to make some All-America teams at season's end. Howard Eisley and Malcolm Huckaby return for their fourth season as backcourt partners. **Seton Hall** loses points, defense and size with the graduation of Terry Dehere, the school's all-time leading scorer; Jerry Walker, the Big East Defensive Player of the Year; and 7'2" Luther Wright, who left school to pursue a pro basketball career. Coach P. J. Carlesimo, however, is a master of rebuilding on the fly. His big gun will be Arturas Karnishovas, who contributed more than 14 points per game last season. Danny Hurley, little brother of Bobby, and Bryan Caver give the Pirates a smart, experienced backcourt. Six-eight freshman Donnell Williams will contribute immediately. **Providence,** a strong defensive and rebounding team, needs to improve its offense, particularly from the free-throw line, where the Friars shot only 63.8 percent. Coach Rick Barnes is hoping that freshman recruit Jason Murdock has some of the basketball talent of cousin Eric, now a Milwaukee Buck. **St. John's,** expected to finish toward the bottom of the conference last year after the loss of four starters and the retirement of longtime coach Lou Carnesecca, posted a 12–6 conference record, good enough to take second in the Big East. Credit rookie coach Brian Mahoney and 6'11" center Shawnelle Scott (who averaged better than 13 points and seven rebounds a game). Scott welcomes new teammate James Scott, the first player since Larry Johnson to be named a two-time junior college All-America. **Miami** could be ready to make a move toward the top. Coach Leonard Hamilton landed his third strong recruiting class in three tries. Guard Steve Edwards lived up to expectations last season by averaging 15.9 ppg as a freshman. Constantin Popa (7'3") holds down the center spot, and Jamal Johnson, a transfer from junior college national champ Pensacola, is solid.

BIG EIGHT

Big Eight teams piled up impressive win-loss records last season, with only Colorado failing to win at least 19 games. And six Big Eight teams received invitations to the big dance. Of course, the Kansas Jayhawks battled all the way to New Orleans before losing to eventual national champ North Carolina. But everybody else in this tradition-rich basketball conference went home early with a red face. Four teams were eliminated in the first round, a fifth in the second. And when the NBA draft rolled around, it was again only Kansas that had players chosen (Rex Walters and Adonis Jordan). Never fear, the Big Eight will rise again. And the spot on which it will likely shine brightest this season will be Stillwater, Oklahoma, home of the **Oklahoma State** Cowboys and Playboy All-America Bryant "Big Country" Reeves. Coach Eddie Sutton will team Reeves with three other returning starters and add Chianti Roberts, an Oklahoma High School Player of the Year who averaged more than 25 points his senior season. As mentioned above, **Kansas** has lost its backcourt combo to the NBA, but Roy Williams still has lots of talent. Forward Richard Scott assumes the role of team leader, while Steve Woodberry, outstanding last season off the bench, moves into a starting spot. Greg Ostertag, at 7'2" the tallest player in KU history, will play the middle, while Calvin Rayford and freshman Jacque Vaughn compete to start at point guard. **Iowa State** returns strength up front in forward Julius Michalik. The Cyclones will have problems in the backcourt, however, with the graduation of guards Justus Thigpen and Ron Bayless. **Missouri** won only five conference games last season, but then muscled up to win the conference postseason tourney. Coach Norm Stewart will attempt to build on that momentum. Melvin Booker (15.8 ppg) and Jevon Crudup (13.6 ppg) are the Tigers' primary point producers. **Nebraska** coach Danny Nee will build his offense around 6'7" senior guard Eric Piatkowski (16.7 ppg). Jamar Johnson returns for his third season at point guard, giving the Cornhuskers one of the best backcourt combinations in the conference. Juco transfer Melvin Brooks, a 6'10" center, could give Nebraska needed help in the middle. Dana Altman has steadily improved his win totals as coach at **Kansas State,** totaling 13, 16, then 19 wins in his three seasons. The Wildcats will once again approach the 20-win mark because three solid starters return, and Altman has added two strong junior college

(continued on page 195)

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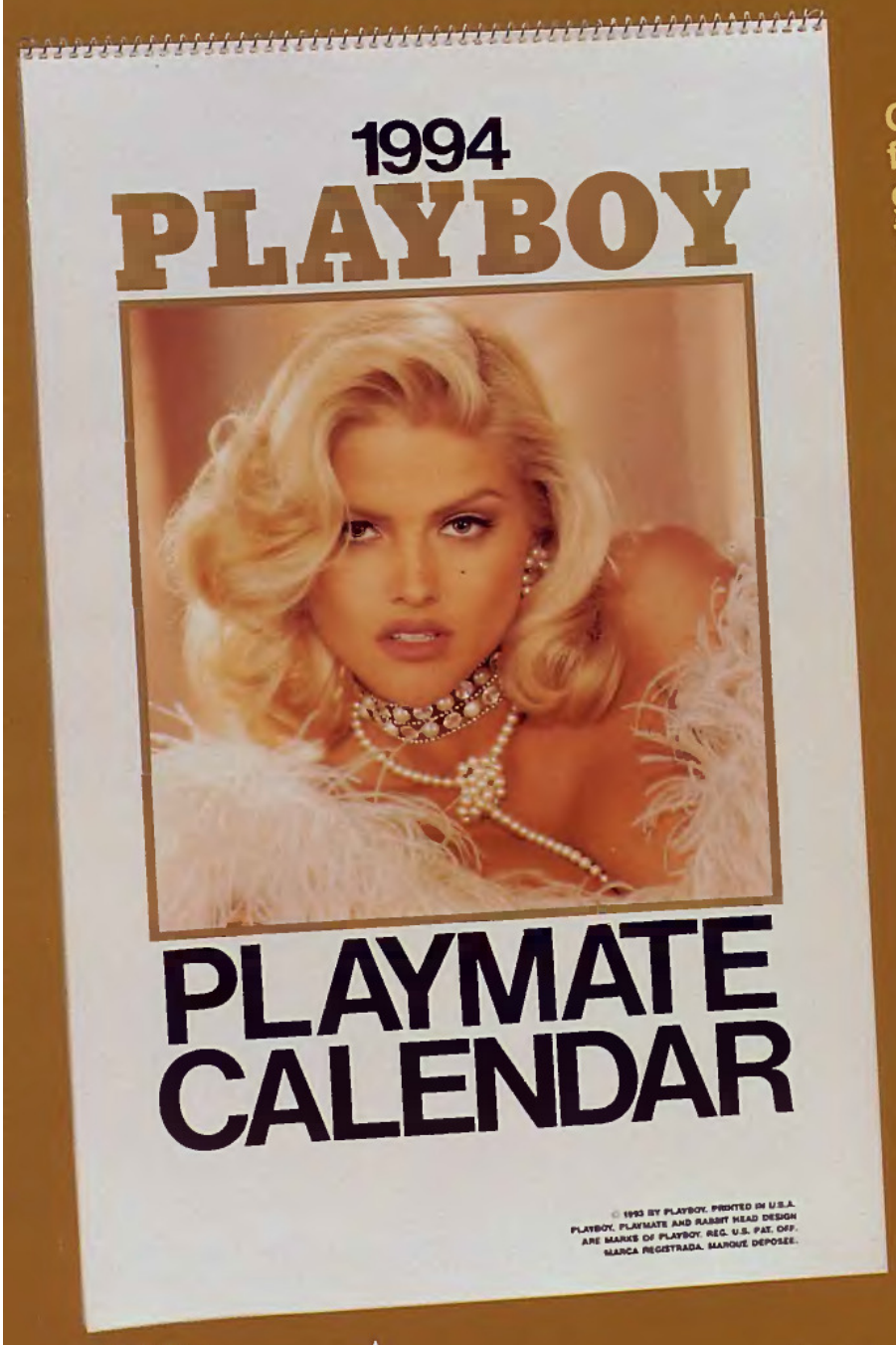

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AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

PLAYBOY JAZZ & ROCK POLL

TELL US WHO THE WINNERS ARE

EVERY ACTION has an equal and opposite reaction. Melody and harmony have returned full force to R&B after years of rap-dominated charts. The present batch of talented melody makers includes Mary J. Blige, Toni Braxton, SWV and Tony Toni Toné. Sweet soul music is in the air again. Also in the air is the mainstreaming of alternative music. From Stone Temple Pilots to Spin Doctors to Smashing Pumpkins, alternative has stepped into prime time. New albums from Nirvana and Pearl Jam showed no signs of sophomore slump. It has also been a year of strong individual effort. Janet Jackson is having the reviews and sales of her life. Wynonna has reached Reba McEntire country, and Buddy Guy is finally getting his propers. Even the *Sleepless in Seattle* soundtrack, with chestnuts from the likes of Jimmy Durante and Louis Armstrong, is soaring. Music is always being reborn.

THE BALLOT

Here's the ballot for the 1994 Jazz & Rock Poll. Just check the box next to your favorite performer or album in each category (or use the write-in line). Put a stamp on the attached envelope and send in your vote by December 15, 1993.

Male Vocalist

- ☐ Michael Bolton
- ☐ Peter Gabriel
- ☐ Chris Isaak
- ☐ Billy Joel
- ☐ John Mellencamp
- ☐ Rod Stewart
- ☐ Sting
- ☐ Matthew Sweet
- ☐ Paul Westerberg
- ☐ Neil Young
- ☐ _____

Female Vocalist

- ☐ Mariah Carey
- ☐ Taylor Dane
- ☐ PJ Harvey
- ☐ Whitney Houston
- ☐ Janet Jackson
- ☐ k.d. lang
- ☐ Aimee Mann
- ☐ Natalie Merchant
- ☐ Bette Midler
- ☐ Tina Turner
- ☐ _____

Instrumentalist

- ☐ Lisa Germano
- ☐ Buddy Guy
- ☐ Bruce Hornsby
- ☐ Eric Johnson
- ☐ John Popper
- ☐ Keith Richards
- ☐ Joe Satriani
- ☐ Chris Smither
- ☐ Richard Thompson
- ☐ Eddie Van Halen
- ☐ _____

Group

- ☐ Aerosmith
- ☐ 4 Non Blondes
- ☐ Nirvana
- ☐ Pearl Jam
- ☐ Porno for Pyros
- ☐ Soul Asylum
- ☐ Spin Doctors
- ☐ Stone Temple Pilots
- ☐ 10,000 Maniacs
- ☐ U2
- ☐ _____

Album

- ☐ *Bigger, Better, Faster, More!*, 4 Non Blondes
- ☐ *Core*, Stone Temple Pilots
- ☐ *Get a Grip*, Aerosmith
- ☐ *Grave Dancers Union*, Soul Asylum
- ☐ *Human Wheels*, John Mellencamp
- ☐ *In Utero*, Nirvana
- ☐ *janet*, Janet Jackson
- ☐ *Our Time in Eden*, 10,000 Maniacs
- ☐ *Porno for Pyros*, Porno for Pyros
- ☐ *Ten Summoner's Tales*, Sting
- ☐ _____

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Male Vocalist

- ☐ Tony Bennett
- ☐ George Benson
- ☐ Peabo Bryson
- ☐ Harry Connick, Jr.
- ☐ Jon Hendricks
- ☐ Al Jarreau
- ☐ Bobby McFerrin
- ☐ Frank Sinatra
- ☐ Mel Tormé
- ☐ Joe Williams
- ☐ _____

Female Vocalist

- ☐ Karrin Allyson
- ☐ Ernestine Anderson
- ☐ Anita Baker
- ☐ Patricia Barber
- ☐ Natalie Cole
- ☐ Ella Fitzgerald
- ☐ Shirley Horn
- ☐ Vanessa Rubin
- ☐ Sade
- ☐ Cassandra Wilson
- ☐ _____

Instrumentalist

- ☐ Jane Ira Bloom
- ☐ Billy Childs
- ☐ Kenny G
- ☐ Roy Hargrove
- ☐ Branford Marsalis
- ☐ Wynton Marsalis
- ☐ Courtney Pine
- ☐ Joshua Redman
- ☐ Marcus Roberts
- ☐ David Sanborn
- ☐ _____

Group

- ☐ Al DiMeola World Sinfonia
- ☐ Horace Silver Group
- ☐ Jazz Futures
- ☐ Keith Jarrett Trio
- ☐ Manhattan Transfer
- ☐ New York Voices
- ☐ Pat Metheny Group
- ☐ The Rippingtons
- ☐ Slide Hampton & the Jazzmasters
- ☐ *Tonight Show* Band
- ☐ _____

Album

- ☐ *Bloomington*, Branford Marsalis
- ☐ *Breathless*, Kenny G
- ☐ *Dream Come True*, Arturo Sandoval
- ☐ *It's Got to Be Funky*, Horace Silver
- ☐ *Jazzmatazz, Vol. 1*, Guru
- ☐ *Love Deluxe*, Sade
- ☐ *Love Songs*, Diane Schuur
- ☐ *The Road to You*, Pat Metheny
- ☐ *So Near, So Far*, Joe Henderson
- ☐ *Take a Look*, Natalie Cole
- ☐ _____

CONCERT

- ☐ Clint Black–Wynonna
- ☐ Jimmy Buffett
- ☐ Butthole Surfers–Stone Temple Pilots
- ☐ Digable Planets
- ☐ Peter Gabriel
- ☐ INXS
- ☐ Lollapalooza III
- ☐ Bette Midler
- ☐ Spin Doctors–Soul Asylum–Screaming Trees
- ☐ Tina Turner–Chris Isaak
- ☐ _____

SOUNDTRACK

- ☐ *Coneheads*
- ☐ *Free Willy*
- ☐ *Last Action Hero*
- ☐ *Menace II Society*
- ☐ *Meteor Man*
- ☐ *Poetic Justice*
- ☐ *Sleepless in Seattle*
- ☐ *Sliver*
- ☐ *So I Married an Ax Murderer*
- ☐ *What's Love Got to Do with It*
- ☐ _____

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- ☐ Marvin Gaye
- ☐ Dizzy Gillespie
- ☐ Billie Holiday
- ☐ Michael Jackson
- ☐ Quincy Jones
- ☐ Jerry Lee Lewis
- ☐ Bob Marley
- ☐ Charlie Parker
- ☐ Prince
- ☐ Smokey Robinson
- ☐ Mary Wells
- ☐ Hank Williams
- ☐ Jackie Wilson
- ☐ _____

Video

- ☐ *Baby I'm Yours*, Shai
- ☐ *Can't Help Falling in Love*, UB40
- ☐ *If*, Janet Jackson
- ☐ *If I Had No Loot*, Tony Toni Toné
- ☐ *I'm Gonna Be (500 Miles)*, The Proclaimers
- ☐ *Numb*, U2
- ☐ *Runaway Train*, Soul Asylum
- ☐ *Slam*, Onyx
- ☐ *Weak*, SWV
- ☐ *What's Up*, 4 Non Blondes
- ☐ _____

COUNTRY

Male Vocalist

- ❑ Clint Black
- ❑ Garth Brooks
- ❑ Billy Ray Cyrus
- ❑ Vince Gill
- ❑ Tracy Lawrence
- ❑ John Michael Montgomery
- ❑ George Strait
- ❑ Aaron Tippin
- ❑ Ricky Van Shelton
- ❑ Dwight Yoakam
- ❑ _____

Female Vocalist

- ❑ Suzy Bogguss
- ❑ Mary-Chapin Carpenter
- ❑ Carlene Carter
- ❑ Patty Loveless
- ❑ Reba McEntire
- ❑ Lorrie Morgan
- ❑ Dolly Parton
- ❑ Pam Tillis
- ❑ Tanya Tucker
- ❑ Wynonna
- ❑ _____

Group

- ❑ Bellamy Brothers
- ❑ Brooks & Dunn
- ❑ Confederate Railroad
- ❑ Diamond Rio
- ❑ Gibson/Miller Band
- ❑ Little Texas
- ❑ McBride & the Ride
- ❑ Restless Heart
- ❑ Sawyer Brown
- ❑ Shenandoah
- ❑ _____

Album

- ❑ *Hard Workin' Man*, Brooks & Dunn
- ❑ *Honky Tonk Attitude*, Joe Diffie
- ❑ *It's Your Call*, Reba McEntire
- ❑ *It Won't Be the Last*, Billy Ray Cyrus
- ❑ *Life's a Dance*, John Michael Montgomery
- ❑ *Little Love Letters*, Carlene Carter
- ❑ *No Time to Kill*, Clint Black
- ❑ *Red and Rio Grande*, Doug Supernaw
- ❑ *Tell Me Why*, Wynonna
- ❑ *This Time*, Dwight Yoakam
- ❑ _____

VEEJAY

- ❑ Gary Beaty
- ❑ Sherry Carter
- ❑ Adam Curry
- ❑ Duff
- ❑ Daisy Fuentes
- ❑ Katie Haas
- ❑ Cathy Martindale
- ❑ John Norris
- ❑ Donnie Simpson
- ❑ Madelyne Woods
- ❑ _____

R&B

Male Vocalist

- ❑ Bobby Brown
- ❑ Robert Cray
- ❑ Dr. Dre
- ❑ Johnny Gill
- ❑ Gerald Levert
- ❑ Brian McKnight
- ❑ Aaron Neville
- ❑ Shai
- ❑ Luther Vandross
- ❑ Christopher Williams
- ❑ _____

Female Vocalist

- ❑ Oleta Adams
- ❑ Regina Belle
- ❑ Mary J. Blige
- ❑ Toni Braxton
- ❑ N'Dea Davenport
- ❑ MC Lyte
- ❑ Chante Moore
- ❑ Mica Paris
- ❑ Cheryl "Pepsii" Riley
- ❑ Yo-Yo
- ❑ _____

Group

- ❑ Arrested Development
- ❑ Cypress Hill
- ❑ Jade
- ❑ Naughty by Nature
- ❑ Onyx
- ❑ Paperboy
- ❑ P.M. Dawn
- ❑ Silk
- ❑ SWV
- ❑ Tony Toni Toné
- ❑ _____

Album

- ❑ *Bacdafucup*, Onyx
- ❑ *Black Sunday*, Cypress Hill
- ❑ *The Chronic*, Dr. Dre
- ❑ *The Grand Tour*, Aaron Neville
- ❑ *If I Ever Fall in Love*, Shai
- ❑ *It's About Time*, SWV
- ❑ *Lose Control*, Silk
- ❑ *Nine Yards*, Paperboy
- ❑ *Sons of Soul*, Tony Toni Toné
- ❑ *Toni Braxton*, Toni Braxton
- ❑ _____

detach here

"Attending Nike Camp is like reading PLAYBOY. *I like what I see, but I ain't getting any."*

transfers. The best Kansas State player is point guard Anthony Beane. **Oklahoma** basketball fortunes have fallen down and can't get up. The Sooners won 20 games last year but didn't particularly impress anyone, failing to make the NCAA tournament for only the second time in Billy Tubbs' 13-year coaching tenure. With only one starter, Jeff Webster, returning from last season, they probably won't make it this year, either. Tubbs, as usual, has hit the junior college circuit hard in search of a quick fix. **Colorado** coach Joe Harrington continues to search for players who can complement the Buffaloes' outstanding guard Donnie Boyce (19.1 ppg). Mack Tuck may be the guy he's been looking for. Harrington describes him as "one of the most talented players I've ever recruited as head coach."

BIG TEN

With eight or nine teams capable of contending for the conference title and invitations to the NCAA tournament, this could be the best season yet for a conference that once based its national reputation on its performance on the football field. Chances are the conference crown will be split two, three or four ways. The team that goes the furthest in postseason play will be the one that survives a brutally competitive league schedule. **Indiana** coach Bob Knight has a perfect situation: Expectations are lower because of the graduation of star Calbert Cheaney, even though IU has more depth than last season (when the Hoosiers had only nine players most of the season) and five talented freshmen whom Knight can mold into his style of player. If Damon Bailey can step into the role of team leader and Alan Henderson's knee holds up after an injury that probably cost Indiana a national title, Knight and company will give their competition fits. We'll go out on a limb and predict that Stu Jackson's young and talented **Wisconsin** team will be as good as any in the conference come March. The Badgers were already loaded with talent on the perimeter with the return of Playboy All-America forward Michael Finley and senior guard Tracy Webster. Inside punch on defense and the boards will come from 7'1" freshman Rashard Griffith, who averaged 22 points, 14 rebounds and seven blocked shots for Chicago King, the number-two-ranked high school team in the nation last season. Freshman forward Jalil Roberts, who played for Bob Hurley, Sr., at St. Anthony's in Jersey City, will also contribute. **Michigan's** Fab Five is now the Fab Four since the truly fabulous Chris Webber turned pro and successfully short-circuited countless bad jokes about his ill-fated time-out call in the Wolverines' second consecutive second-place finish for the NCAA title. Forward Juwan Howard (who needs only a little more aggressiveness to go with a deft shooting touch) and guard Jalen Rose are coach Steve Fisher's prime-time players. **Minnesota**, which was stung by being passed over for the NCAA tournament after winning 17 games, took its vengeance by winning the postseason NIT title. Coach Clem Haskins returns all five of the starters from that team, including Playboy All-America guard Voshon Lenard, who won MVP honors at the NIT. Look for small guard Arriel McDonald and forward Jayson Walton to play significant roles for the Golden Gophers. **Illinois** loses only one starter, Andy Kaufmann, an erratic small forward, from its 19-win team of last season. Forward Deon Thomas (18.3 ppg) is a terror inside, Rennie Clemons is solid at point guard and shooting guard Richard Keene is a deadeye from three-point range. Freshman Kiwane Garris and 6'9" redshirt Chris Gandy will help keep coach Lou Henson's hairdo in place by contributing from the bench. **Purdue**, traditional overachievers under 13-year coach Gene Keady, fell short of at least Keady's expectations last season by finishing 18–10 and taking an NCAA first-round bow in the East Regional. Playboy All-America Glenn Robinson, who flirted with the NBA before opting to return to West Lafayette for another season, is Keady's key to success. The Boilermakers will also need more point production from forwards Cuonzo Martin and Ian Stanback. Matt ten Dam—Purdue's tallest (7'2") and heaviest (305 pounds) player ever—is a Keady project worth watching. **Ohio State** coach Randy Ayers needs senior leadership and plenty of points from 6'9" forward Lawrence Funderburke (15 ppg) if the Buckeyes are going to make noise. Sophomore guards Derek Anderson and Greg Simpson, along with 6'10" freshman Gerald Eaker, will be solid contributors. **Michigan State's** Jud Heathcote has already announced that next season, his 19th, will be his last as head coach. With junior guard Shawn Respert (20.1 ppg) leading the parade, Heathcote and the Spartans should finish strong, but only if they can improve their lousy free-throw shooting and cut down on turnovers.

COLE'S ALL-NAME TEAM

Chianti Roberts Oklahoma State	**Nimbo Hammons** George Washington
Exree Hipp Maryland	**Yinka Dare** George Washington
Mack Tuck Colorado	**Kenya Mobley** Maryland–Eastern Shore
Randy Duck California	**Kenya Hunter** Duquesne
Samba Johnson Robert Morris	**Kenya Wilkins** Oregon

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Seton Hall

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(Romania)
7'3" Center
Miami

Doron Sheffer
(Israel)
6'5" Guard
Connecticut

Julius Michalik
(Slovakia)
6'11" Forward
Iowa State

Yinka Dare
(Nigeria)
7'1" Center
George Washington

BIG WEST

The Big West's marquee is blank. Gone are New Mexico State's Sam Crawford, UNLV's J. R. Rider and Long Beach State's Lucious Harris. Fortunately for the conference, an influx of talented junior college players have heeded the call to go West, and they'll keep the level of competition high. UNLV suffered the triple whammy as last season came to a close. First J. R. Rider was suspended for one game. Then the team was denied an NCAA tournament bid after winning 21 games and being ranked in the top 25 all season. (UNLV was the first team since 1977 to be ranked in the season-ending poll and not receive a bid.) Finally, the Rebels were embarrassed by Southern Cal (90–74) in the first round of the NIT. But second-year coach Rollie Massimino thinks he has the ingredients to build an up-tempo team strong on defense that once again can contend for a national ranking. Best of the Rebels will be guards Dedan Thomas

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and Reggie Manuel. **New Mexico State** coach Neil McCarthy will blend eight newcomers into what could be the Big West's most formidable basketball ensemble. Junior college players William Howze, Johnny Selvie and Paul Jarrett are solid frontcourt players. Lone returning starter James Dockery (6'8") runs the floor extremely well. **Long Beach State,** last season's conference tournament winner, lost nearly 50 points per game with the graduation of three starters, including Lucious Harris, the conference's all-time leading scorer. Coach Seth Greenberg will depend heavily on freshmen and junior college transfers to fill in for the departed giants. At **Utah State,** 7' center Nathan Wickizer, still only a junior, has gained strength under the weight program imposed by new coach Larry Eustachy. Roddie Anderson, California Junior College Player of the Year last season, will start at point guard for the Aggies. **California–Irvine** returns outstanding guard Lloyd Mumford, but the team must cut down on turnovers (519 in 27 games) to move into the top half of the conference.

GREAT MIDWEST

Come March there will be at least three Great Midwest teams with NCAA tournament invitations in the mail, despite the departure of several big-name players from last season. **Cincinnati** loses all five starters, including NBA-bound Corie Blount and Nick Van Exel. Yet the Bearcats may still come out on top in the conference. Playboy Coach of the Year Bob Huggins has three outstanding freshman recruits, mobile 6'9" forward Dontonio Wingfield plus multitalented swing players Damon Flint and Darnell Burton, to mix with several strong supporting players. Huggins' young squad will rely on pressure defense until its offensive skills mature. **Memphis State** suffered its biggest loss last year when 6'9" forward David Vaughn went down with a season-ending injury in the first game. Guard Anfernee Hardaway lived up to his preseason All-America promise and the Tigers won 20 games. But the team took a first-round loss in the NCAA tournament. Hardaway has gone early to the NBA, but Vaughn is back and ready to make a name for himself. Coach Larry Finch signed three top-50 recruits—Sylvester Ford, Jr., Cedric Henderson and Johnny Miller—and thinks his charges will be the stuff top-25 teams are made of. Senior Damon Key (13.6 ppg) and guard Tony Miller will be **Marquette's** most productive players this year. Coach Kevin O'Neill returns two other starters from last season's 20-win team, along with 7'1" center Jim McIlvaine, the school's career leading shotblocker (257). **Alabama–Birmingham** found a measure of consolation after missing the NCAA tournament last year when it defeated cross-state rival Alabama on its way to an NIT Final Four finish. The undersized Blazers need to find consistent shooting and some inside defense if they are to succeed this season. **DePaul,** which failed to qualify for postseason play for the first time in 16 years, could get help from junior college players Belefia Parks and Will Macon. Guards Tom Kleinschmidt and Brandon Cole are the best of the returning Blue Demons.

IVY LEAGUE

Anything other than an undefeated season for **Pennsylvania** in the Ivy will be an upset. The Quakers, who at 14–0 dominated league play last season, return everyone, including dazzling junior guard Jerome Allen. Coach Fran Dunphy will make up for the lack of a dominating big man by pressuring opponents from one end line to the other. Perennial Ivy power **Princeton** finds itself in the unaccustomed role of bridesmaid to the Quakers. Legendary coach Pete Carril will try to keep his Tigers focused through a tough nonconference schedule until showdown time with Penn. **Cornell** could challenge Princeton for the league's second spot.

METRO

Coach Denny Crum will have his **Louisville** Cardinals tuned up and humming by the time March madness sets in. But then Crum, master of the slow start, usually does. The Cardinals have won 74 percent of their games played during the month of March. They have made the NCAA tournament 14 times in the past 17 years and have been to the Final Four six times, all under Crum's guidance. With three solid talents in guard Greg Minor, forward Dwayne Morton (16.1 ppg, third nationally in three-point shooting percentage) and 6'9" center Clifford Rozier (15.7 points and 10.9 rebounds per game), this team should go a long way. **Tulane** coach Perry Clark landed a strong recruiting class led by 6'9" forward Jerald Honeycutt. Kim Lewis, who missed most of last year with a broken leg, is the team's best player. North **Carolina–Charlotte** coach Jeff Mullins was disappointed with the 49ers' 15–13 record last season. He attributes the team's problems to the loss of shooting guard James Terrell and the suspension of point guard Delano Johnson. Johnson will be back this year, as will shooting guard Andre Davis, who averaged almost 20 points per game in his last 13 starts and won the league's Freshman of the Year award. **Virginia Commonwealth** won 20 games and a trip to the NIT despite losing star forward Kendrick Warren for the final 11 games because of a broken bone in his foot. Warren is healthy and ready to improve on his average of 17.6 points per game. VCU coach Sonny Smith is solid on court strategy but admits he may not be so good at intimidation from the sidelines. Commenting on the 24-point performance of Louisville's Dwayne Morton against his team, Smith said, "Morton was so fired up that he was talking trash to me. I tried to talk trash back but couldn't think of anything to say." If Smith thinks he has trouble coming up with something to say, imagine the

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PLAYBOY'S 1994 COLLEGE

ATLANTIC COAST

*1. NORTH CAROLINA
*2. DUKE
*3. GEORGIA TECH
*4. VIRGINIA
*5. CLEMSON
*6. FLORIDA STATE
7. WAKE FOREST
8. MARYLAND
9. NORTH CAROLINA STATE

STANDOUTS: Eric Montross, Oerrick Phelps, Oonald Williams, Brian Reese (North Carolina); Grant Hill, Cherokee Parks, Chris Collins (Ouke); James Forrest, Travis Best, Martice Moore (Georgia Tech); Cory Alexander, Junior Burrough (Virginia); Sharone Wright, Oevin Gray (Clemson); Bob Sura, Charlie Ward (Florida State); Randolph Childress, Trelonnie Owens (Wake Forest); Johnny Rhodes, Exree Hipp (Maryland); Mark Oavis, Curtis Marshall (North Carolina State).

ATLANTIC TEN

*1. TEMPLE
*2. MASSACHUSETTS
*3. GEORGE WASHINGTON
4. ST. JOSEPH'S
5. WEST VIRGINIA
6. RHOOE ISLAND
7. RUTGERS
8. OUQUESNE
9. ST. BONAVENTURE

STANDOUTS: Aaron McKie, Eddie Jones (Temple); Lou Roe, Mike Williams (Massachusetts); Yinka Oare, Kwame Evans (George Washington); Bernard Blunt, Carlin Warley, Rap Curry (St. Joseph's); Marsalis Basey, Ricky Robinson (West Virginia); Abdul Fox, Carlos Cofield (Rhode Island); Jamal Phillips, Oamon Santiago (Rutgers); Oerrick Alston, Kenya Hunter (Ouquesne); Harry Moore (St. Bonaventure).

BIG EAST

*1. GEORGETOWN
*2. CONNECTICUT
*3. SYRACUSE
*4. BOSTON COLLEGE
*5. SETON HALL
6. PROVIOENCE
7. ST. JOHN'S
8. PITTSBURGH
9. MIAMI
10. VILLANOVA

STANDOUTS: Othella Harrington, Joey Brown, Robert Churchwell (Georgetown); Oonyell Marshall, Brian Fair (Connecticut); Lawrence Moten, Adrian Autry, John Wallace (Syracuse); Bill Curley, Howard Eisley, Malcolm Huckaby (Boston College); Arturas Karnishovas (Seton Hall); Michael Smith, Oickey Simpkins (Providence); Shawnelle Scott, James Scott (St. John's); Steve Edwards, Constantin Popa (Miami); Kerry Kittles, Jason Lawson (Villanova).

BIG EIGHT

*1. OKLAHOMA STATE
*2. KANSAS
*3. IOWA STATE
*4. MISSOURI
*5. NEBRASKA
*6. KANSAS STATE
7. OKLAHOMA
8. COLORAOO

STANDOUTS: Bryant Reeves, Brooks Thompson, Randy Rutherford (Oklahoma State); Steve Woodberry, Richard Scott (Kansas); Fred Hoiberg, Julius Michalik (Iowa State); Melvin Booker, Jevon Crudup (Missouri); Eric Piatkowski, Jamar Johnson (Nebraska); Anthony Beane, Askia Jones, Oeryl Cunningham (Kansas State); Jeff Webster (Oklahoma); Donnie Boyce, Ted Allen (Colorado).

BIG SKY

*1. BOISE STATE
2. IOAHO
3. MONTANA
4. WEBER STATE
5. MONTANA STATE
6. IOAHO STATE
7. EASTERN WASHINGTON
8. NORTHERN ARIZONA

STANDOUTS: Orlando Lightfoot (Idaho); Jeremy Lake, Israel Evans (Montana); Robbie Johnson, Reuben Nembhard (Weber State); Scott Hatler (Montana State); Jim Potter (Idaho State); Brad Sebrec (Eastern Washington).

BIG SOUTH

*1. COASTAL CAROLINA
2. TOWSON STATE
3. RAOFORO
4. WINTHROP
5. MARYLANO–BALTIMORE COUNTY
6. CHARLESTON SOUTHERN
7. NORTH CAROLINA–ASHEVILLE
8. CAMPBELL
9. NORTH CAROLINA–GREENSBORO
10. LIBERTY

STANOOUTS: Mohammed Acha, Keke Hicks (Coastal Carolina); Terrance Alexander (Towson State); Don Burgess (Radford); LaShawn Coulter, Mike Faved (Winthrop); Skip Saunders, Sonique Nixon (Maryland–Baltimore County); Eric Burks (Charleston Southern); Burt Jenkins, Josh Kohn (North Carolina–Asheville); Joe Spinks (Campbell).

BIG TEN

*1. INOIANA
*2. WISCONSIN
*3. MICHIGAN
*4. MINNESOTA
*5. ILLINOIS
*6. PUROUE
7. OHIO STATE
8. MICHIGAN STATE
9. IOWA
10. NORTHWESTERN
11. PENN STATE

STANDOUTS: Damon Bailey, Alan Henderson, Todd Lindeman (Indiana); Michael Finley, Tracy Webster, Rashard Griffith (Wisconsin); Juwan Howard, Jalen Rose, Jimmy King, Ray Jackson (Michigan); Voshon Lenard, Jayson Walton, Arriel McOonald, Randy Carter (Minnesota); Deon Thomas, Rennie Clemons, Richard Keene (Illinois); Glenn Robinson, Cuonzo Martin, Ian Stanback (Purdue); Lawrence Funderburke, Greg Simpson, Oerek Anderson (Ohio State); Shawn Respert, Eric Snow (Michigan State); Pat Baldwin, Kevin Rankin (Northwestern); John Amaechi (Penn State).

BIG WEST

*1. UNLV
2. NEW MEXICO STATE
3. LONG BEACH STATE
4. UTAH STATE
5. CALIFORNIA–IRVINE
6. CALIFORNIA–SANTA BARBARA
7. CAL STATE FULLERTON
8. NEVAOA
9. PACIFIC
10. SAN JOSE STATE

STANDOUTS: Oedan Thomas, Reggie Manuel, Clayton Johnson, Kebu Stewart (UNLV); James Oockery, Oarrin Jackson, Skip McCoy (New Mexico State); Rod Hannibal (Long Beach State); Nathan Wickizer (Utah State); Lloyd Mumford (California–Irvine); Oon Leary (Cal State Fullerton).

COLONIAL

*1. OLD DOMINION
2. JAMES MAOISON
3. RICHMONO
4. EAST CAROLINA
5. NORTH CAROLINA–WILMINGTON
6. GEORGE MASON
7. AMERICAN
8. WILLIAM & MARY

STANDOUTS: Odell Hodge, Petey Sessoms (Old Dominion); Lester Lyons, Kareem Richardson (East Carolina); Oarren Moore, Corey Stewart (North Carolina–Wilmington); Troy Manns (George Mason).

EAST COAST

1. BUFFALO
2. TROY STATE
3. HOFSTRA
4. CHICAGO STATE
5. CENTRAL CONNECTICUT STATE
6. NORTHEASTERN ILLINOIS

STANDOUTS: Andre English, Oarius Burton (Hofstra); Jason Hodges, Coleco Buie (Chicago State).

GREAT MIDWEST

*1. CINCINNATI
*2. MEMPHIS STATE
*3. MARQUETTE
4. ALABAMA–BIRMINGHAM
5. OE PAUL
6. ST. LOUIS
7. OAYTON

STANDOUTS: Oontonio Wingfield, Damon Flint (Cincinnati); Oavid Vaughn (Memphis State); Tony Miller, Oamon Key, Roney Eford (Marquette); Robert Shannon, Clarence Thrash, Corey Jackson (Alabama–Birmingham); Tom Kleinschmidt, Brandon Cole (DePaul); Erwin Clagett, Oonnie Oobbs (St. Louis); Chip Hare, Alex Robertson (Oayton).

IVY LEAGUE

*1. PENNSYLVANIA
2. PRINCETON
3. CORNELL
4. OARTMOUTH
5. YALE
6. COLUMBIA
7. HARVARO
8. BROWN

STANDOUTS: Jerome Allen, Matt Maloney, Barry Pierce (Penn); Chris Mooney, Mike Brennan (Princeton); Zeke Marshall, Justin Treadwell (Cornell); Gregg Frame (Dartmouth); Damon Franklin, Josh Jennings (Yale); Jamal Adams (Columbia); Tarik Campbell, Darren Rankin (Harvard); Eric Blackiston, Alan Cole (Brown).

METRO

*1. LOUISVILLE
*2. TULANE
3. NORTH CAROLINA–CHARLOTTE
4. VIRGINIA COMMONWEALTH
5. SOUTHERN MISSISSIPPI
6. SOUTH FLORIOA
7. VIRGINIA TECH

STANDOUTS: Greg Minor, Owayne Morton, Clifford Rozier (Louisville); Kim Lewis, Pointer Williams, Carlin Hartman (Tulane); Jarvis Lang, Rodney Odom, Andre Oavis (North Carolina–Charlotte); Kendrick Warren, Kenny Harris, Tyron McCoy (Virginia Commonwealth); Bernard Haslett, Glen Whisby (Southern Mississippi); Jesse Salters (South Florida); Jay Purcell (Virginia Tech).

METRO ATLANTIC

*1. CANISIUS
2. MANHATTAN
3. FAIRFIELO
4. SIENA
5. NIAGARA
6. ST. PETER'S
7. LOYOLA–MARYLANO
8. IONA

STANDOUTS: Craig Wise, Oearrell Barley (Canisius); Carey Edwards, Jamal Marshall (Manhattan); Scott Sytulek, Johnnie Jones (Fairfield); Ooremus Bennerman (Siena); David Bertram (Niagara); Luis Arrosa (St. Peter's); B. J. Pendleton, Tracy Bergan (Loyola–Maryland).

MID-AMERICAN

*1. OHIO
2. TOLEDO
3. BALL STATE
4. WESTERN MICHIGAN
5. EASTERN MICHIGAN
6. BOWLING GREEN
7. KENT
8. CENTRAL MICHIGAN
9. AKRON
10. MIAMI

STANDOUTS: Gary Trent (Ohio); Archie Fuller, Craig Thames (Toledo); Steve Payne, Jeermal Sylvester (Ball State); Leon McGee (Western Michigan); Shane Kline-Ruminski (Bowling Green); Rod Koch, Jeff Anderson (Kent); Torrey Kershaw (Akron).

MID-CONTINENT

*1. ILLINOIS–CHICAGO
2. CLEVELANO STATE
3. WISCONSIN–GREEN BAY
4. VALPARAISO
5. EASTERN ILLINOIS
6. WRIGHT STATE
7. YOUNGSTOWN STATE
8. WESTERN ILLINOIS
9. NORTHERN ILLINOIS
10. WISCONSIN–MILWAUKEE

STANDOUTS: Kenny Williams, Sherell Ford (Illinois–Chicago); Sam Mitchell, Malcolm Sims (Cleveland State); John Martinez (Wisconsin–Green Bay); Casey Schmidt, Oavid Redmon (Valparaiso); Johnny Hernandez, Oerrick Landrus (Eastern Illinois); Mike Nahar, Sean Hammonds (Wright State); Mike Alcorn, Antoine Woods (Youngstown State).

MID-EASTERN

1. OELAWARE STATE
2. SOUTH CAROLINA STATE
3. MARYLAND–EASTERN SHORE
4. BETHUNE–COOKMAN
5. COPPIN STATE
6. FLORIOA A&M
7. HOWARO
8. MORGAN STATE
9. NORTH CAROLINA A&T STATE

STANDOUTS: Andrew Miles, Andre Griffin, Hjir Sabree (Oelaware State); Oeon Murray, Bernard Toatley (South Carolina State); Aaron McKinney, Zack Allison, Robbie Howard (Maryland–Eastern Shore); Samarr Logan, Latroy Strong (Bethune–Cookman); Michael Thomas, Stephen Stewart (Coppin State); Vincent Langston (Morgan State); Jermaine Williams (North Carolina A&T State).

MIDWESTERN

*1. XAVIER
2. LA SALLE
3. EVANSVILLE
4. BUTLER
5. OETROIT MERCY
6. LOYOLA–CHICAGO

STANDOUTS: Brian Grant, Tyrice Walker, Jeff Massey

BASKETBALL PREDICTIONS

(Xavier); Kareem Townes, Paul Burke (La Salle); Andy Elkins, Todd Cochenour (Evansville); Jermaine Guice, Travis Trice (Butler); Tony Tolbert (Detroit Mercy); Kerman Ali, Vernell Brent (Loyola–Chicago).

MISSOURI VALLEY

*1.	ILLINOIS STATE	6.	SOUTHERN ILLINOIS
2.	BRADLEY	7.	WICHITA STATE
3.	NORTHERN IOWA	8.	TULSA
4.	DRAKE	9.	CREIGHTON
5.	SOUTHWEST MISSOURI STATE	10.	INDIANA STATE

STANDOUTS: Mike VandeGarde (Illinois State); Deon Jackson, Billy Wright (Bradley); Randy Blocker, Cam Johnson (Northern Iowa); William Celestine (Drake); Johnny Murdock, Terry Alexander (Southwest Missouri State); Marcus Timmons, Chris Lowery (Southern Illinois); John Smith (Wichita State); Gary Collier (Tulsa); Nate King, Jason Singleton (Creighton); Matt Burgess (Indiana State).

NORTH ATLANTIC

*1.	OREXEL	5.	VERMONT
2.	NORTHEASTERN	6.	MAINE
3.	DELAWARE	7.	NEW HAMPSHIRE
4.	HARTFORD	8.	BOSTON UNIVERSITY

STANDOUTS: Brian Holden, Malik Rose (Drexel); Dan Callahan, Anthony Brown (Northeastern); Brian Pearl, Rob Garner (Delaware); Harun Ramey (Hartford); Eddie Benton, Jeremy McCool (Vermont); Francois Bouchard, Casey Arena, Deonté Hursey (Maine); Edward Eusebio, Tommy MacDonald (New Hampshire); Dave Stiff, James Brown, Dave Wallace (Boston University).

NORTHEAST

*1.	WAGNER	6.	MONMOUTH
2.	RIDER	7.	ST. FRANCIS–PENNSYLVANIA
3.	ROBERT MORRIS		
4.	FAIRLEIGH DICKINSON	8.	MARIST
		9.	LONG ISLAND
5.	MOUNT ST. MARY	10.	ST. FRANCIS–NEW YORK

STANDOUTS: Bobby Hopson, Milan Rikic (Wagner); Chris Mikola, Deon Hames (Rider); Myron Walker, Samba Johnson (Robert Morris); Antwan Dasher (Fairleigh Dickinson); Chris McGuthrie (Mount St. Mary); John Giraldo, Steve Barnes (Monmouth); Deon George (St. Francis–Pennsylvania); Izett Buchanan, Alan Tomidy (Marist); Joe Griffin (Long Island).

OHIO VALLEY

*1.	TENNESSEE STATE	6.	MIDDLE TENNESSEE
2.	MURRAY STATE	7.	AUSTIN PEAY
3.	EASTERN KENTUCKY	8.	SOUTHEAST MISSOURI
4.	MOREHEAD STATE		
5.	TENNESSEE TECH	9.	TENNESSEE–MARTIN

STANDOUTS: Carlos Rogers (Tennessee State); Cedric Gumm, Antwan Hoard (Murray State); John Allen, Arlando Johnson (Eastern Kentucky); Maurice Houston, Rob West (Tennessee Tech); Tim Gaither (Middle Tennessee); Habib Maiga, Marcus Moore (Austin Peay).

PACIFIC TEN

*1.	CALIFORNIA	6.	USC
*2.	UCLA	7.	OREGON
*3.	ARIZONA	8.	WASHINGTON
*4.	ARIZONA STATE	9.	OREGON STATE
5.	WASHINGTON STATE	10.	STANFORD

STANDOUTS: Jason Kidd, Lamond Murray, Alfred Grigsby (California); Shon Tarver, Ed O'Bannon, Tyus Edney (UCLA); Khalid Reeves, Damon Stoudamire (Arizona); Stevin Smith, Mario Bennett, Dwayne Fontana (Arizona State); Mark Hendrickson, Eddie Hill (Washington State); Lorenzo Orr, Mark Boyd (USC); Orlando Williams, Jordy Lyden (Oregon); Prentiss Perkins (Washington); Mustapha Hoff (Oregon State); Brent Williams (Stanford).

PATRIOT

*1.	FOROHAM	5.	NAVY
2.	COLGATE	6.	ARMY
3.	HOLY CROSS	7.	LEHIGH
4.	BUCKNELL	8.	LAFAYETTE

STANDOUTS: Sherwin Content, Sean Hope, Bobby Frain (Fordham); Tucker Neale (Colgate); Rob Feaster, John Young (Holy Cross); Chris Simpson, Raymond Brown (Bucknell); Wes Cooper (Navy); David Ardayfio, Alex Morris (Army); Jason Fichter, Rashawne Glenn (Lehigh); Keith Brazzo (Lafayette).

SOUTHEASTERN

EASTERN DIVISION

*1.	KENTUCKY	4.	FLORIDA
*2.	GEORGIA	5.	SOUTH CAROLINA
*3.	VANDERBILT	6.	TENNESSEE

WESTERN DIVISION

*1.	ARKANSAS	4.	ALABAMA
*2.	LOUISIANA STATE	5.	MISSISSIPPI
*3.	AUBURN	6.	MISSISSIPPI STATE

STANDOUTS: Travis Ford, Jared Prickett (Kentucky); Charles Claxton, Cleveland Jackson (Georgia); Billy McCaffrey, Ronnie McMahan (Vanderbilt); Andrew DeClercq (Florida); Jamie Watson, Emmett Hall (South Carolina); Steve Hamer, LaMarcus Golden (Tennessee); Scotty Thurman, Corliss Williamson (Arkansas); Randy Livingston, Jamie Brandon, Clarence Ceasar (Louisiana State); Wesley Person, Aaron Swinson (Auburn); Jason Caffey, Jamal Faulkner (Alabama); Ervin Garnes, David Johnson (Mississippi); Marcus Grant, Vandale Thomas (Mississippi State).

SOUTHERN

*1.	TENNESSEE–CHATTANOOGA	6.	THE CITADEL
		7.	APPALACHIAN STATE
2.	EAST TENNESSEE STATE	8.	FURMAN
		9.	WESTERN CAROLINA
3.	MARSHALL	10.	VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE
4.	GEORGIA SOUTHERN		
5.	OAVIOSON		

STANDOUTS: Gary Robb, Brandon Born, Chad Copeland (Tennessee–Chattanooga); Malik Hightower, Wes Hardin (Marshall); Warren Johnson (Georgia Southern); Janko Narat, Jason Zimmerman (Davidson); Reggie Jones (The Citadel).

SOUTHLAND

*1.	NORTHEAST LOUISIANA	6.	SAM HOUSTON STATE
		7.	MC NEESE STATE
2.	SOUTHWEST TEXAS STATE	8.	NORTH TEXAS
		9.	STEPHEN F. AUSTIN
3.	TEXAS–SAN ANTONIO	10.	NORTHWESTERN STATE–LOUISIANA
4.	NICHOLLS STATE		
5.	TEXAS–ARLINGTON		

STANDOUTS: Maurice Stephens (Northeast Louisiana); Lynwood Wade, Russell Ponds (Southwest Texas State); Rodney Smith, Tim Glover (Texas–San Antonio); Reggie Jackson, Gerard King (Nicholls State); Sean Miller, Robert Morgan (Texas–Arlington); Oerick Preston, Quinton McLeod (Sam Houston State); Darrik Clark, Martin Yokum (McNeese State); Jesse Ratliff, Xavier Henton (North Texas).

SOUTHWEST

*1.	TEXAS	6.	RICE
2.	TEXAS TECH	7.	TEXAS CHRISTIAN
3.	TEXAS A&M	8.	SOUTHERN METHODIST
4.	BAYLOR		
5.	HOUSTON		

STANDOUTS: Terrence Rencher, B. J. Tyler, Albert Burditt (Texas); Lance Hughes, Koy Smith, Lenny Holly (Texas Tech); David Edwards, Damon Johnson (Texas A&M); Willie Sublett, Aundre Branch (Baylor); Anthony Goldwire, Jessie Drain (Houston); Torrey Andrews, Adam Peakes (Rice); Eric Oailey, Kurt Thomas (Texas Christian); Chad Allen (Southern Methodist).

SOUTHWESTERN

*1.	ALABAMA STATE	5.	TEXAS SOUTHERN
2.	SOUTHERN	6.	ALCORN STATE
3.	JACKSON STATE	7.	MISSISSIPPI VALLEY
4.	GRAMBLING STATE	8.	PRAIRIE VIEW A&M

STANDOUTS: Marquis Davis, Jimmy Lunsford, Kirby Fortenberry (Alabama State); Jervaughn Scales (Southern); Ryan Lorthridge (Jackson State); Kenny Sykes (Grambling State); Theon Ootson, Kevin Granger (Texas Southern); Marcus Walton, Marcus Pittman (Alcorn State).

SUN BELT

*1.	SOUTH ALABAMA	6.	ARKANSAS–LITTLE ROCK
2.	NEW ORLEANS	7.	LOUISIANA TECH
3.	SOUTHWESTERN LOUISIANA	8.	LAMAR
4.	WESTERN KENTUCKY	9.	JACKSONVILLE
5.	ARKANSAS STATE	10.	TEXAS–PAN AMERICAN

STANDOUTS: Charlie Burke, Anthony Foster (South Alabama); Melvin Simon, Gerald Williams (New Orleans); Michael Allen (Southwestern Louisiana); Jeff Clifton (Arkansas State); Greg Guy (Texas–Pan American).

TRANS AMERICA

*1.	CENTRAL FLORIOA	6.	STETSON
2.	CHARLESTON	7.	GEORGIA STATE
3.	CENTENARY	8.	SOUTHEASTERN LOUISIANA
4.	SAMFORD		
5.	FLORIDA INTERNATIONAL	9.	MERCER

WEST COAST

*1.	PEPPERDINE	5.	SAINT MARY'S
2.	SAN FRANCISCO	6.	PORTLAND
3.	SANTA CLARA	7.	LOYOLA MARYMOUNT
4.	GONZAGA	8.	SAN DIEGO

STANDOUTS: Dana Jones, Damin Lopez, Derek Noether (Pepperdine); Orlando Smart, Gerald Walker (San Francisco); Pete Eisenrich, DeWayne Lewis (Santa Clara); Jeff Brown, Matt Stanford (Gonzaga); Darrell Daniel, Chris Johnson (Saint Mary's); Matt Houle (Portland); Zan Mason, Rahim Harris (Loyola Marymount).

WESTERN ATHLETIC

*1.	BRIGHAM YOUNG	6.	COLORADO STATE
*2.	UTAH	7.	TEXAS–EL PASO
3.	NEW MEXICO	8.	SAN DIEGO STATE
4.	WYOMING	9.	FRESNO STATE
5.	HAWAII	10.	AIR FORCE

STANDOUTS: Russell Larson, Randy Reid, Shane Knight (Brigham Young); Phil Dixon, Darroll Wright (Utah); Greg Brown (New Mexico); Theo Ratliff, David Murray (Wyoming); Trevor Ruffin (Hawaii); Ryan Yoder, Damon Crawford (Colorado State); Ralph Davis, Antoine Gillespie (Texas–El Paso); Jason Hamilton, Carlus Groves (San Diego State); Otis Jones (Air Force).

INDEPENDENTS

1.	NOTRE DAME	4.	CALIFORNIA STATE–SACRAMENTO
2.	MISSOURI–KANSAS CITY	5.	SOUTHERN UTAH
3.	CALIFORNIA STATE–NORTHRIDGE		

STANDOUTS: Monty Williams, Ryan Hoover (Notre Dame); Tony Dumas, Dennis Jacobs (Missouri–Kansas City).

*Our predictions to make the NCAA postseason tournament.

problems of **South Florida** coach Bobby Pascal or **Virginia Tech's** Bill Foster, whose teams combined for only three conference wins last season.

MID-AMERICAN

Ohio University's 6'7" center/forward Gary Trent did it all as a freshman last season: He led the conference in scoring (19 ppg) and field-goal percentage (65.1 percent) and was the conference Freshman of the Year and the MAC Player of the Year as well. His continued development may make Ohio the class of the conference. **Toledo** was a terror from the perimeter last year but lacked the inside strength to challenge for the title. Coach Larry Gipson has all five starters back. He adds some muscle in Scoop Williams, a medical redshirt last year, and 6'7" forward John Jacoby, a transfer from UNC–Asheville. Coach Dick Hunsaker has already accumulated 97 wins in four years at **Ball State.** With the return of all-conference performers Steve Payne and Jeermal Sylvester, he'll likely add at least 20 wins to that total this season.

MIDWESTERN

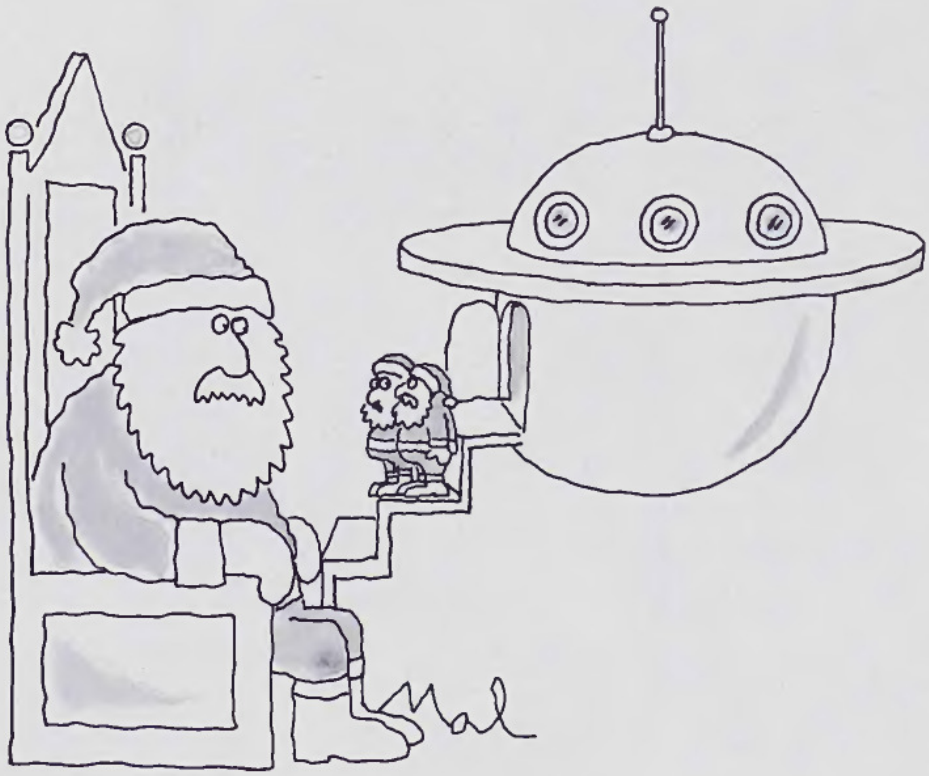
The Midwestern loses its automatic bid to the NCAA tournament this season because of the defection of Dayton to the Great Midwest. According to the NCAA, a conference must have six schools that have held continuous membership for the five preceding years. The Midwestern has only five. **Xavier** coach Pete Gillen may not have as strong a team as last year's 24–6 squad, but the Musketeers will probably be good enough to make the tournament anyway. Gillen returns underrated 6'8" center/forward Brian Grant (18.5 ppg), who will help compensate for the loss of primary rebounder Aaron Williams to graduation. The Musketeers will play their usual stingy defense while some of Gillen's younger players develop a scoring touch. **LaSalle** should bounce back after missing postseason play for the first time in coach Speedy Morris' seven-year tenure. Kareem Townes (22.5 ppg), the conference's leading scorer last year, is only a junior. With the loss of 7'1" Sascha Hupmann and Scott Shreffler to graduation and that of Parrish Casebier, who declared early for the NBA draft (only to be undrafted), **Evansville** will be hard-pressed to repeat last year's 23-win record. Guard Jermaine Guice and Purdue transfer Travis Trice should rhyme nicely in the box scores for an improved **Butler** team this year. Perry Watson, a longtime Detroit high school coach and former assistant at Michigan, takes over at **Detroit Mercy,** where he'll do well. Tougher admission standards, a de-emphasized hoops program and poor facilities have sent **Loyola–Chicago,** once a national basketball power, to the bottom of the heap.

NORTH ATLANTIC

Drexel, narrowly beaten for the conference crown last season by Delaware, returns four starters, including flashy sophomore center Malik Rose and junior guard Brian Holden, the Dragons' leading scorer (16.9 ppg). **Northeastern** also returns four starters and adds freshman point guard Halim Abdullah, a Jersey City star. New Hampshire transfer Jose Powell could also be a factor. **Delaware** loses big Spencer Dunkley to graduation and the NBA but will again contend with the strong backcourt combination of Brian Pearl and Texas transfer Rob Garner. **Hartford** gives up Vin Baker to the NBA but picks up four newcomers, two of whom—Gandhi Jordan and Harun Ramey—will contribute immediately. **Vermont** boasts phenomenal sophomore point guard Eddie Benton (23.8 ppg), a nominee for our best-players-you've-never-heard-of team.

PACIFIC TEN

The Pac Ten is getting stronger and deeper. The best West Coast schoolboys used to head East for their college careers, but no more. Such stars as California's Jason Kidd and UCLA's Charles O'Bannon opted for home cooking, setting the current trend. That means Arizona, the perennial conference preseason favorite since Lute Olson took over as coach ten years ago, will find things more than a little crowded at the top. With its late-season charge into the Sweet 16 under interim coach Todd Bozeman (replacing the fiery Lou Campanelli), **California** was one of the best college basketball stories of last year. The Golden Bears, led by freshman sensation Jason Kidd (a Playboy All-America this year), knocked off LSU and two-time defending national champ Duke, a feat hardly imaginable a few weeks earlier. Bozeman is back, having shed the "interim" title, and so are Kidd and 6'7" forward Lamond Murray (19.1 ppg). Says Bozeman, "People are going to expect a lot from us this year, but I'm not going to downplay our abilities or potential." The public-address announcer will be calling the name of O'Bannon with even more frequency at **UCLA's** Pauley Pavilion this season. That's because returning 6'8" Bruin star Ed O'Bannon will be joined by little brother Charles, a 6'6" freshman generally regarded as this year's best West Coast prospect. Coach Jim Harrick also returns guards Shon Tarver (17.2 ppg) and Tyus Edney. The key to a big season may be the defensive play of big men Rodney Zimmerman (6'9") and George Zidek (7'). **Arizona,** winner of 24 games and its sixth Pac Ten title in eight years, again came up short in the NCAA tournament, getting bumped in the first round for the second consecutive year. Coach Lute Olson insists there's no reason for concern. The Wildcats lose Chris Mills and 7' Ed Stokes in the frontcourt but return one of the best backcourt combos in the nation in Khalid Reeves and Damon Stoudamire. Arizona will run the fast



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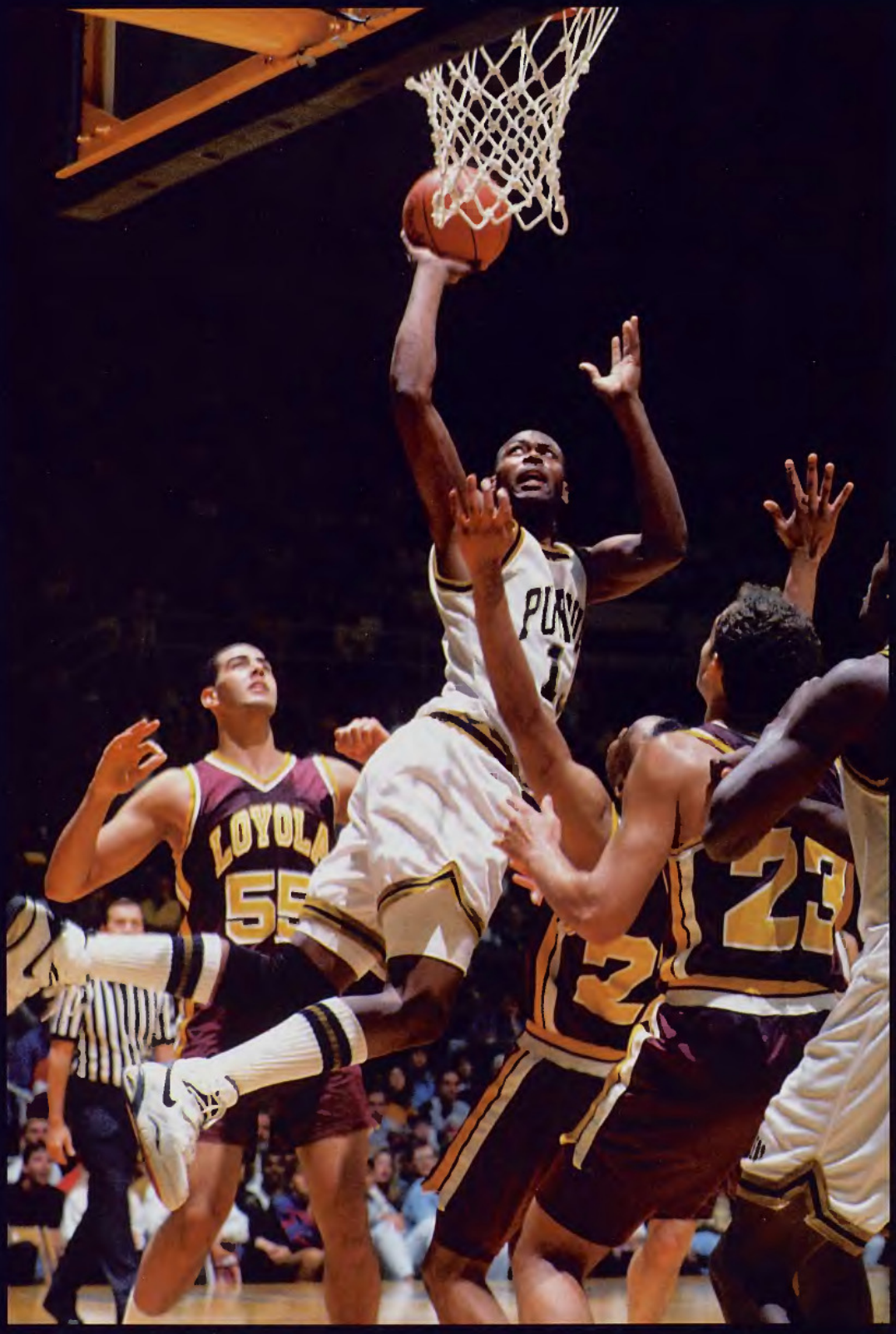

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break, play pressure defense and remain almost impossible to beat at home (93–2 in McKale Center since 1988). **Arizona State**'s success this season will hinge on the health of 6'9" sophomore Mario Bennett, who missed last year with a knee injury. The Sun Devils, who have played in postseason tournaments in each of coach Bill Frieder's four years, are extremely strong in the backcourt, where Stevin Smith (20 ppg), Marcell Capers and Quincy Brewer (who also missed last season with an injury) can all excel. **Washington State** coach Kelvin Sampson is high on two of his recruits: Isaac Fontaine, the California Division I High School Player of the Year, and Jason Martin, whom Sampson describes as "the quickest player with the ball I've ever recruited." Eddie Hill and Mark Hendrickson are the Cougars' best returning starters. Coach George Raveling coaxed 18 wins out of a **USC** team that was expected to struggle after the early departure of Harold Miner to the pros. In Raveling's words, "we lived and died by the three-pointer." With the loss of four guards from that squad, the return of 6'7" Lorenzo Orr and the addition of 6'11" center Avondre Jones, the Trojans are likely to look inside this year. Raveling, whose teams were 26–62 after his first three seasons, is 64–29 since March 1990.

PATRIOT

With eight of last season's ten key players returning, **Fordham** gets the nod in the Patriot League. Coach Nick Macarchuk can start a front line with Darren Deschryver (7') in the middle, Bobby Frain (6'11") at power forward and Sean Hope (6'9") at small forward. That's an intimidating combination in any league. **Colgate** returns league scoring leader Tucker Neale (21.9 ppg) and three other starters from last season's 18-win squad. **Holy Cross**, last season's league tournament champ, loses three starters, but tourney MVP Rob Feaster returns. **Bucknell** graduated Patriot Player of the Year Mike Bright, but guard Chris Simpson (16.9 ppg) will be looking to fill in. **Navy** should continue to improve under former Tennessee coach Don DeVoe, and **Army** will become competitive under rookie coach Dino Gaudio, former assistant to Xavier's Pete Gillen.

SOUTHEASTERN

Kentucky continues to improve under coach Rick Pitino, Playboy Coach of the Year last season. The Wildcats have won 14, 22, 29 and 30 games in Pitino's four-season tenure. Last year Kentucky reached the NCAA semifinals before losing to Michigan in overtime, 81–78. Pitino and the Wildcats enter this season without Jamal Mashburn, the do-everything 6'8" forward who went to the NBA with a year of college eligibility still in his pocket. But Pitino has plenty of talent remaining: sharpshooting guard Travis Ford, forward Jared Prickett, sophomore Rodrick Rhodes and Walter McCarty, a Proposition 48 casualty last season. Pitino, who was mentioned in connection with a half-dozen NBA jobs, signed a contract extension that could keep him in Lexington for the rest of the century. **Arkansas** figured to have to rebuild after putting four players into the NBA from its 1991–1992 team. But coach Nolan Richardson recruited so well that the Razorbacks hardly missed a beat, winning 22 games—including two in the NCAA tourney. Richardson has plenty of talented players, but the best are sophomore forwards Scotty Thurman and Corliss Williamson. Two 6'11" freshmen, Darnell Robinson and Lee Wilson, will add height to might. Dale Brown's charismatic personality landed guard Randy Livingston, two-time *Parade* magazine Player of the Year and the best high school prospect in the nation, for **Louisiana State**. Another guard recruit, Ronnie Henderson, is nearly as good. LSU has some pretty fair upperclassmen returning as well: Jamie Brandon and Clarence Ceasar. **Georgia** returns all five starters from last year's 15-win team, including 7' Charles Claxton. Freshman guard Melvin Drake may help the Bulldogs at point guard, a weak spot last year. It could be a tale of two Wesleys for coach Tommy Joe Eagles' **Auburn** Tigers this season. Wesley Person, brother of NBA trash-talker Chuck, is the Tigers' leading returning scorer (18.8 ppg), while freshman Wesley Flanigan, last year's Arkansas High School Player of the Year, takes over at point guard. Last season **Vanderbilt** won just its third championship in 61 years of SEC competition, but then lost its coach, Eddie Fogler, to South Carolina. Jan van Breda Kolff, who played for the Commodores from 1972–1974 and who most recently coached at Cornell, takes over. Vandy's best player is Playboy All-America guard Billy McCaffrey. Guard Ronnie McMahan and center Chris Lawson are steady, but the Commodores will miss forwards Bruce Elder and Kevin Anglin. **Alabama** caught a tough break when junior guard James Robinson declared himself eligible for the NBA draft.

SOUTHWEST

Coach Tom Penders has everything in place for **Texas** to take a run at the top-25 ranking, especially now that 6'8" forward Alfred Burditt has cleared his academic hurdles. Burditt, a tenacious rebounder (14.1 rpg), lost his eligibility last year. Even without Burditt, the Longhorns would have been the conference's most formidable team. Terrence Rencher (19.1 ppg) is the outstanding guard in the conference. **Texas Tech** has a strong nucleus of returning talent from last year's 18-win season but must replace graduated center Will Flemons. Junior college transfers Mark Davis (6'7") and Bernard Lloyd (6'9") should help fill the void. **Texas A&M** coach Tony Barone thinks the Aggies have "improved athletically" over last season. Barone will work with all five starters

ANSON MOUNT SCHOLAR/ATHLETE

The Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete Award recognizes achievement both in the classroom and on the basketball court. Nominated by their colleges, the candidates are judged by the editors of PLAYBOY on their scholastic and athletic accomplishments. The award winner attends PLAYBOY's preseason All-America Weekend (held this year in Chicago), receives a bronzed commemorative medallion and is included in the team photograph published in the magazine. In addition, PLAYBOY awards $5000 to the general scholarship fund of the winner's school.

This year's Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete Award in basketball goes to Jeff Brown from Gonzaga University. Brown, a 6'9" senior center, averaged 16.9 points per game last season and made the All–West Coast Conference team for the second consecutive year. Brown's major is finance and his three-year grade-point average is 3.656.

Other scholar/athletes who deserve honorable mention: Julius Michalik and Fred Hoiberg (Iowa State), Ken Gibson (UNLV), Adam Peakes (Rice), Kevin Rankin (Northwestern), Milan Rikic (Wagner), Tony Beaubouef (Northwestern Louisiana), Jeffrey Robinson (Bethune–Cookman), Danny Allen (Butler), Omo Moses (George Washington), Scotty Thurman (Arkansas), Travis Ford (Kentucky), Clint Thomas (Southwest Missouri State), Bruce Chubick (Nebraska), David Vik (Washington State), Ryan Yoder (Colorado State), Scott Highmark (St. Louis), John Amaechi (Penn State), Rod Koch (Kent State), Bobby Kumer (UNC–Charlotte), Mike VandeGarde (Illinois State).

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from last season, plus junior college transfers Joe Wilbert and Roy Wills.

WESTERN ATHLETIC

If **Brigham Young** is the best team in the conference without 7'6" Shawn Bradley (now a 76er), imagine how good it would have been with him. That's exactly the thought that must bother coach Roger Reid. Everything was set for a BYU run at the national championship. Reid's son, Randy, would lead the team from point guard. There would be size and power from 6'10" Russell Larson, and Kenneth Roberts, the 6'8" younger brother of Milwaukee Buck Fred Roberts, would return along with Bradley from two-year Mormon missions. Then Bradley made the unexpected announcement that he would relinquish his three remaining years of college eligibility. BYU went overnight from one of the best teams in the nation to perhaps just the best team in the WAC. **Utah** coach Rick Majerus will have plenty of opportunity to apply his special brand of coaching magic this year, since the Utes lose four starters—including two-time WAC Player of the Year Josh Grant. Redshirts, transfers and bench players will have to gel quickly in order for Utah to challenge for the league championship. **New Mexico**, last year's WAC tourney champ, won't equal its 24 wins of last season. Coach Dave Bliss has three starter spots to fill and no proven go-to scorer. Longtime Bob Knight assistant Joby Wright takes over for Benny Dees as coach at **Wyoming**. Wright inherits some fair talent, including 6'10" Theo Ratliff, who led the nation last year in blocked shots. **Hawaii** coach Riley Wallace predicts this year's Rainbows will "hit the boards like no team I've ever coached." While eight new recruits clean the glass, senior guard Trevor Ruffin will score the points.

TOP FIVE JUNIOR COLLEGE TRANSFERS

James Scott
6'6" Guard, St. John's

Jamal Johnson
6'8" Forward, Miami

Willie Cauley
6'7" Forward, Pittsburgh

Shelly Clark
6'9" Center, Illinois

Eric Williams
6'8" Forward, Providence

OTHERS

In the BIG SKY conference: **Boise State**, last year's conference winner and NCAA tournament representative, should repeat. The Broncos return four players who saw significant action last year. They will also add junior college transfer Phil Rodman, half-brother of the NBA's Dennis. **Idaho**, a 24-game winner last year, will challenge with Orlando Lightfoot (22.3 ppg) leading the way. BIG SOUTH: **Coastal Carolina** graduated four-time conference Player of the Year Tony Dunkin but is probably still good enough to come out on top. At 6'6", forward Mohammed Acha (15.3 ppg) is an emerging talent. **Towson State**, which won the Big South title last season only to be upset in the conference tourney, will provide the stiffest challenge to Coastal Carolina. COLONIAL: **Old Dominion**, a 21-game winner last season, is the clear favorite in the Colonial. Six-nine Odell Hodge (14.7 ppg) and forward Petey Sessoms (16.9 ppg) will provide points and power underneath. Coach Lefty Driesell will use a bevy of junior college transfers to keep **James Madison** in the hunt. **East Carolina**, which sneaked past the favorites to win the conference tourney last season, could play dark horse again. Paul Westhead takes over at **George Mason**, teaching the Patriots how to run and gun. EAST COAST: Call it six teams in search of respectability. Combined, **Buffalo**, **Hofstra**, **Chicago State** and **Central Connecticut State** managed only 26 total wins last season. **Troy State** opens its first season at the IA level. Playing among themselves should help until better talent comes along. METRO ATLANTIC: **Canisius** is ready to move to the front under second-year coach John Beilein. The Golden Griffins return all five starters and landed a strong recruiting class. The Griffs list only one senior among their top eight players. **Manhattan**, last season's MAAC champ, will miss the point production of graduated Keith Bullock, who scored almost 2000 points in his career with the Jaspers. Coach Fran Fraschilla thinks senior forward Carey Edwards and junior center Jamal Marshall (6'10") can carry the load. **Siena** returns guard Doremus Bennerman (18.4 ppg), who could be the best player in the conference this year. MID-CONTINENT: With guard Kenny Williams (21.7 ppg) and 6'7" forward Sherell Ford (18.8 ppg) providing plenty of heat, the **Illinois–Chicago** Flames should burn up the conference this year. Coach Mike Boyd was named conference coach of the year last season after his **Cleveland State** Vikings finished 22–6. CSU should be strong again with 6'9" Sam Mitchell (16.8 ppg) and a strong recruiting class eager for playing time. **Wisconsin–Green Bay** had trouble taking care of the ball last season, but the healthy return of injured guard John Martinez should help. Center John Zavada (6'9") appears ready for a big season. **Valparaiso**, the nation's best three-point team last year, loses leading scorer Tracy Gipson but returns forwards David Redmon and Casey Schmidt, both 18-points-per-game producers last season. MID-EASTERN: **Delaware State** will ride the solid backcourt combination of Andrew Miles and Andre Griffin to the top of the conference this season. **South Carolina State** returns three starters but lost team leader and scorer Jackie Robinson to graduation. Look for **Maryland–Eastern Shore** to be improved under second-year coach Rob Chavez. MISSOURI VALLEY: Former Kansas assistant Kevin Stallings takes over at **Illinois State** and inherits probably the best talent in the conference. Forward Mike VandeGarde (15.3 ppg) is his most prolific point man. **Bradley** struggled through most of last season but finished strong, winning five of its final seven games. Coach Jim Molinari has four starters returning. **Southern Illinois**, the MVC tournament winner last year, will drop down with the

TEN BEST FRESHMEN

Rasheed Wallace
6'10" Center, North Carolina

Jerry Stackhouse
6'6" Forward, North Carolina

Jason Osborne
6'8" Forward, Louisville

Charles O'Bannon
6'6" Forward, UCLA

Rashard Griffith
7'1" Center, Wisconsin

Sherron Wilkerson
6'4" Guard, Indiana

Randy Livingston
6'4" Guard, LSU

Jerald Honeycutt
6'9" Forward, Tulane

Dontonio Wingfield
6'9" Forward, Cincinnati

Greg Newton
6'11" Forward, Duke

COLE'S ALL-NICKNAME TEAM

Michael "Q-Tip" Jennings
Penn State

Richie "Fabulous" Flournoy
McNeese State

Aaron "A-Train" Wilhite
North Carolina–Charlotte

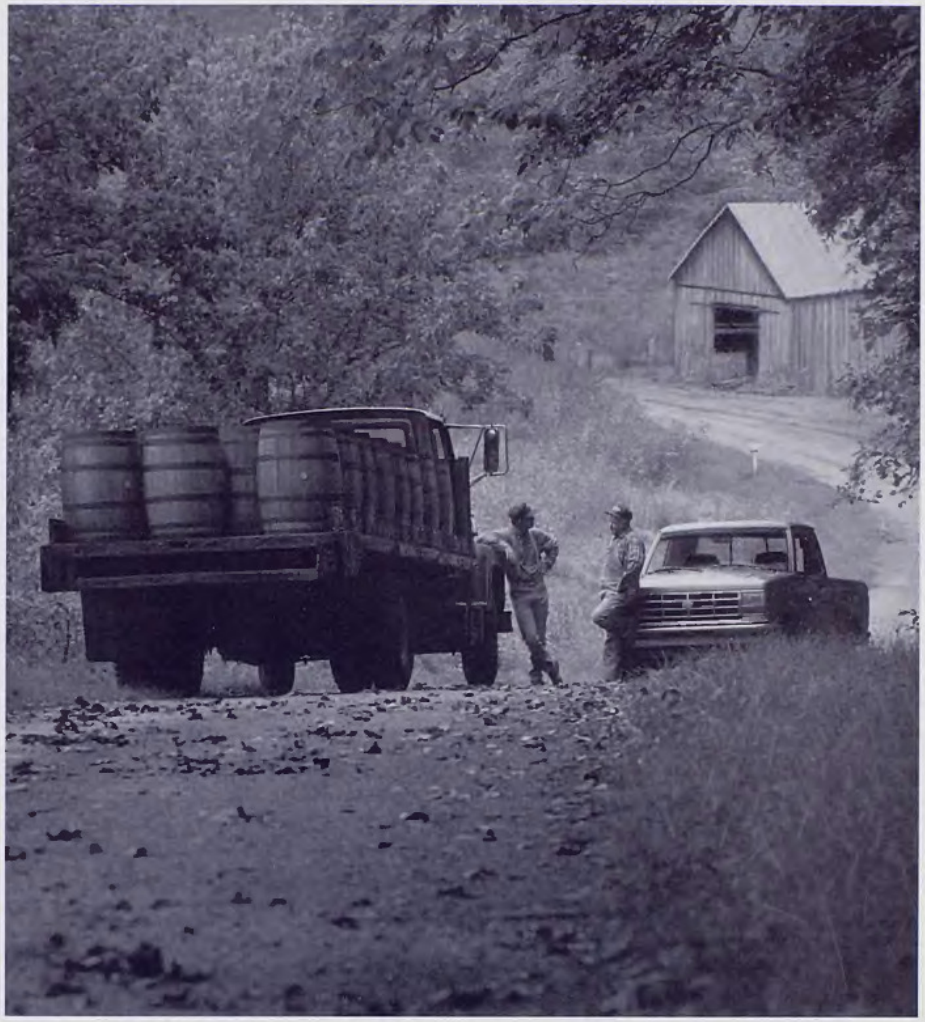
Eric "The Polish Rifle" Piatkowski
Nebraska

Sung "Samson" Fong
San Francisco

Bryant "Big Country" Reeves
Oklahoma State

Steve "Sticks" Barnes
Monmouth

graduation of Ashraf Amaya and Tyrone Bell. NORTHEAST: **Wagner** is the consensus favorite in the Northeast. The Seahawks, who won 18 games last season, return three starters, including double-digit scorers Bobby Hopson and Milan Rikic. We like this quote from Wagner coach Tim Capstraw on the difficulty of attracting top-flight talent to a lesser-known school: "Me attending the Nike All-America Camp is the same as me reading PLAYBOY. I like what I see, but I ain't getting any." **Rider, Robert Morris** and **Fairleigh Dickinson** will fight for places in line behind Wagner. OHIO VALLEY: **Tennessee State,** last year's OVC champ, returns virtually everyone, so league laurels are a pretty certain thing. **Murray State,** which used an outstanding pressing defense last year to win 18 games, will do more of the same this season. Six-seven forward John Allen (17.2 ppg), three other returning starters and a couple of strong junior college players will keep **Eastern Kentucky** in the hunt. SOUTHERN: Last season's conference champ, **Tennessee–Chattanooga,** looks like a lock to repeat. Big contributors Gary Robb, Chad Copeland and Brandon Born all return, and the Mocs add Alabama High School Player of the Year John Oliver. Wes Hardin (7′) and flashy forward Malik Hightower could turn **Marshall** into a contender. SOUTHLAND: **Northeast Louisiana** could win its fifth consecutive NCAA bid this year despite the loss of four starters from last season's 26–5 squad. Coach Mike Vining adds DePaul transfer Howard Nathan and two talented junior college transfers, 6′5″ Horace Lee and 6′4″ Larry Carr, who is said to have a 45-inch vertical leap. If anyone can catch the Indians it will be **Southwest Texas State,** which appears stronger in every category after a 14-win season last year. SOUTHWESTERN: **Alabama State** has size, balance and experience. Best of the returning Hornets are guard Marquis Davis (17.3 ppg) and sophomore center Jimmy Lunsford (15.7 ppg). **Southern, Jackson State** and **Grambling State** all have enough talent to take a run at Alabama State. SUN BELT: **South Alabama, New Orleans** and **Southwestern Louisiana** are probably the best teams this year in the Sun Belt. South Alabama coach Ronnie Arrow needs to settle on a starting point guard, but the shooting-guard spot is set with returning Charlie Burke (16 ppg). New Orleans, undefeated in conference play last season, returns three starters. Unfortunately, one starter the team lost is 6′11″ center Ervin "Don't Call Me Magic" Johnson, who graduated to the NBA. **Texas–Pan American** won only two games last season. But it has a claim to fame in guard Greg Guy, who returns after leading the NCAA Division I in scoring last season, averaging 29.3 points



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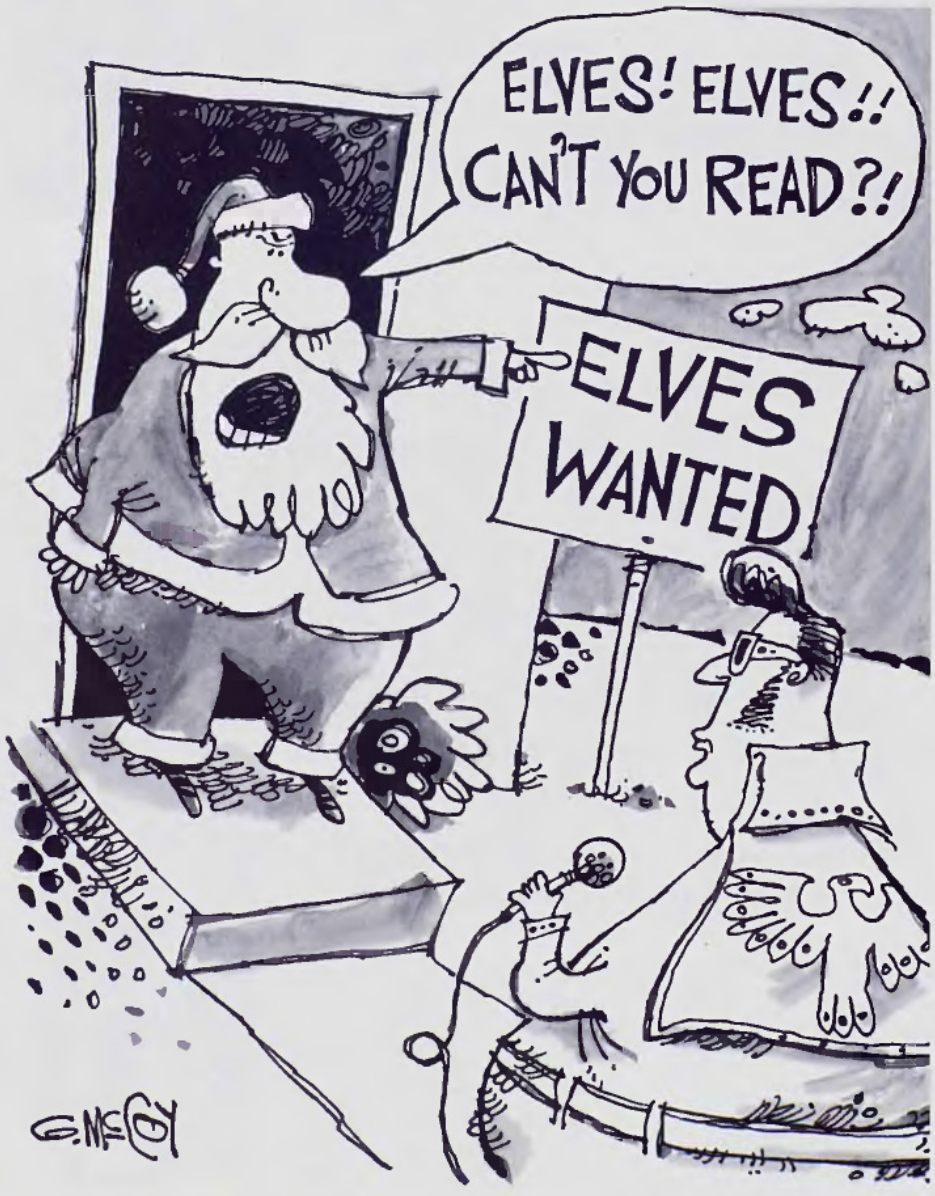
per game. TRANS AMERICA: Glenn Wilkes steps down as coach at **Stetson** after 36 years with a career record of 551–436. New coach Dan Hipsher inherits good talent, led by guard Kerry Blackshear, last year's Trans America Newcomer of the Year. The conference race is up for grabs with as many as seven teams having a legitimate shot at the TAAC title. WEST COAST: Pepperdine, San Francisco, Santa Clara and Gonzaga, all of which return four starters from last season, will battle for the WCC title. **Pepperdine's** best player is 6'6" forward Dana Jones (15.6 ppg). **San Francisco** may finally have a solution to its problem at center: 7' Sung "Samson" Fong. The Dons also have a super backcourt duo in Orlando Smart and Gerald Walker. **Santa Clara** played giant killer in the first round of last year's NCAA tournament, knocking off Arizona in the West Regional. Best of the Broncos is 6'9" forward Pete Eisenrich. **Gonzaga** has 39 wins over the past two seasons and still no postseason bids to show for it. Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete Jeff Brown should be smart enough to solve that problem. INDEPENDENTS: With only five Division IA independents remaining, this category is on the verge of disappearing. At **Notre Dame**, third-year coach John MacLeod will try to revive an Irish program that has fallen on hard times (9–18 last season). He has a couple of pretty good players: 6'8" senior forward Monty Williams and sophomore guard Ryan Hoover. Williams averaged 18.5 points and 9.3 rebounds per game last year after being sidelined by a heart ailment for two seasons. **Missouri–Kansas City** posted its third winning season (15–12) last year after only six years at the Division IA level. Six-six senior guard Tony Dumas (23.9 ppg) would easily start for our best-players-you've-never-heard-of team. Kangaroo coach Lee Hunt, who was sidelined by open-heart surgery last year, will be back on the bench at the start of this season.



Paradise Lost

(continued from page 108)

until 1973. The actor also purchased a comfortable waterside residence west of the Papeete airport to house his growing Tahitian family. Leaving Judge to build the airstrip as well as to supervise the construction of the adjacent village, Brando soon went off to film *The Godfather*, which was completed in May 1971. Soon thereafter, he again contacted Pryor, this time asking him to organize a "think tank" in Hawaii. Those invited were Wallace Heath, an aquaculturist who had worked with the Lummi Indians in Washington State; Carl Hodges of the Environmental Research Laboratory, whose specialty was raising vegetables; and John Hughes from the Massachusetts State Lobster Hatchery on Martha's Vineyard. Brando wanted to create a self-sufficient food supply so that the Tahitians would no longer have to depend on imports from France, New Zealand and the U.S.

After preliminary brainstorming, the group was flown to Tetiaroa, where the scientists stayed for three days. Touring the lagoon with Brando at the helm of a 16-foot Boston Whaler, John Hughes noted that the boat had been banged up against the coral reef so often that the hull was completely scraped away along one side. Brando seemed oblivious to his guests' anxiety as he steered them through the churning surf, absorbed in explaining his plan. Each specialist, he instructed, should feel free to roam on his own, take samples and then report back with his conclusions.

Hughes' summary was unequivocal: The atoll was not the place to build a lobster farm. Undaunted, Brando said he would like to be able to call Hughes when he returned to his home on Martha's Vineyard. Hughes recalls their dialogue:

"He said he wanted to be able to call me at any time, and he asked how much that would cost. I said I used to get $225 a day for consulting, so I would charge him $225 a month. For five months Marlon sent me a check and called often, sometimes in the middle of the night. Nevertheless, I still considered him a pioneer in his attempt to use the sea to produce food. It was just that a lobster farm on Tetiaroa wasn't practical—the water was too warm and you would have to construct an insulated building with complicated water recirculation, which would require a stable supply of electricity. If you were going to do that," he adds, "you might as well raise lobsters in the Bronx."

Tap Pryor remained enthusiastic, however. By the end of 1972, and with approximately $15,000 put up by Brando, Pryor had created Mona Mona Products in Honolulu to explore the possibility of establishing a lobster

hatchery in tanks built under a roof at the edge of Tetiaroa's lagoon. Brando seemed pleased and explained that the French government offered long-term, low-interest loans to support such projects. Pryor, an experienced fund-raiser, advised that in order to pursue French financing, they would have to make a presentation in Paris.

A few weeks later Brando phoned Pryor and said that he had to be in Paris "for some stupid reason" (as the actor put it). He asked Pryor to meet him there, bringing with him any other experts who could help make the presentation.

The "stupid reason" that brought Brando to Paris was the French premiere of *The Godfather*. Because the film was opening in virtually every theater in town, Pryor had an easy time attracting an audience for Brando's presentation. Pryor was able to pack an auditorium "not only with the significant figures in the French overseas loan bureaucracy but also with the most glittering of current society, government and filmdom." After Pryor showed slides of the atoll and talked in English, Brando spoke. As Pryor tells it, "Marlon rose to the occasion with an impassioned plea in French for Tetiaroa, the Polynesian way of life, the future of children everywhere and, above all, for the glory of France. He received a standing ovation. Even the government types had tears in their eyes."

The next day Brando was filled with enthusiasm, but Pryor cautioned him that the follow-through was equally important. He suggested hiring an attorney in Paris to steer the proposal through the French bureaucracy. Brando agreed, and Pryor found a lawyer to meet with them over lunch the next day. The attorney was doing a good job explaining how to guide matters through official channels, but, Pryor says, "Marlon was becoming more and more paranoid. The lunch turned into a disaster, and I'll never know why. Perhaps it's because Marlon doesn't trust lawyers. Perhaps he thought that the follow-through was unnecessary, or maybe he was beginning to feel the heat of reality. He did not retain that lawyer, and then, having spent about $15,000 on the successful lobster trial in Hawaii, he stopped funding the project without explanation."

Erratic behavior was nothing new in the actor's life, yet his vacillation and indecision were resulting in huge and mounting costs: There was Judge's salary for two years, as well as the expense of Brando's countless trips back and forth between Tahiti and Los Angeles. There were also consultation fees and expenses for the various experts, legal and administrative costs, and money spent on such equipment as an antique sawmill flown in from Oregon piece by piece and an old 60-foot sailboat that Brando bought on an impulse. The ship had to be junked after boatyard workers found its hull to be rotten.

Still, cash alone and Brando's ingrained tendency to recoil at the slightest suspicion of being ripped off didn't explain his abandonment of various projects. Not even the actor's oldest friends could rationalize his behavior. His attention span was short (that was a given), but there were simply too many faces to the man. While he could let the lobster project slide, he might fly into Papeete to visit Tarita and their two children, then alone wing out to Tetiaroa for an extended stay, only to depart abruptly after a week or so. On other occasions, determined to rough it, he might stay as planned. Dressed in a flowing pareu and a huge floppy-brimmed hat, he would abandon his meditative retreat and talk endlessly with Judge about solar collectors and methane generators, citing data and statistics culled from his research. Those who knew him noticed that increasingly he seemed to be playing the role of *le patron*, which led some to wonder if his utopian dreams, presented as they were in long-winded discourse, had any true connection to reality.

On one occasion Brando invited Dolly Higgins, a friend from *Mutiny* days, to visit the island. Touring the huts under construction, Higgins pointed out that the buildings might not survive the stormy season. Brando dismissed her warning with the explanation that by using the fronds from hundreds of coconut trees cleared to create the airstrip, he preserved "the ambience" as well as "participated in nature." The fact that the structures wouldn't last more than five or six years was precisely the point, he explained. Having to rebuild them "like everything else in the tropics" would ensure a "sense of community."

For Higgins, who had lived in Polynesia far longer than the actor, this explanation became doubly confusing when Brando announced that he had banned all chemical products, including insecticides, from the island. Given the accumulation of standing water and garbage now that Tetiaroa was populated by workmen, Brando's ban meant an infestation of *no-nos*, Tahiti's killer midges. Even more puzzling was Brando's vision of his local village. "Marlon stood on the beach lecturing the workmen," recalled Nick Rutgers, another friend from *Mutiny*. "He told them they were going to have their own church and their own school but they couldn't drink beer. It was as if they had to be in Marlon's monastery, because he said they couldn't leave the island to go home to Tahiti for six months. You can't do that to a native," Rutgers added. "That's inhuman."

Brando, though, didn't seem to realize this. So intent was he on becoming a real-life godfather, the leader of his extended family, that his philanthropy

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included sending one of the island's staff, a young Vanuatu woman, to Los Angeles for medical treatment. (He also imported a dialysis machine for a close friend and advisor.) And now, pursuing his vision of a utopian community, he asked the laborers to bring their families from Papeete and promised them a lifetime tenancy in exchange for five years' service. For the ever-loyal Judge, the idea was to create a new world. "That was exactly what we were trying to do," the architect says, though whether anyone bothered to ask if there was a difference between the Tahitians' servitude to tourism or to Brando is unclear. Judge admits, however, that "very few" natives took up Brando's offer.

In 1972 the actor's attention to his environmental pursuits was diverted by other concerns. In January he began filming Bertolucci's *Last Tango in Paris*. Then, in February and March, the custody fight with ex-wife Anna Kashfi was rekindled when Brando got word that the boy had disappeared from Ojai Valley School. He hired a private detective, who tracked Christian to a "hippie encampment" in Baja California. The story later told in court was that Kashfi arranged "a heist," promising to pay $10,000 for the boy's kidnapping. Brando flew to Los Angeles from Paris and gave several days' testimony. The court awarded him sole custody of his son.

With his share of *The Godfather*'s profits and what was turning out to be a bonanza payday for *Last Tango*—$4 million to $5 million in residuals—there was more funding for Tetiaroa. But he seemed loath to spend his own money. Then, too, he had taken up another cause—the American Indian Movement, which had come into its own with a 1972 takeover of the Bureau of Indian Affairs building in Washington, D.C. Here, as it was with the group's Wounded Knee occupation in South Dakota's Badlands four months later, the issue was the government's treatment of Native Americans. It was on March 27, 1973, in the midst of the two-month Wounded Knee siege, that Sacheen Littlefeather took the stage to reject Brando's Oscar for *The Godfather*.

Unwilling, or unable, to finance Judge's master plan, Brando nonetheless returned to his island on March 30 for a trial run of Hotel Tetiaroa. He soon made a loan application to the private Bank Socredo in the hope of correcting the island's continuing cash problems. More bungalows had been started by August 20, and that fall an old Tahiti hand by the name of Henry Ritmeister was hired to put things on a more businesslike footing. As part of the new regime, a full-time Papeete-based bookkeeper was also hired.

Ritmeister saw at once that Brando was being pushed by his California accountants to open the hotel as quickly as possible. "That was largely for tax reasons," explains Ritmeister, "because by then only about five huts had been completed. The others were still under construction, and the kitchen and dining room were still unfinished. The place was staffed with a large crew of local people, and morale was very bad. Fights were commonplace, mainly because of all the drinking."

In short order, the island's new manager built a concrete storage bin for the liquor and fired more than half the staff. Still, he encountered problems with his boss, either directly or indirectly. Like Dolly Higgins, he criticized the design of the bungalows: Judge had been carried away by the image of African huts and called for rounded thatched roofs. As Ritmeister pointed out, the local pandanus leaves were flat and would not bend to the required shape. His warnings went unheeded.

Despite his visionary commitments, once the 15 new huts were completed Brando bowed to the pragmatism of Brown, Kraft & Co., his high-profile Hollywood accountants, and opened the hotel. Another loan application for 10 million Polynesian francs (approximately $1 million) was accompanied by tourist projections of 7300 visitors a year—*un village de vacances, avec un hotel de 200 chambres*. The accommodations were similar to those of a summer camp, palatable to guests who either shared Brando's nominal love for roughing it or were lured by the thought of catching a glimpse of the star himself.

In fact, Brando wasn't there that often. It was 1974, and while Brando had reportedly sunk some $5 million into Tetiaroa, his attention had swung back to the American Indian Movement. Over the summer and fall he attended the trials of AIM leaders Russell Means and Dennis Banks in St. Paul. He announced he was donating most of his real estate holdings to Native Americans in order to "entitle me to ask others to make contributions." Included in his donation was his Los Angeles home, an apartment complex in Anaheim, a 40-acre parcel in the Santa Monica Mountains and the Brando family farm in Illinois. Tetiaroa was conspicuously left out of the offered properties, which seemed to suggest that, whatever his politics, he was far from calling it quits in French Polynesia.

In January 1975 his involvement with AIM took an even more radical leap when he spent a night or two with Indians occupying an abandoned abbey near Gresham, Wisconsin. With the Indians surrounded by 750 National Guardsmen, Brando underwent gunfire, an experience that deeply frightened him.

"We'll never finish our gift list, Santa, if you don't move on to checking the tapes of the ones who were nice."

That summer his involvement went up another notch when Leonard Peltier—charged with killing two FBI agents on the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation in South Dakota—went underground with Brando's close friend Dennis Banks. Brando supplied money, airline tickets and his own motor home to aid in their escape. Several months later, he arranged to have the fugitive Banks flown to Tahiti aboard a private jet and then on to Tetiaroa, putting Banks beyond the reach of the law.

Throughout this period, Brando's disgust with Hollywood seemed to reach new heights. In 1975, while he was filming *The Missouri Breaks* in Montana, his attitude toward the project approached outright farce—he wore dresses and camped up his role with exaggerated gestures and lisps. Yet the costs of Tetiaroa were draining him, and he was soon forced to sign on for *Apocalypse Now* and *Superman*. The latter was hackwork, hardly worthy of his genius. He diddled reporters with the comment that if *Superman*'s producers were dumb enough to pay him huge money, who was he to object?

In November 1975 he returned to Tetiaroa and began construction of his own house about a half mile east of the hotel complex. For all his insistence on native materials, the structure was made of steel-reinforced concrete. "His rationale was that it had to withstand tropical storms and hurricanes," recalled Al Prince, editor of Tahiti's only English-language newspaper. "But I think it was really built to withstand nuclear war, because of his obsession with French nuclear testing in the Pacific. He may have had a Geiger counter, and I know he would never let the hotel restaurant serve lobster because he was sure it was contaminated with radiation."

Fort Brando, as Prince called it, was never completed. The actor continued to spend most of his time alone in his thatched hut, where he read and played electronic chess. He also had a ham radio, which, more than anything, seemed to symbolize his self-imposed isolation. He would regularly stay up late talking to strangers who were on ships at sea while identifying himself as "Mike," "Martine" and "Martin Bumby." He further disguised his identity with a variety of masterful accents, usually French and German but also Japanese.

He was contacting new advisors, too. That November he taped an interview in Los Angeles with Stewart Brand and J. Baldwin, the countercultural publishers of *The Whole Earth Catalog*. Brando's ruminations, particularly in the area of solar and wind power, were not lost on Brand and Baldwin, who were flown to Tetiaroa to advise on "soft technology."

"He was a fat tub, probably well over 250 pounds," Baldwin recalled, "and he spent a lot of time talking about what we were eating. He seemed to fuss about his health, so much so that I felt he was a hypochondriac. But he kept talking about how he wanted to power the whole island with solar energy. I kept saying, 'Marlon, Marlon, *corrosion*.' His Caterpillar tractor had rusted away into a pile of crumbs. He started joking, 'You come here and I'll appoint you minister of corrosion.' I had the clear impression that he had bought the island for essentially romantic reasons. He told me, 'There are lots of things wrong in the world. I have a lot of money, so one of the things I will do is preserve a little piece of paradise.'"

Baldwin stayed for about two weeks, making notes. His host's heart, Baldwin saw, was in the right place, but he seemed essentially naive and also very sad.

"I once saw him sitting by himself on the beach, staring out at the water, and he looked as if he were about to cry," said Baldwin. "I later tried ways to get through to him, like telling him about watching this incredible seabird make a nest. He said, 'Yes, isn't that wonderful,' and then broke it off and started playing host again, offering another baguette or whatever. Tarita was there. She ate at the other end of the table, but they acted as if they didn't know each other. It was as if Marlon was behind a barrier and wasn't going to let anyone in."

Of all the advisors so far, Baldwin had no vested interest, and after he returned home Brando began calling him. Whenever he saw items in catalogs or read about new technology, he would phone to ask Baldwin if he should try them.

"He was not above admitting that he didn't know what to do, and I admired his honesty," said Baldwin. "But I came away thinking that what he was trying to do wasn't going to work. He saw Tetiaroa as something that should be done right. Yet he didn't even see it as part of the social fabric of Polynesia, and I don't think he cared about the Polynesians at all, in fact. They were like background radiation to him."

Baldwin had also noted that Brando

"Hi! I'm the Ghost of April Fool's Day Past!"

seemed distracted by problems he was having with 17-year-old Christian, who was on a downhill slide. Try as he might, Brando could do nothing to stop it. Christian had been living at his father's Mulholland Drive home in Los Angeles but often disappeared for days on end. He was drinking, into dope and reportedly had finally dropped out of school.

In the spring of 1976 Brando went off to the Philippines to film his scenes as Kurtz in *Apocalypse Now*. To compensate for the actor's weight, director Francis Coppola had to film him in shadow, mainly from the shoulders up. Still, Brando insisted on endless discussions about his lines, even though he had not taken the time, as requested, to read Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*, on which the script was based.

While Brando was off in the Philippines, Tetiaroa was again shut down for another round of repairs on the decaying bungalows. But when he returned to the island he seemed to be playing Kurtz with a vengeance, isolating himself even more with his radio. His mood could not have been brightened when it was announced that a feasibility study was being done to determine the best type of day tours for Tetiaroa. In *O Tahiti* magazine, a local publication, he insisted that the aquaculture projects were nonetheless continuing. The idea was that tourism would fund the research, even though the hotel itself was proving to be "enormously expensive to operate." As he conceded to *Cue* magazine, "Owning your own island isn't so cheap. So every film I do, I tell myself, 'This is for Tetiaroa.'"

Superman was the payday to fund his dream. In December 1976 it was announced that his salary stood at $3.7 million for 12 days' filming of two *Superman* films being shot concurrently. His scenes would ultimately be cut from *Superman II*, but he wound up with a reported $15 million of the profits. Even so, the facilities on Tetiaroa continued to deteriorate, and now Reiko Sato, an ex-girlfriend, was left alone on the atoll as caretaker. Emblematic of Brando's inattention was his forgetting to send promised food supplies or to arrange relief. Colin Bradley, an experienced American ham operator vacationing in Papeete, picked up Sato's distress call. He flew over to the island, where he was amazed to see the actor's bungalow filled with the latest, most expensive radio equipment. More startling was the padlocked refrigerator.

It was during these months that Tahitian acquaintances finally began to discern the depths of Brando's disillusionment. Alex Ata, now principal aide to the governor, had listened to the actor's schemes ever since Brando had purchased the atoll. Yet one day, over lunch, Ata realized that his friend was no longer talking about doing anything significant in the South Pacific.

"Before, when I was head of the tourist office, he used to talk about his plans constantly," said Ata. "He would stop by with all these sketches and drawings and studies, and I'd say, 'This is nice, Marlon, but when?' 'Let me dream about it,' he'd say. Well, all those plans, maybe two stories high, never materialized. It was always a mystery what he was trying to find here. I don't think he really knew, and that's why he failed. If one were cynical, one would say it's like all the other things Brando starts but never achieves."

If there was one theme behind Brando's vision, it was that the island represented his children's future. This was probably very much on his mind in 1979 when he divided the atoll into shares for Cheyenne and sons Teihotu and Christian, as well as additional shares for Tarita, local lawyer Claude Girard and Los Angeles accountant Norton Brown. At the same time he took on *The Formula*, which earned him a quick $3 million even as the atoll's hotel reopened and a New York City travel bureau offered ten-day tours of Tahiti (including a five-day stay on Tetiaroa) at $1450 per person plus airfare.

Brando went one more round with advisors. In 1980 he summoned John Todd, a biologist now at a think tank in Falmouth, Massachusetts. Todd and his wife, Nancy, flew to Tetiaroa, but Brando felt no need to make a timely appearance. For nearly a week the Todds explored the lagoons, sailed and scuba dived. Then one afternoon, shortly before she had to return to the States, Nancy was pulling a canoe up on the beach when she saw a figure appear on a

"Number three, let's hear you say, 'Cut the Merry Christmas crap and put your wallets and watches in the bag.'"

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nearby path. "She was wearing a red-and-white flowered sarong, a long-sleeved white shirt, tied at the waist for coolness," she recalled. "I could see saggy breasts, and the body was pasty and pale and heavy. It was a careful walk, not a casual walk. I stopped and stared, because I wondered how I could have been on this tiny island for five days and not have met this old white woman, obviously a commanding presence. This person then just glanced at me and continued along the path to the schoolteachers' house."

It was only later at lunch when Brando came over to their table and introduced himself that she realized that the old woman and the actor were one and the same. She was flying off the island that day. After meeting Brando, she was struck by how her earlier impression of a woman was contradicted by what she described as Brando's "personal magnetism, personal power."

For John Todd events grew stranger over the next few days as he became aware of the complex cast of characters on the island. Among them was another of Brando's ex-girlfriends, Ellen Adler, daughter of the great actress and teacher Stella Adler, who had sponsored the young Brando in New York more than 35 years earlier. Other guests included several paying types as well as Tarita and the children, whom Brando continued to ignore. He often locked himself in his room, leaving Todd to dine with Adler and the others. When Brando did join them, more often than not he became a "malicious mimic," at one point mocking a German guest sitting at their table. (Another time he did a wicked takeoff of Carl Sagan, whose *Cosmos* TV series he'd been watching on tape as a model for a series he was planning on the American Indian.)

As Todd became familiar with the family dynamics, he was impressed by the isolation of his host. "The daughter seemed quite spoiled," he recalled, "and Tarita seemed to have absolute power. In fact, I came to feel that there were two opposing camps on the island, Tarita and Marlon. She knew more about the island and what she was doing there than he could have dreamed possible. It seemed she controlled almost everything that was happening. I thought she was probably his enemy, and also that she dealt in a psychic realm that he didn't have any experience with."

As the days rolled by, Todd and Brando met to exchange ideas at 11 every morning. After talking biology for "about 20 minutes or half an hour," though, Brando would excuse himself and disappear—or change the subject altogether, often returning to his weight problem. Still more surprising was his fixation on money. While Todd outlined the costs of his proposed models for an experimental "food chain," Brando interrupted: "Why should I respect your ideas? You're not rich."

On March 9, 1981, a hurricane hit. Todd was in his bungalow, "just hanging on to keep from being blown away," he recalled. "When it was finally over the next morning I was grateful to be alive. Everything had been flattened, the gardens flooded. My response was 'Let's start to rebuild.' Marlon had the absolute shit scared out of him, though, and was still in a panic. He ordered everybody off the island. Tarita stayed but the rest of us were flown to Papeete, where he holed up in a hotel room."

That was the last Todd saw of Brando; disillusioned, he returned home. Yet within weeks Brando started phoning, repeating the same pattern he played out with Hughes, Baldwin and Brand. Here, too, there was no closure. "He never said yes, never said no," states Todd. "Brando may be a visionary, but he lacks the courage to spend money. Looking back, if I had had the confidence I would have said to him, 'I don't think this island matters a rat's ass to you. What I'm interested in is why this issue of weight matters to you. Is it sexual power? And with money, is it a loss of control?' Because these two issues were overriding," Todd continues. "He was reading Ruth Benedict and trying to understand Polynesia. But he hadn't sorted out his priorities—plus, he didn't have Tarita's authority or power. In fact, the old guy at Bob's Bar there, the bartender who had lived on Tetiaroa for a long time, said, 'Anything Marlon attempts on this island will be destroyed.'" Todd agreed that "all his plans were doomed."

Brando's response to the hurricane damage was to get back in touch with Bernard Judge to revive the original master plan for a major and elaborate resort that would enlarge the existing hotel to 65 bungalows.

Judge was not surprised. "It had become clear that the only way to attract management was to get some large money involved," he said. "And Marlon wasn't prepared or possibly didn't have the wherewithal to put up the funds himself." The idea was to offer the island on a long-term lease. Although the architect's two-inch-thick proposal would not see the light of day for another year and a half, the sum being sought was $7 million plus rent. Ownership of the atoll would remain with Brando. The lessor would be bound to implement the master plan faithfully, yet Tetiaroa, site of their envisioned ecoparadise, would boast a world-class resort hotel.

Meanwhile, as the locally based Brown, Kraft accountant continued to monitor the books out of the Hotel Tetiaroa office at Tahiti's airport, a new

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manager and his wife were found in San Francisco. The manager had never seen an atoll before, but once in place the yuppie couple immediately reorganized things. First on their agenda was to hire two receptionists and a wine steward, as well as gardeners to take care of the coconuts and pandanus that had been growing unaided for ages. The employees, now forbidden to joke with customers, were soon tripled in number. More absurd was the island's new dress code, which required male guests to wear long pants and jackets at dinner. For all the couple's efforts, Tetiaroa lost $532,863 in 1982.

Brando, of course, was removed from all of this, even though he spent October through December of 1982 on the island. He had a wind-powered generator installed so he could stay up late with his radio, well after the power to the hotel had been turned off. He also summoned journalist Al Prince from Papeete, irritated by a piece Prince published in *The Tahiti Sun Press*. Prince was flown over in the afternoon, given a bungalow and, like so many others, made to wait. Finally, about ten P.M. he was taken to Brando's bungalow, where they played a game or two of chess. The scene Prince recalled was so reminiscent of *Apocalypse Now* that it struck him as weird and depressing: a huge Brando wrapped in a flowing white caftan, sitting in the semidarkness with the room lit only by a single 60-watt bulb. The actor's quarters were dominated by a king-size bed, his radio equipment and books. Half in shadow atop a nearby bureau stood a framed photo of the actor's mother, an icon even in the Pacific. Most of all, though, there was Brando's voice, the wheezing million-dollar tenor that drifted out of the shadows as the two men sat talking until three in the morning.

"He was massive, and I found that much fat a bit repulsive," said Prince. "All that was left from the young Brando were the eyes, plus the charisma and the charm. He was mimicking other guests. When he told his stories he played all the roles, including the women, changing his voice, everything. He ate fruit constantly and explained that it was because someone told him fruit would help control his weight. He had bongo drums in the bathroom and whenever he went to take a piss he would tap on them, do a little riff before coming out. After our talk he walked me back to my bungalow because I didn't have a flashlight and would have been lost. He could find his way around blindfolded. He gave me the impression that the only time he felt secure in that place was at night when nobody was visible. He was almost a phantom, wandering around in the dark."

By now any number of people were aware that Brown, Kraft had basically taken over by insisting that the only way to justify Tetiaroa was as a tax write-off. But whatever Brando's lingering dreams, all plans were dashed in April 1983 by another hurricane. It was the worst yet: Four bungalows were lost. One motu was left without a single tree, and on the adjacent islets more than 500 palms were down. The usually crystal-clear blue lagoon was carpeted with dead birds. Brando, who was in L.A. at the time, was described by the tabloids as devastated, even "tearful," at the damage. In fact, his response was to call in another consulting firm to design a security system built around a pair of solar-powered TV cameras—range four miles, tower-mounted and capable of scanning the open sea. He explained that the system would monitor poachers from Papeete.

Meanwhile, the accountants insisted he do something about the continual money drain. In January 1985, Brown, Kraft, anxious to get Brando's attention, was forced to couch the tax question in terms of its client's kids. "Tetiaroa is doing nothing but bleeding us," George Pakala, Brando's personal accountant, reportedly argued. "Why don't you let the island make money for your children's trust funds?" Brando agreed and the property was listed with the prestigious real estate brokers Previews, Inc. The asking price for the lease was now down to $4 million, with a monthly rental of $4000. Yet it seems Brando was playing games just to get his advisors off his back. Despite several interested investors, Brando, through one stratagem or another, never followed through.

By 1987 Brando had hired another manager, Alex duPrel, to oversee what was left of Hotel Tetiaroa—14 bungalows, most of them dilapidated. "One day we were discussing what it would cost to turn the place around," DuPrel recalled. "We agreed that about $750,000 would do the job, give him something proper to pass on to his children. While we were talking, another pouch with scripts arrived. They came all the time via Federal Express. He took one of them out and said, 'OK, three weeks filming, a million and a half bucks.' 'Great,' I said. 'There's the money we need.' But then he started reading the script, one, two, three pages. 'I'm not going to do this kind of crap!' He threw it in the garbage pail. That was the way it was, offers coming in for $3 million. He'd just toss them."

Refusing to go back into harness, Brando again looked for other options. At one point he offered the atoll to the Cousteau Society as a research station. When Cousteau's people failed to show enthusiasm, the next plan was to turn Tetiaroa into a habitat for gorillas. Primate scientist Penny Patterson, who had done the famous experiments with Koko, had already approached Brando, who invited her to the island.

DuPrel recalled the visit: "I got the message that she was arriving as a special guest and I was to take care of her. She was about 35, blonde, fairly good-looking. In the evening I took her on sunset cruises in the motorboat. She sat in the back, always under an umbrella, with a big hat on—like Deborah Kerr in *The Night of the Iguana*, very much the lady of the manor. I was trying to explain to her about an atoll, which is only two feet above water, with very fragile trees. It's a bird sanctuary, and I couldn't see gorillas swinging in the trees. She said, 'No, I'll protect the birds. I'll put up electric fences.' She kept insisting she was so in love with the island. I'm sure she saw herself as queen of Tetiaroa. Finally, I said, 'If you persist in this crazy idea, I'll put out an ugly press story about you putting hundreds of apes in danger just because you want to play queen of the island.' At last she left. I suppose Marlon had a lot of fun watching me fight with her."

With no new sources of funds, the accommodations on the island became even more primitive. Guests continued to arrive for day trips, and there were complaints. DuPrel had his hands full with 40 or so Italian tourists who were marooned overnight because of bad weather. He silenced their complaints by showing them Brando's own quarters. "'This is Marlon's toilet,' I told them, and everything changed instantly," DuPrel says. "They almost kneeled in front of that toilet and made signs to Mecca. For Italians, Marlon is a god."

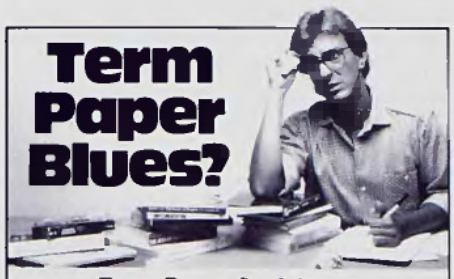
After 12 months DuPrel quit, as exasperated with his seemingly pointless assignment as his predecessors had been. "As long as he is on Tetiaroa, he has Tetiaroa and Tahiti in mind," DuPrel explains. "But the moment Marlon goes back to Mulholland Drive he goes back into his world of isolation. He forgets. So I finally resigned. I wrote him, 'I'm tired of being the keeper of the most exclusive slum in the South Pacific.'"

Apparently so was Brando. He retreated into the world of his bedroom on Mulholland Drive. He did no other films until June 1989, when he began *The Freshman*. But even as his dreams for Tetiaroa waned, his hopes faded of future serenity with his children. By then married and divorced, Christian had dug himself deeper into a pit of drug and alcohol abuse, despite several attempts at detox. Running with a group of Laurel Canyon dopers he tagged "the down boys," Christian lived with guns, fast cars and wild women. Cheyenne had grown from a spoiled little girl into a confused young woman who dabbled in mysticism and spent her evenings at discos along Papeete's waterfront. It was in one of these discos that she met Dag Drollet (son of Jacques Drollet) in May 1987. She began living with him, leading to a rivalry between the Tahitian suitor and her father. Then, in August 1989, perhaps because Brando refused to allow her to visit the set of *The Freshman* (he had always vowed that his children would never be "contaminated" by show business), Cheyenne sped off in a rage and crashed her brother's jeep along Tahiti's main highway.

The accident fractured most of the bones in her beautiful face, and Brando rushed to her hospital bedside when she was flown to Los Angeles for treatment. But his spontaneous and heartfelt solicitude to Cheyenne, after years of periodic absences, seemed to mirror his inconsistent attention to Tetiaroa. With Cheyenne, her brother Teihotu—and with Christian as well—he alternately spoiled them, abandoned them and, in his most paternal moods, imposed his will. Yet ironically, for all his self-absorption, the answers for which he was personally searching could not be forced.

The tragedy, of course, occurred in Brando's Los Angeles home on the evening of May 16, 1990, when Christian shot and killed Dag Drollet, father of Cheyenne's unborn child. The dream of family and Tahiti had become a nightmare: Christian pled guilty to manslaughter and was sentenced to ten years in prison. Cheyenne avoided questioning by Los Angeles authorities when Brando flew her to Tahiti, where she gave birth to his grandson, twice attempted suicide and accused her father of complicity in her boyfriend's murder. For the next three years she was shuttled around the world, from one psychiatric facility to another, until she amplified her accusations against her father. The bereaved Drollet family, meanwhile, filed a civil suit against Christian. The Tahitian courts, intent on investigating Cheyenne's charges, repeatedly sought Brando's return to Polynesia.

But Brando remained sequestered in his Mulholland Drive bedroom. As he told friends, his greatest fear was that the French Polynesians might detain him indefinitely. "The messenger of misery has come to my house," he announced shortly after the killing. Now, indeed, one had to wonder which house. Over the past 30 years he had given up films for politics, politics for ecology, ecology for family. Yet today, there is no family, nor is there the lobster farm, the environmentally correct hotel or the utopian community he had so hoped to create. Nor is there even a lingering connection to Native Americans or to civil rights groups. Instead, as Tetiaroa's bungalows fall into ruin, the island itself endures, inexorably returning to its natural state without Brando's manipulations—and, for the foreseeable future at least, probably without his haunted, wandering presence.



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BRANFORD MARSALIS

(continued from page 186)

MARSALIS: It was cute. It didn't have anything to do with reality—not with my reality. They tried to make Paris into this wonderfully vibrant scene. They didn't want to make the musicians into what they really were. Some of those guys were there because they didn't concentrate enough. Some were refugees from music because they were not good enough to make it in New York. And a lot of them were refugees from racism, but they didn't want to deal with that in that movie. The idea of putting musicians in those roles turned out to be a very bad idea. Except for Dexter; he was perfect.

18.

PLAYBOY: Your group, like many other American and European jazz artists, is popular in Japan. How do you explain this phenomenon?

MARSALIS: The Japanese, for whatever reason, are astute in terms of history and legacy. Unlike many other people, they have identified jazz as part of the American experience. But I don't think they understand it most times, especially at my shows. They just stare at us, like, "What the hell are they playing?" But they come to hear me anyway. It's almost like classical music: Somebody told them it's necessary and that we're good. So they come and scratch their heads and clap and they leave. The audiences are strange when you play those big concert halls. The clubs are much hipper and the club owners are great. They'll just take care of you. They take you out to eat, and they'll even get a great-looking girl for you if you want one. I've declined.

19.

PLAYBOY: What effect did being black have in your getting the job on *The Tonight Show*?

MARSALIS: Based on the show's history, absolutely none. [*Laughs*] Couldn't resist that one. Really, I don't think it was a factor. I don't think they gathered around and said, "Guys, we need a black bandleader"—because when I first turned them down, they considered Harry Connick, Jr., for a while, and then they considered David Sanborn. I don't think they sat around and figured, "Let's get a list of Negroes and find out which one will do it."

20.

PLAYBOY: When you were 30 you said you would be surprised if you were playing music after you're 40. Do you still feel that way?

MARSALIS: Yep. The way it happens in jazz, you make all this creative music, and when you turn 50, they want to pay you $50,000 to play some shit you played 25 years ago and you don't want to play anymore. But I want to be in a financial place where I won't have to do it, and the younger kids'll be out there playing the shit, and I'll step into the sunset, man. Plus, I got a lot I want to do in my life. I want to make movies, write documentaries, teach university.

"Last year he bombed here."

Sri Lanka Position

(continued from page 168)

"Jesus," Fischbein said. He took a deep breath. "So it's got to be you and me? For Christ's sake, what if somebody were to find out?"

He had never done any sort of gay stuff. Oh, a little innocent fooling around when he was 12 or 13, a bunch of guys jerking off together, but that had ended as soon as he'd figured out the right way to speak to girls. This was an emergency, though. A crisis situation.

"Come on, asshole," Anderson said. "Nobody will ever have to know. Who's going to tell anybody anything? You? Me? And it's our only hope. Stop wasting time and let's get going." Irritably, he again gestured to Fischbein to approach him.

"I suppose," Fischbein said, jogging over and lying down on the broiling sand. "But no funny business, you hear?"

"As if I would. Do I look like a queer to you? Shut up and put your right leg over mine."

"It's the woman who puts her right leg over," said Fischbein.

"I'm bigger than you. I'm the man, you're the woman."

"I don't know the woman's moves."

"Just follow what I do. Everything will fit together with a little practice. Put your right leg over mine."

Fischbein sighed and put his right leg over Anderson's middle. Then Anderson clasped Fischbein with his arm. Fischbein shuddered.

"Not so close," he said.

"Don't be a prick," Anderson said. "Do the thing with the ankle now."

"I can't bend my leg that far."

"Bend it or I'll break it for you."

"You're the pushiest lay I've ever had," said Fischbein.

"This isn't a lay. This is survival. Stretch your leg."

Fischbein stretched, did the ankle thing, hooked his heel where it was supposed to go.

"It'll never work," he muttered.

"You East Coast assholes are natural pessimists, aren't you? Twist on your side now. Raise your arm."

"This is disgusting," Fischbein said.

"I could give you a hundred affidavits that say it isn't."

"From women," said Fischbein. "I'm a man. What do you think this stuff between my legs is?"

"You want me to answer that?" Anderson said. "Raise the arm higher."

Fischbein gave it all he had. It wasn't enough. He and Anderson got as close together as they could, and nothing happened.

"Not bad for a first try," Anderson said as they disentangled. "There's a grove of desert apples growing just back of this

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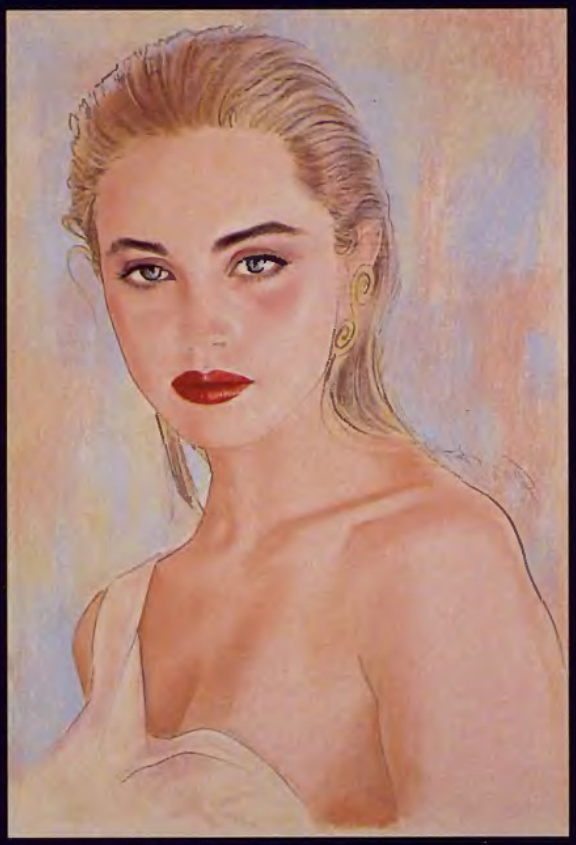

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dune. Let's go get something to eat and then we can try it again."

"Again?"

"Until we get it right," said Anderson.

"Jesus Christ," Fischbein said.

"Look, if I could do the position by myself, don't you think I would? You think I want to hug your hairy body, mister?"

"OK, already. OK. Where are those apples?"

They tasted like burnt pieces of cork with sugar sprinkled on them. But they were better than the seaweed. Afterward he and Anderson tried the position again. And again. And again.

On the millionth try there was a *pop* in the air, and Fischbein found himself back in his apartment, naked and sunburned, with gritty orange sand sticking to his skin everywhere.

•

He put the ad in the *Times*, *The Wall Street Journal* and half a dozen other papers around the country, listing himself as chief counsel for the Sri Lanka Position Claimants Association and asking anyone who'd had a bad experience with the sex-instruction video to get in touch with him. There were three faxes and five phone calls the next day, and that was just the beginning.

Gwen's father called as well, from Sioux Falls.

"She wrote us that if anything ever happened to her, I should contact you," he said. "She calls us almost every Sunday. We haven't heard from her in weeks. I knew this would happen when she moved to New York. Was she hit by a stray bullet? Run over by a taxi?"

"This is very complicated," Fischbein said. "All I can tell you is that she disappeared, and I'm making every effort to locate her. I'm absolutely distraught."

"You're what?"

"Distraught. Distraught. Upset."

"Oh."

"I'm also taking legal steps to punish those responsible for her disappearance. Send me your name and address and I'll see to it that you're included on the list of plaintiffs, as her next of kin. Do you happen to have a fax?"

"A what? And you say you know who kidnapped her?"

"She wasn't kidnapped, exactly. She disappeared."

"But you know who did it."

"I know how it happened to happen," said Fischbein. "As I told you, this is all extremely complicated. But if you'll let me have your name and address. . . ."

•

It was big news, of course. In the past six weeks, people all over the country had vanished as a result of using the Sri Lanka Position video. Only a handful had managed to return. The instructional video had been recalled from sale, naturally, and before long an open-ended indictment on manslaughter charges was brought in against the guru and the producers of the cassette.

The guru insisted that the teachings had been gravely misunderstood and misapplied by careless practitioners. The video company's lawyers pointed to the elaborate liability disclaimer that was included with every video.

"What bullshit!" Fischbein roared. "They think user carelessness is a defense? They think a fine-print disclaimer means anything?"

Just about all of the returned vanishees and most of the next of kin hired Fischbein to represent them on a contingency basis. He had decided that he would leave his barber out of it but was suing everybody else involved. Including Unesco—which, it turned out, had underwritten the swami's spiritual research ten years back—and the government of Sri Lanka, for having failed to warn consumers in the U.S. and Europe that one of its citizens was peddling a highly dangerous sexual aid.

•

One of those who didn't sign up with the Claimants Association was Cal Anderson of Los Angeles. It turned out that he didn't act in television cop shows, he produced them, and he had his own staff of in-house lawyers who would handle the suit for him independently.

"But you'd be better off joining the class action," Fischbein said when Anderson called him from the Coast. "It won't cost you anything up front, and the payback is going to be colossal."

"Maybe so," said Anderson. "But my lawyers are smart and you're a jerk, or so I concluded from our little holiday together. I'd rather use them, if you don't mind. What I want from you is to find out how much you're going to stick me for the rights to our story."

"Our story?" Fischbein repeated leadenly. "What are you saying?"

"*Castaways in the Fourth Dimension*," Anderson said. "I'm filming it for TV."

"But you told me that nobody would ever know that you and I—that we—how we—what we——"

"That was then. This is now. There's a big story here."

"You're going to slander me as a queer on prime time?" Fischbein asked. "Not for 10 million bucks would I give you a release on that. You try it and I'll sue you into the *sixth* dimension, you stupid Hollywood bastard. Going to show yourself as a queer, too, are you? Sure, sure you are. I can see it now, the music swelling up, the two of us in a passionate clinch on the hot sand. Look, do whatever you

want with your own reputation, but leave me out, OK?"

"We committed no homosexual acts," Anderson said. "We merely had close bodily contact for the sake of saving our lives. Besides, what's so awful about homosexuality? It's not something I would want to practice for pleasure, but this isn't the 19th century, buddy. And some of my best friends are as queer as the day is long, and what of it? But all right, all right, forget I even called. I would have paid you a nice price for the use of your character, Fischbein. But instead of an asshole lawyer from New York as the guy I join forces with to fight my way out of the fourth dimension, it'll be a decent, good-hearted carpenter from Dayton who wants to get back to his wife and kids but first has to transcend his working-class prejudices against coming into close physical proximity with another man, besides which, he was abused by his uncle when he was a kid and that left scars on his psyche, and——"

The call-waiting beeper beeped.

"Got to go," Fischbein said. "There's someone else on the line."

"Just remember, fellow, you can't have it both ways. If I tell our story and leave you out, don't come around here claiming that you're the prototype of the carpenter and are entitled to a gigantic fee for the use of your character. Even a third-rate shyster like you should know that that would not stand up. And furthermore——"

"Excuse me," Fischbein said. He switched to the waiting call. "Barry Fischbein," he said.

"Hello, Barry," a woman's voice said. "Remember me?"

"I'm not sure I——"

"It's Gwen, Barry. Now do you remember? I've come back. And I have the most wonderful things to tell you!"

•

They met for lunch in the café in the Trump Tower lobby. She looked radiant: deeply tanned, as if she'd just spent two weeks in the Virgin Islands. She was brimming with a vitality and joie de vivre that seemed obscene in the middle of Manhattan on a drizzly winter day. It was exhausting just to look at her.

"I can't readily communicate how much guilt I've had over this, Gwen," he said right away. "Once I got back and realized that you hadn't, that you were lost somewhere in an unknown dimension—perhaps suffering unspeakable torments—the sorrow I felt was unbearable, utterly unbearable, to the point where I wished I were a Catholic, Gwen, a Roman Catholic, so I could go to some priest right down the block at St. Patrick's and beg him for absolution, because the guilt I was having was so——"

She was beaming at him. "Oh, Barry, you're being silly. I had a tremendous time."

"You what?"

"It was like being in an *Arabian Nights* fantasy. I mean, I was a princess and they were all my slaves. They did my bidding. They built a palace for me and brought me wonderful things to eat and drink, and jewelry and perfumes—strange jewelry, you understand, and the perfume was actually a little gross, but I had to make allowances for the differences in the culture. The Euphoria Dimension is what I called it."

"The Euphoria Dimension," Fischbein repeated dully.

"It has to be the most marvelous place in all the universe." The glow of her cheeks deepened. "I have to say, too, that there was physical fulfillment as well, of a kind that—well, that I had simply never experienced before. No offense intended, Barry. Their capabilities go beyond those of humans, that's all. It's simply an anatomical thing. There's no reason in the world for you to feel competitive."

"Competitive? Who with?"

"With the inhabitants of the Euphoria Dimension. Who made love with me all day and all night, until I was dizzy with joy."

"I'm not hearing this," Fischbein said. "Not really. This is all some crappy dream. You're telling me that you landed in a dimension full of Casanovas, and that they all looked like the young Charlton Heston except they were handsome, and they stroked you with peacock feathers and bathed you in asses' milk and screwed you around the clock, and you think I'm glad to hear it?"

"They didn't look anything like Charlton Heston. Or Robert Redford, or Cary Grant, either. They weren't remotely human. It was another dimension." Gwen's eyes were glowing. "They were aliens, Barry!"

"With tentacles and feelers, yes. And six eyes the size of saucers. And three dicks apiece, the size of——"

"Barry!"

"Why, exactly, are you telling me all of this?"

"I want you to go back there with me."

"What?"

"When they sent me home they said, 'Get the man you love and return to us, and we will serve the two of you in bliss and splendor all the days of your lives.'"

A great sadness came over Fischbein. This was a woman that he had actually considered marrying. And he had never seen her look more gorgeous than she did right this moment. But her trip through the dimensions had driven her totally insane. Such a terrific woman. What a waste!

That dumb videocassette. He could kill Swami Shivaram Krishna.

Quietly he said, "How did you get back here, exactly?"

"They showed me the way. It's a variation on the position, but I could do it all by myself. They sent me here to get you and bring you back with me."

"To the Euphoria Dimension?"

"Yes."

"Listen, Gwen, there are brilliant specialists in this city who can help you deal with this. If your insurance doesn't cover it, I'll find a way to shift you onto mine. We'll heal your mind, don't you doubt it. And then—then—I want to marry you, Gwen. I've never said that to a woman in my life. But there. It's out. I want to marry you."

"I'm not crazy, Barry. I was really there."

"You really think you were there, sure. But——"

"No. It actually exists, and it's glorious. Believe me. No, don't take my word for it. We can go there today. Right after lunch, a quick trip, there and back. Just to check it out. See if it isn't everything I said."

"Gwen——"

"Just a trial visit. You'll love it. You'll never want to come back here. I came back only for you, but it was an effort to leave there. Believe me. Will you make just the trial jump, Barry?"

"We'll get you the finest treatment money can buy."

"I tell you, Barry, I'm not crazy. The Sri Lanka Position sent you to hell, but it sent me to heaven. Now I'm offering you the chance to do it right."

"I think I've had enough visits to other dimensions for one lifetime, OK?" Fischbein said. "Even if this place of yours is real, and I don't mean to insult you by implying that it isn't, how can we be sure that we'd both get there safely? Suppose things get screwed up somehow and we wind up in two different dimensions again? Anyway, I don't want to leave the city I love, Gwen. I genuinely want to live out the rest of my days in New York."

"Chasing ambulances and filing class-action lawsuits."

"Serving my fellow human beings, yes."

"Well, I don't want to live out the rest of my days noodling around with advertising executives and computer graphics. I'm going back, Barry. But I don't want to go alone. They may be the most marvelous lovers in the universe, but I want to go there with someone of my own species, someone I love, someone I can cherish and embrace the way human beings do. Someone I can make babies with. I can't do that with them. But why are we even talking about it, Barry? I should have realized on day one that it

was a mistake to get involved with, of all things, a lawyer, a man who hides behind words, a man who's afraid of his own shadow, a man who has no more courage than a tadpole, maybe even less, who has no more sense of adventure than——"

"Please. You're making a scene."

"Sorry," Gwen said, getting to her feet. "Here. This should cover my share of lunch."

It was a hundred-dollar bill.

"I won't need these where I'm going," she said, and went storming out.

•

Swami Shivaram Krishna jumped bail and vanished without a trace. Fischbein got a default judgment against him, but there weren't any assets to attach. The manufacturer and distributor of the cassette was able to get his part of the indictment quashed on First Amendment grounds. The rest of Fischbein's case gradually collapsed as well, until Fischbein was left chasing only the government of Sri Lanka for damages, and what good was that? The whole business trailed out into nothing. Fischbein wound up losing about $10,000 in out-of-pocket costs. Eight hundred people stayed permanently in limbo and nobody ever had to pay for the harm thus inflicted, which Fischbein thought was outrageous. So it was a bad scene all around.

As for Gwen, Fischbein never heard from her again, except for a note that he got from her a few days after their lunch.

Dear Barry:

I loved you very much and I think we would have made a wonderful life together in that other world. But I forgive you for not having the courage to make the leap. I was asking a lot, I realize. I'm taking Swami Shivaram with me instead. It's the best way I know of showing my gratitude to him for having—however unintentionally—opened the gateway to bliss for me. He'll be in serious legal trouble if he stays here, and, besides, I have to tell you, he is a magnificent lover and a man of the highest spiritual attainment. I think we'll be very happy together. But I will always think fondly of you, Barry, and regret what might have been and now is never to be. Yours ever in euphoria,

Gwen

•

All that was long ago. Sometimes he thinks of her, even now.

"You're thinking of her again," Elaine will say when a certain look comes into his eyes. "That woman who went to the other dimension. I can tell." Elaine is his wife. Fischbein is married now, with two nice kids and a big house on the North Shore. His buccaneering and swaggering days are far behind him, except where his clients are concerned. Last year, after winning the Sunnyside Playground case, he made full partner in Courtney, Bertolla & Feingold and there are only good things to look forward to.

"Come on, Elaine. She's in another dimension and she isn't coming back, and even if she did——"

"You wish you were there with her, though. Don't you? You wish you had gone over."

"Only a crazy man would have gone," he says to Elaine. "You know what a nightmare the first jump was? You think I'm the kind of guy who'd stick his neck in the noose twice?"

They laugh then. And off they go to bed.

He and Elaine have a very pleasing sex life, considering that they've been married almost seven years, but it is not tremendously adventurous. Usually Fischbein is the one on top, but once in a while, after she's had a glass or two of wine, Elaine will suggest that they do it the other way around. That's about as kinky as they ever get. Elaine has never been one to want to explore the mysterious highways and byways of life. And Fischbein doesn't have the slightest problem with that, none at all.

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THE GENT *(continued from page 102)*

"He asked her up for a drink. 'Why, Mr. Towns,' she said. 'Whatever did you have in mind?'"

step over Gus' body and fuck his daughter? If he'd had any kind of balls, he would have fucked her when his friend was alive and taken the consequences. What kind of swine would do it now?

So he held his ground, and Grace did not make it easy for him. She called him a couple of times to invite him to screenings and sent him a note that read: "You were spotted on Christopher Street by one of my spies, Harry. Why didn't you come over and say hello?"

He ran into her one night at a Christmas party given for network executives. She was standing at the bar, talking to a blonde woman who looked familiar. After studying her for a while, Harry recognized her as being one of the kids Grace had grown up with in East Islip. Her name was Trish, and as a kid she'd been a gawky thing; she still was, except now the gawkiness was under control.

Grace dragged her over to see Harry, and after squeezing him and telling him he wasn't going to get away this time, she disappeared in a swirl of network executives, leaving him alone with Trish.

Straightaway, Harry told her about the trouble he'd been having with Grace and his dilemma.

"She can be aggressive," said Trish in what Gus would have called a whiskey voice. "But I'm sure you'll be kind."

She had silky hair, and Harry loved the way she attacked her cigarette.

They chatted for a while. She said she was a copywriter at an ad agency. Harry remembered her father. Harry didn't like her father very much.

Grace came back and grabbed Harry's arm, tucking it between her breasts, and said that she and her friends were going downtown to check out a new club on Jones Street.

"Let's just say it was a slip of the tongue."

"And you're coming with us," she said to Harry.

She was falling out of her dress and she was painfully beautiful, but her eyes and the shape of her face reminded him of Gus. So he said he'd love to go along but he had to finish a pilot the next morning and would have to take a rain check. She insisted, yanking at his arm, and there was the possibility of a scene, but somehow he managed to get out of there.

He hung around on the street enjoying the fresh air and let a few cabs go by. Then he saw Trish leave the building. She said she was in the same boat as Harry and had to get some copy ready first thing in the morning.

"Can I give you a lift?" he asked.

"Why not, why not," she said with a theatricality that killed him. "Why not, indeed."

He kissed her in the cab and the kiss lasted around seven stoplights, and suddenly he didn't know what part of town he was in. He asked her what she would think about coming upstairs for a drink.

"Why, Mr. Towns," she said, fluttering her eyelashes. "Whatever did you have in mind?"

That killed him all over again.

He paid the cabdriver and unlocked the door of his building. As they waited for the elevator, she glanced at the tenants' directory and wondered why he wasn't listed. He said it was a long story and then told it to her anyway.

"But someday," he said as he unlocked the door of the duplex, "some way, I'm gonna get this apartment for myself."

He poured some drinks and led her up to the bedroom beneath the glass canopy, and then out to the terrace, where you could see the 59th Street bridge and listen to the hacking cough of the internist in the next apartment. They talked some more about the spot that Grace had put him in and about East Islip, and he kissed her again and her body went limp as a rag doll's. He'd been prepared for a long, patient seduction and was a little disappointed that it hadn't worked out that way. But the National Hockey League executive had gone off to join the Edmonton Oilers and he had nothing going at the moment, and in Harry's uncertain existence, you took what was offered to you and forgot about tomorrow. So he held her hand and led her to the simple white bed beneath the stars with the mirror alongside that was shaped like a caballero. After undressing her and making love to her face and her hair, he entered her, for his own pleasure, for the love of his friend Gus—and to strengthen his perception of himself as a man of honor.

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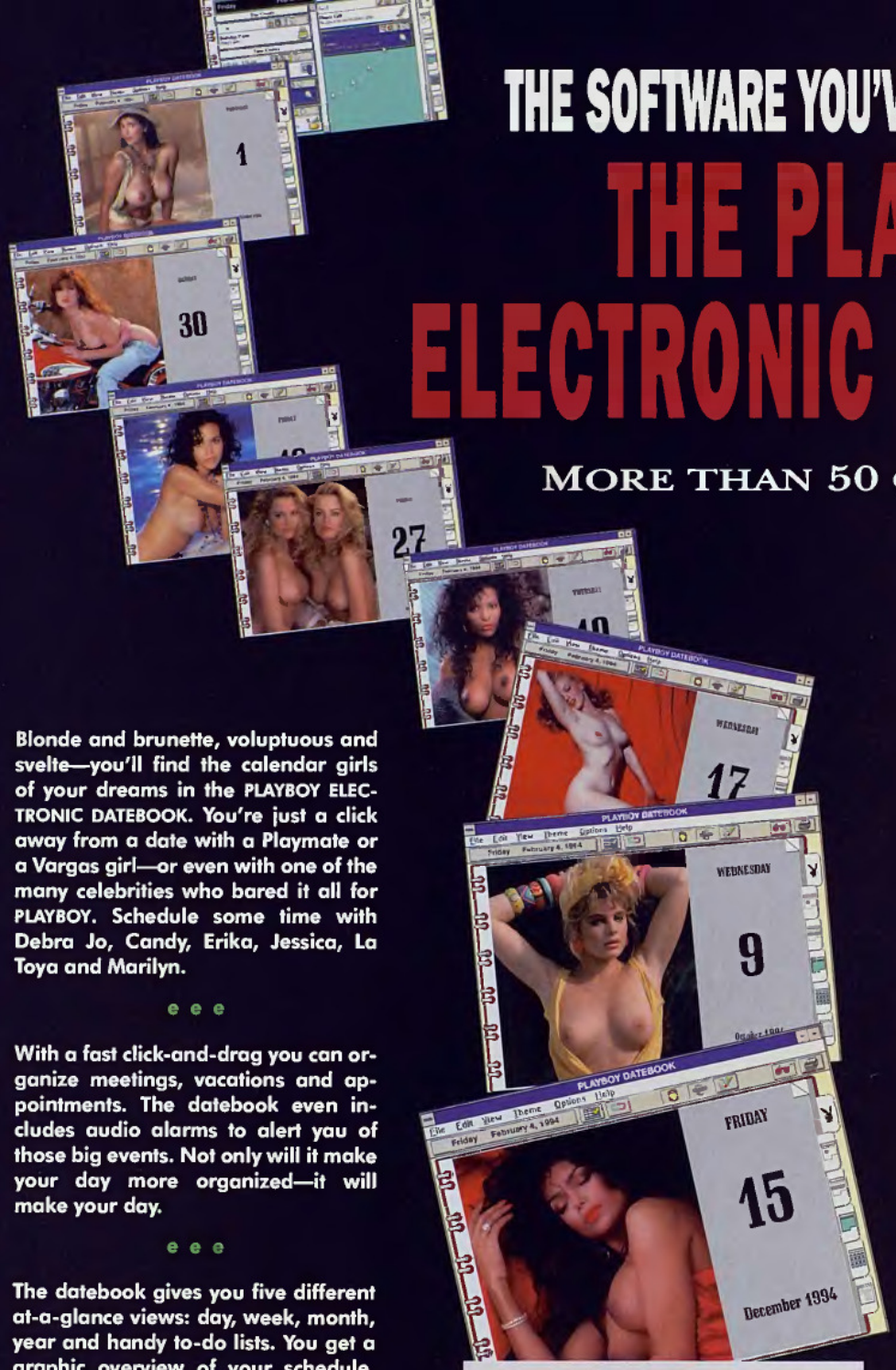

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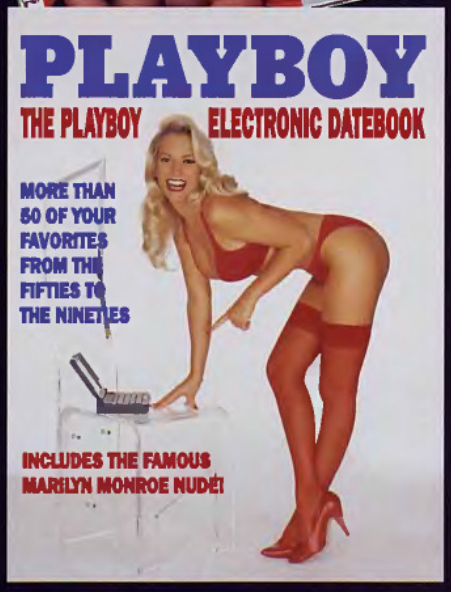
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PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO GROOMING

HAIR CARE

(continued from page 162)

different shade than the hair on your head. It also grays sooner. If the difference is dramatic—and you don't dig the Hemingway look—have it dyed professionally one of two ways: either a one-color process in which the beard is toned to match the hair, or a comb-through method, in which your stylist colors some, but not all, of the whiskers. The second procedure is best if you're just going gray, as it enables the beard to match the salt-and-pepper color of the hair on your scalp.

Trooping the hair colors: Going gray doesn't have that boy-are-you-old stigma it used to. If you choose to color your hair, however, either visit a hair salon that specializes in coloring or look for easy-to-use home products that offer professional results. According to Louis Viél at Miano/Viél, salons generally employ one of two methods to color men's hair. The first, called a one-process, involves applying a single color to the entire head. Because the color is permanent, normal hair growth will require that you get a touch-up every three to four weeks.

The second method, low-lighting, involves darkening a little or a lot of your gray hair without actually covering it all. With this procedure, you won't have gray roots pushing up, but you will have to repeat the process fairly frequently as more grays come in.

These days, even Barbie's New Age man Magic Earring Ken has highlighted hair. The opposite of low-lighting, this procedure has the bonus of making thin hair look thicker. Chemicals in highlight dyes create a friction between hair strands that makes them feel rougher and appear plumper than they actually are. Ken's secret is out.

A final note on professional hair color: If you hate the results, don't try to cover it with a commercial product. The chemicals in different dyes have been known to clash, creating strange shades of green that might look right at a Butthole Surfers concert but not at the office.

If you want to color your own hair, follow these rules: First, make sure you know the exact shade of your hair. If you don't know, ask your stylist. Then go to a store that offers a wide range of products, find the color that best matches your own and go one shade lighter. Since commercial hair-coloring products often come out darker than they appear on the box, start with a wash-out dye.

Regardless of whether you visit a salon or do it yourself, always use shampoos for color-treated hair. They won't dull the color and often come in tinted formulas.

Hair today, gone tomorrow: Here are a few suggestions for guys who are thinning on top. See a dermatologist to find the cause of your hair loss. Take care of the hair you have left, keeping it trimmed and clean. Wear a sunscreen on your bald spot. Before committing yourself to hair plugs or transplants, investigate the treatments thoroughly. Medications for hair regrowth, such as minoxidil, must be applied twice a day and many are successful on fewer than half of the users.

Don't comb your remaining side strands over your bald spot. And don't spray your head with a cosmetic color unless you're employed by Ringling Brothers' Circus.

SHAVING, SKIN & BODY CARE

(continued from page 164)

Who was that masked man? You may wish to consider adding an occasional facial mask to your nightly regimen. Mudd's Mask for deep cleaning or Neutrogena's Acne Mask (for oily skin) are two good choices, as is the combination moisturizer and mask from Guerlain called Midnight Secret for Issima. Also known as a hangover cure, the latter is designed to give your skin a healthy glow following a night on the town. When buying a facial mask, determine how long it has to stay in place and how easy it will be to remove. Some masks take five to ten minutes to dry and need several rinsings to remove.

Although your face might sweat like your body does, it will never smell, so don't use a deodorant soap on it. If you want to use the same cleansing product on your face and body, go with something that's formulated for that, such as Oil of Olay or Basis superfatted soap. When you use a deodorant body soap, have a separate face-cleansing product on hand, such as DeJoria's botanical White Oak Cleanser from John Paul Mitchell Systems, Aveda's Botanical Kinetics Purifying Gel Cleanser, Liquid Neutrogena (Facial Cleansing Formula), Noxema Plus Skin Cream or the Body Shop's Face Wash from the Mostly Men Collection.

Unless you have oily skin, we don't recommend washing your face several times a day. Instead, wash it at night before you go to bed, use a sloughing product to get rid of dead skin (we like Wild Oats Scrub from Mill Creek) and finish with a moisturizer. In the morning, leave the soap in the dish and slather moisturizer on your face before getting into the shower. Rinse it off well and begin the day. If your face feels grimy later on, just slap water on it.

Getting personal: When it comes to "unacceptable" in America, body odor is probably second only to membership in a terrorist organization. That's why our store shelves are lined with hundreds of different types of deodorants and antiperspirants. What's the difference between the two? The former is designed to cover the odor caused by sweat, whereas the latter controls the sweat. Neither product can be applied to wet areas. So you should dry yourself thoroughly before using them. And since heavy perspiration can wash away deodorant, take into consideration how much you sweat and choose accordingly. Whichever way you go, you should try one of the new clear products, such as the Body Shop's, Ban's and Gillette's, as they won't leave white marks on your clothing.

Pearly whites: We all know that we need to brush at least twice daily to ensure healthy teeth and gums. But according to Dr. Larry Rosenthal, New York's cosmetic dentist to the stars, an electric toothbrush with soft, angled bristles is the best tool for the job. Among the top brands are Oral-B from Braun; the Oragiene, the most innovative electric toothbrush on the market, which features four brushes simultaneously (like a car wash) and is far superior to traditional manual toothbrushes; and the Rota-dent from Pro-Dentec. Sold exclusively through dentists nationwide, the Rota-dent has a brush that operates in a continuous 90-degree rotary motion (like the instruments used by your oral hygienist).

LOOK SHARP, FEEL SHARP

beyond the surface—a look at vitamins, fitness and health-spa retreats

You're shaved, shampooed, cut, colored, moisturized and protected from the sun. But that's just the surface of men's grooming. There are plenty of other things you can do to round out the picture. Take vitamins. Please. They're getting increasingly popular as people take a more holistic approach to their health. Most of the basic vitamin requirements (iron, calcium, vitamin C, etc.) come from the food you eat, but there are some lesser-known supplements that perform specific (and advantageous) functions. Ginkgo leaf, for example, is an herb that reputedly helps you feel younger and live longer. Electrolytes (which can be obtained from sea kelp) contain energy-boosting trace minerals that can get you through a midday slump or that last lap at the gym. Chromium picolinate, also known as a "fat burner," helps with glucose metabolism and weight management, as does fruit pectin. Parsley tablets improve digestion and control bad breath, while garlic is considered by many to be a natural antibiotic that helps keep your body running smoothly.

None of these New Age remedies, however, is as important to your physical well-being as water. You should consume one-half ounce of water each day for each pound of body weight. That means if you weigh 170 pounds, you need to down 85 ounces of water daily. While this sounds like a lot, water supposedly helps flush toxins from your system. It will also help you control your weight, provide you with energy, keep your skin and hair looking healthy and generally make you feel great.

So will exercise. Dr. Thomas Leveillee, chiropractor and head trainer at the Athletic Complex in New York, gave us some tips for getting in shape. On top of the list, he says, is figuring out exactly what that phrase means to you. Do you need to drop a few pounds or gain a few? Is building bigger muscles important, or would you rather focus on cardiovascular fitness? Answers to these questions will determine the routine you'll need to follow. Leveillee also warns not to expect instant results. Depending on your commitment to a workout program, you'll begin to notice improvements after about three weeks. Consequently, short-term goals are the best approach to exercise and a way to avoid depression when you don't look like Arnold Schwarzenegger after a few trips to the gym. Next, pick exercises you like and alternate them. Monotony is a major factor in fitness burnout, but there are dozens of fun ways to exercise. You can walk, jog, lift weights, take an aerobics class, roller-skate, ski, whatever, so long as it keeps you coming back for more. Leveillee also recommends rewarding yourself each time you reach a goal. Naturally, this doesn't mean heading to the Dairy Queen for a hot-fudge sundae after you've shed some weight. But you could buy a new suit (in a smaller size), head to the islands (to show off your slimmer waistline) or buy that VCR you've been eyeing (to watch Cindy Crawford's exercise tape, of course). If you plan to work out at home, take some time to determine what kind of equipment you can live with—particularly if space is a consideration. And since even the best stuff often ends up under the bed, set aside a specific time of day to exercise and consider it inviolate. That way you and your machine will get a regular workout.

Motivation to get fit comes in many forms, and we think a health-spa vacation is one of the best. Spas are not just havens for wealthy women with a few pounds to lose. In fact, many of the nation's best have fitness programs designed exclusively for men. Canyon Ranch in Tucson, Arizona boasts the largest male clientele of any spa, plus a staff that outnumbers the guests by two to one. It offers eight lighted tennis courts, a basketball court, three outdoor swimming pools, 40 exercise classes per day and special sporting events headed by guest celebrity coaches, including Roger Staubach and John Havlicek. Sports are also big at La Costa in Carlsbad, California. This spa is situated in a 400-acre luxury resort with a championship golf course and 21 tennis courts. La Costa believes that work and play go hand in hand, so it provides its guests with five types of massage and seven healthy-cuisine restaurants. Safety Harbor Spa and Fitness Center in Safety Harbor, Florida offers one of the nation's most unusual programs. Here, private trainers will prepare you for a triathlon in which you can compete against other guests. It also offers boxing classes, aerobics, swimming (in three pools) and the Phil Green Tennis Clinic.

If you don't feel like putting forth much effort, you can go to Gurney's Inn in Montauk, New York. This beachfront spa is big on pampering, with a dozen types of massage and a wide range of body treatments using products from the sea. And speaking of the sea, you'd think that traveling on the Queen Elizabeth 2 would be pampering enough, but now the transatlantic liner offers the Steiner Ultimate Spa at Sea. The cornerstone of this luxury retreat is a thalassotherapy pool equipped with powerful water jets of varying heights that you walk through at your leisure. There are also grooming treatments, massage and exercise classes, the last of which is most useful since this voyage brims with gourmet food. *—Donald Charles Richardson*

SOUTH FLORIDA *(continued from page 154)*

"Most native Floridians would rather be impaled on bamboo spikes than be found in South Beach."

public consternation. Many had escaped from medical research laboratories and were falsely rumored to be carrying HIV. In the tense days following the hurricane, more than 200 free-roaming rhesus lab monkeys were shot out of treetops by police, National Guardsmen and panicky citizens.

OTHER THINGS THAT FALL FROM THE SKY

Two summers ago, a neighborhood crime-watch meeting in Homestead was interrupted when a 75-pound bale of cocaine fell out of the clouds. Homestead's police chief, who was addressing the group, knew instantly what was happening. And so did the crime watchers.

South Floridians are experts on drug-related phenomena, especially falling bales. Smugglers dump their illicit cargo when pursued by radar-tracking Customs agents, and such aerial chases occur frequently over Florida. Living here requires keeping a vigilant eye on the sky, particularly when mowing the lawn or cooking out. A man in Broward County barely escaped death when a 100-pound bale of marijuana crashed through the roof of his porch. As of this writing, no Floridian has been killed by a falling bale, but it's probably only a matter of time.

For local opportunists, a rain of drugs is not a hazard but a financial windfall—kilos from heaven. Cops say the bales that fall in unpopulated areas are easy to recover, but those that land in residential neighborhoods frequently vanish as soon as they hit the ground.

SOUTH BEACH

It wasn't long ago that the southern spur of Miami Beach was a decayed strip of fleabags and crumbling pensioner hotels. Today the old art-deco district has been revitalized into prime oceanfront real estate, thanks to its temporary popularity with the Manhattan modeling and dance-club crowd.

South Beach aims for an image that's part Venice Beach and part Soho. Consequently, the café atmosphere is one of strenuously cultured hipness, permeated by the reek of Coppertone. Where else but Ocean Drive would that stunning blonde in an electric-lime tonga be sipping cappuccino and pretending to read Proust?

Needless to say, most native Floridians would rather be impaled on bamboo spikes than be found in South Beach.

"Really, Evelyn, you shouldn't have done it."

When one's social life degenerates to the point where the highlight of a Saturday night is a glimpse of Mickey Rourke and his entourage, it's time to hook up a hose to the tailpipe.

CELEBRITY WATCHING

Numerous show-business personalities have discovered south Florida. The list includes Sylvester Stallone, Larry Hagman and Cher. I think you get the idea. For years, legendary rockers and musicians have come down here to party, but few stayed past winter. Before Gloria Estefan hit it big, our most notable hometown pop stars were (in order) Julio Iglesias, two of the Bee Gees and all or most of K.C. and the Sunshine Band. It's no wonder, then, that Madonna's arrival caused such a tumescent frenzy. She came here to do the photographs for *Sex*, her book of erotic fantasies, and soon began popping up in odd poses all over town. Local boosters were elated that an international superstar was prancing around Miami Beach in the nude, finding it a much-needed distraction from headless torsos and hijacked rental cars.

Madonna likes south Florida so much that she bought a mansion on Biscayne Bay. The Miami media treated Madonna's arrival as the ultimate affirmation of the city's new cool. As a cultural barometer, though, the presence of Madonna is less significant than that of master crime novelist Thomas Harris (creator of Hannibal Lecter) and of Anne Rice (queen of the vampire chronicles). It makes perfect sense that both of these marvelously depraved writers would relocate to south Florida, not for the sunshine but for new plot ideas.

SOUVENIRS

It's amazing what's possible when good taste is no longer an issue. How about a handsome shark embryo in a jar? That was a hot item for a while in Key West tourist shops. And who could forget Hurricane Andrew trading cards? These were on shelves within weeks of the disaster—100 different scenes of destruction, in color. I purchased the set for $12.95 at a convenience store in Islamorada. Part of the profits was supposed to buy toys for children who had gone through the hurricane. Reports are that the kids are still waiting for the first truckload.

GUN ETIQUETTE

Much has been said about our murder rate. Yes, it's bad. How bad? An outfit in Pompano Beach specializes in cleaning up crime scenes after the homicide detectives are gone. According to the owner, it takes a special touch to make a blood-splattered bedroom "visually tolerable" again. South Florida is full of such plucky entrepreneurs. For instance, there's a new map of Miami

made just for tourists. Priced at a thrifty $3.75, it's coded in five colors gridding the worst crime neighborhoods (red being the most violent, green being the least violent). The fellow who markets the map has excellent credentials—he's a Dade County paramedic.

Some say ours is a false economy because the chief industries, tourism and drug smuggling, are too volatile. True, Miami doesn't manufacture much that the rest of the world can use. But that's changing. One success story is Intratec USA, a growing South Dade firm that makes guns. Not just any guns—the Tec-9, an ugly, inexpensive, easy-to-conceal semiautomatic that is the new assault-weapon of choice for urban gangs. The Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms says the Tec-9 has surpassed the Uzi and the Ingram in popularity among street assassins. Intratec's assembly line is rolling at full capacity, and we're damn proud of it. If you're gun-shopping on your Miami vacation, support a local industry. Think about a Tec-9.

Buying one is easy, thanks to the most porous firearms laws in the country. Basically, anyone not wearing a straitjacket can legally purchase a gun in Florida. Visitors should assume that everyone they meet is armed. Those who don't carry pistols on their hips keep them in their cars, houses or boats. Not long ago, a couple was robbed at gunpoint during a Sunday cruise on Biscayne Bay. More commonly, though, firearms are used as instruments of social debate. A muttered comment that may get you punched in another city will likely get you shot in Miami. It goes without saying that you must never, under any circumstances, honk at another motorist or contest a parking space.

Our civic leaders dread publicity about guns because it conveys the perfectly accurate impression that south Florida is a dangerous place. The truth is, it's so dangerous that many of those same civic leaders have privately armed themselves. A few months ago, a former Dade County commissioner allegedly brandished a pistol at a parking valet. The former U.S. district attorney in south Florida lost two AR-15s to burglars. The mayor of Miami had a handgun swiped from the front seat of his car. And the former head of the chamber of commerce sheepishly reported that her Uzi was stolen from her bedroom.

When the chamber of commerce is packing heat, you have a crime problem.

THE SUNSHINE STATE

So why do people still come? Some are still suckers for the old postcard mythology. Others seem actually attracted by the risk and rampant weirdness of the place. It's not coincidence that the rejuvenation of South Beach began when *Miami Vice* got popular on television—the combination of high fashion, pastel architecture and mass murder proved irresistible. That's why it's so amusing to hear promoters whine about all the lousy press that south Florida gets. They underestimate the resolve and gameness of our tourists. A forecast of thunderstorms is more likely to keep them away than the threat of dismemberment.

As I write this, Miami's civic boosters are grappling with a new public-relations challenge: animal sacrifices. In most communities, this ceased to be an issue hundreds of years ago. Not here. For the followers of an Afro-Cuban religion called Santeria, the blood of fresh-killed animals is necessary to appease the god Chango, among others. The ceremony is usually conducted in a private home, but occasionally it takes place more conspicuously. (Once my son went fishing and snagged a headless chicken wrapped carefully inside a man's boxer shorts. We concluded that a grave curse had been placed on some poor slob, probably the owner of the shorts.)

After many complaints about decapitated livestock being found in public parks and streets, the city of Hialeah passed a law banning animal sacrifices. Santeria practitioners argued that this infringed on their freedom of religion, and last summer the Supreme Court agreed.

To celebrate the legal victory, a Santeria priest invited the Miami media to his apartment for a ritual slaughter. As TV cameras rolled, he joyfully beheaded a pigeon, a guinea hen, four roosters, two baby goats and a lamb, and then liberally sprinkled the blood over various sacramental articles. It was unquestionably one of the more gruesome sights ever to be televised. Animal lovers were scarcely consoled when the man's landlord showed up and threatened to evict him on the spot. Predictably, the videotape has found its way to the tabloid TV programs, so millions of Americans are now cringing at yet another ghastly Miami tableau. But I'm not worried. Tourists will keep coming anyway—and many would gladly pay admission to a Santeria theme park if we had one. Someday we probably will have one.

Clearly, the urge to recreate is a primal one. There's no point trying to scare people away from south Florida because it can't be done. I suppose our only option, morally, is to help them make it out alive. Survival is possible with a full tank of gas, a good map and a little common sense. Don't try to romance a full-grown alligator. Don't feel obliged to open every garbage bag that turns up on the steps of your hotel. Keep a watchful eye on your chickens and goats. Look out for falling bales of contraband. If somebody crashes into your rental car, flee at a high rate of speed.

Oh, and one more thing. If you decide to swim with the dolphins, dress down.

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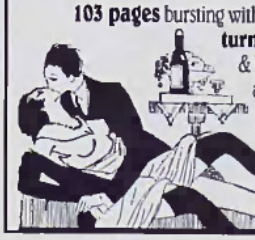

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ORAL HISTORY

(continued from page 148)

Alex Woodleigh is 42, head of computer services at a large company in Ohio and father of two boys, ten and five. His marriage is unconventional: He and Anita, a psychologist with a private practice, have been together for 15 years. For the past three they have "opened" their marriage on the condition that both will disclose their other relationships. She has had one serious love affair, which ended when she refused to leave Alex; he has had less consuming liaisons—until now. Recently Alex fell in love with another woman.

It happened at a conference in Miami with a woman named Diane. I've known her for a long time, but not well. She's married. She's also a good friend of another friend of mine, and I said I'd say hi to her. So I did. Thursday night there was a big reception. I started talking with her, we had a couple shots of tequila and we were attracted. We walked on the beach, sat and talked and, well, one thing led to another. How do these things happen? It was pretty clear that we were either going to bed together or we would walk away and never be able to see each other because we wouldn't be able to stand it. The attraction was instantaneous—physical and emotional. I don't know why it would happen after years of associating, but it did.

We went back to her room. I still wasn't absolutely sure I was going to stay the night, or what we were going to do. But I stayed, of course. It was magical from that moment, and it's been magical every time I've been with her.

Anita knows all about it, though right now she's pretty angry. I didn't think it would be a big issue, given what we've been doing for a while. But it was, because I did it without telling her first. What really set her off, though, was that I talked to her while I was in Miami and didn't tell her anything was going on.

It got scarier until I finally said, "Well, if you really don't want me to do it, I won't." That was fine for about a week. As long as she knew she had that power, it was OK. Then suddenly it wasn't anymore. I was getting ready to go on a business trip with Diane, and it upset Anita to have to face that. Of course, I was scared to tell Anita what was happening to me, for fear it would drive her away. She asked me if I was in love with Diane. I said yeah, but I didn't say it was this complete obsession. I felt possessed.

Right now, Anita is not sleeping with me. She says she can't bear to be with me. Meanwhile, Diane told her husband about us. They had an understanding before that if either of them ever had an affair, they didn't want to know. So she wasn't going to tell him. But eventually she realized she had to say something. She put it in the context of opening up the relationship and allowing him some freedom, too. So far he's been fine about that. I think she was more discreet and a little smarter than I was; she didn't make it obvious just how involved we are.

Sex with Diane feels spiritual. I would never have said anything like that before. It sheds a completely different light on what sex can be. It's like our bodies merge. If there were such a thing as an aura, or a spiritual body—it's a connection on that level, instead of one that's just physical.

If you were looking from the outside at us in bed, it would be like, God, aren't they ever going to stop? We made love for two hours straight last night. I had an erection the whole time and I felt something like orgasm many, many times, though I didn't ejaculate until near the end.

We rented a room in a fancy hotel. I took her out to play tennis. We got all sweaty, and she had a top on but no bra, and her nipples were erect—she was beautiful. She's about 5'5", 5'6", dark hair, dark eyes, very dark skin—she's Italian and 42, same age as me. So we went back to the hotel, had a drink at the bar, drank about half, went upstairs and took our clothes off. I lit two candles. We started holding each other and kissing.

I remember I made her put her arms back so she wasn't doing anything, and I just licked her nipples. Her body shuddered, like the energy was too much. Later I touched her clitoris with my penis for a long time. Very slow, sensual, inserting just a little bit, not a lot. I don't know how long that lasted.

She was mostly on her back, though it happened other ways, too. One time she ended up on her back with her head down between the two beds, like a back bend with her legs in the air. I was holding her by her thighs. Then I turned her over and I came in from behind. Slow at first, and then I pushed hard and got almost violent. I told her to suck me. She spent a long time doing that. She does this thing—it's the best—when she starts sucking me, I try to grab her and touch her, but she'll take my hands and put them back on the bed. So I'm lying completely open and she's sucking, hard and soft, and she sucks my balls.

Last night, for the first time, I used some oil and softened her anal area and came in there slowly. Used my hand to touch her clitoris and inside her. I did that for a long time. When I finally ejaculated, I don't know how to describe it—it's like an explosion of explosions. It feels almost like I can't separate from her after that. I couldn't tell you how many times she came, but it was a lot. And there are times when I come—well, I don't come, but I get a wave of sensation like an orgasm, and I'm satisfied, but I stay hard and I don't ejaculate. The roller coaster gets up to the top and goes back down. Whether you want to or not, you're on that ride, and you just let go.

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saying, "How could we ever have been apart?" I was overcome with something like sadness, and I burst into tears. She was on top of me and we were fucking. It just came out of my mouth. I have no idea what I meant. It had no connection to anything logical. I could make up something like we're soul mates, or we've been connected in a past life, but I don't believe any of that. It just felt like somebody I had been away from for a long time, and we were coming back together.

In one way it scares the shit out of me. Whatever is happening, it's put my marriage at risk—a very solid 15-year marriage. I mean, I've gone through all sorts of things, and I think most anybody who knows Anita and me would say we have one of the most successful marriages they've ever seen. Yet I'm willing to risk it. That's frightening. I'm in a quandary: Can I have it all? My marriage has been wonderful and our sex has been great. I don't want to lose that. Yet there's this other thing that I don't understand.

•

Rachel Monroe is 31, a dancer living in San Francisco. In manner and appearance she is soft, feminine, even girlishly innocent at times, and her emotions are close to the surface. "When people meet me, they often think I'm tentative and vulnerable—more than I really am. I don't show the other side of me much."

She started masturbating at an early age and began having intercourse at the age of 15. Since then she has mostly slept with men, though she has had several experiences with women, including her current girlfriend, Liza.

I've known Liza for six years. We were friends. Then two years ago it happened. I was in her apartment and I wanted to take a nap. I asked her if she wanted to lie down with me. We were both on a tiny bed. I said, "I'm not going to be able to sleep." I was aroused for the first time with her. It was one of the most exciting moments of my life. It was so forbidden, and my whole body was an electric current. She was touching me, seducing me. It was amazing. I felt from the first moment, Jesus, this is a skilled lover. Liza understands that a woman's arousal zones are not only breasts and cunt. She taught me about the crook of the elbow and the place behind the knee. Licking there. The neck, the ears. She showed me my G spot. She touches my whole body with her breasts. Touching her breasts, the softness of them, feels forbidden every time. And she never touches my cunt too soon. That's a problem with most men. And then the way she kisses is extraordinary.

Sex with a woman, at least with Liza, is very one-sided. With a man, you have the penis in there and you're holding onto his body, so it can be mutually satisfying. With a woman, you give sex or you receive sex. We tried spreading our legs and putting our cunts together, but it didn't do much and we laughed the whole time. And we don't like doing 69 very much, because it's hard to concentrate long enough to have an orgasm.

Mostly she makes me come with her mouth. She uses a kind of circular motion with her tongue on my clitoris. And she puts her finger inside me—just one. She can use two, but I prefer one. Men think they need more than one for the thickness, but that's not it at all. If you have just one finger in there, it can be much more subtle. I don't need a lot of movement. It's not the friction I'm after. It's more a probing motion, in and out. Or on the surface, just moving in at the opening. Teasing, but forever.

One night we were in bed with my boyfriend. We were all a bit drunk. Threesomes can be difficult—someone always seems to feel left out. So we were playing this game. I was whispering in his ear what he should do to her. It was like I was touching her, but only through my whispering. I was guiding him because I always thought he was too quick. It was going great. He was doing everything I said, stroking softly, kissing everywhere. Then it got to the point where he was going to put his penis in her. This was my big moment, because I always want a penis when I have sex with her. Now I was gonna get to fuck her, using him. At the last moment he said, "OK, that's it, don't you think I can handle it from here?" I was so upset, it completely broke my mood.

That's fairly typical of the men I've been with. Like Scott. I call him the Rabbit. It still enrages me that through our whole relationship the motion of sex was fast and hard, and it couldn't be any other way. It was like he had no control over his body, and every encounter was a quickie.

If Liza's going down on me, she understands that if I push her head away a bit, it means there is too much pressure. It's instinctual for me, and she knows it doesn't mean, Stop, I hate you. But with another lover, Noel—sometimes if I try to push him away, he goes harder.

A few weeks ago I wouldn't let Noel use his hands at all. I pushed them above his head and made him stay like that. Then I began to touch his ass. He reacted so strongly that I got my dildo and fucked him in the ass with it. I'd wanted to do that for a long time, but I never had the chance before. It had never happened to him, either. He had the most amazing orgasm I'd ever seen.

Sometimes I use fantasies. They might have to do with somebody raping somebody. Me raping somebody. Me having a penis. Sometimes I'm licking a virgin girl until she's excited, or I make her suck my penis until she screams for me to stop. Disgusting, huh? But I love the feeling of all this power.

•

Matt Sherrill grew up on a farm in upstate New York. His father is a doctor, his mother a housewife. He has two brothers. "I had a conventional childhood and youth. A completely functional family. All this business that fucks so many people up didn't happen to me."

Now he is 45, a stockbroker, living in an immaculate apartment in Greenwich Village. He has short blond hair and is dressed in jeans and a work shirt. Among the photos on the walls are several of him as an extremely handsome young man. He makes no attempt to hide his sexual orientation from colleagues or anyone else.

The kind of sex that excites me is almost completely anonymous, what I call electric sex. You see somebody, and 15 seconds later you're all over them. The encounter may not last more than ten minutes. It may or may not culminate in coming home and going to bed together.

I have four or five people in the city—most of them live within walking distance—who are sex buddies. This, as opposed to electric sex in commercial establishments. These people call me, or I call them, at midnight and say, "Do you want company?" They come over and we have sex, drink a beer and they're gone in 1½ hours. In New York, gay people don't stay over, not if they live nearby. It's so much more satisfying to just sweep them out. Then you can put on your comfy flannel PJs and get into bed and read. Of course, you're just dying for certain people to want to stay, if you're drawn to them in a romantic way. It's wonderful, but it doesn't happen very often.

Plus, I'm not very good at love affairs. I'm too sexually voracious. There are people who I think are wonderful, and I'm absolutely smitten by them. Then I find out after not many times in the sack—five, six—that I'm thinking about someone else when I'm having sex with the person who is supposed to be number one. And I think, What's the point?

There's an organization called Sex Addicts Anonymous, and I went to a meeting once out of curiosity. It was so corny and hokey. People were actually unhappy. I'm not unhappy. I recognize that I'm addicted to instant sex. Lots of it. At an age when most men, straight or gay, are precluded from it because they're not as attractive as they were at 22, I seem to keep up.

As far as I know I'm HIV-negative. Since 1979 I've been part of a study that tests my blood every four months. I was very nervous about AIDS for most of the early Eighties, until they discovered that the only real way to get it was by being the receptor in intercourse—something I've never been able to master.

The places that I have sex—there are

various bookstores. There's one bookstore where you go in and pay ten bucks. It's a labyrinth of booths upstairs and downstairs. Any time of day or night, particularly at night from about 11 to three, there are 50 to 80 men in there having sex. There are various movie houses where this goes on. There are various sex clubs. And then there's a sauna on the East Side, one of the last gay baths in the city. I went there last night and had a richly rewarding time [*laughs*].

There are people of all kinds in these sex clubs: people in their 70s, people in their teens. Mostly white, but ten percent to 15 percent black. And what people do is a great deal of endless shopping. I know it's true for me that the selection and the conquest is far more exciting than the consummation.

A lot of time is spent in what someone called S&M, which means Stand and Model—checking out who's there, what they look like, what they act like, little visual cues, following people around. This delicate minuet of courtship takes a lot of time. Part of it is that people are naturally fearful of rejection, so before they initiate conversation, they want signs that their advances are going to be welcome.

Also, there's a pecking order, from the most desirable person to the least desirable person. Naturally, people want to fuck up rather than down [*laughs*]. So everybody's paying attention to people above them on the beauty ladder and trying to ignore everyone below them.

You're wandering around and immediately people start coming up to you and brushing past you in the corridors, groping you and saying, "Do you want to come to my room?"

I've always felt I was skinny and not very strong. I suppose by way of compensation, I'm fascinated by people who are strong and muscular. Genitalia have always been pretty uninteresting to me, whereas a lot of gay men are riveted by big dicks. When I had my first gay sex, with a bartender in his seedy apartment in Paris, he said, "Cheer up, you've got the biggest dick I've ever seen." And everybody else I've had sex with who spoke up has said the same thing. Probably that's why I'm not that interested in dicks, not feeling deficient in the dick department.

But if I go looking to round up somebody to sleep with, I always go to a place like the baths where everybody is naked. Because at the age of 45, it's not like being 23, when you walk into a gay bar and all heads swivel. All of a sudden, at about the age of 35, you become invisible. So in the baths, I just hang the towel round my neck instead of wearing it round my waist. So cruel is the world.

•

"I guess I'm just a shy guy," says Ted Stewart, and that seems true enough. He is 40,

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

PLAYBOY *expands your purchasing power by providing a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 26, 28, 120–125, 149–153, 162–165, 224–225 and 237, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.*

STYLE

Page 26: "Indulgences": **Coat** by *Joseph Abboud*, at Joseph Abboud, 37 Newbury St., Boston, 617-266-4200, 325 Greenwich Ave., Greenwich, CT, 203-869-2212. **Vest** by *Lorenzo Vega*, at I. Magnin stores. **Pens** by *Waterman*, at Arthur Brown & Bro., 2 W. 46th St., N.Y.C., 800-772-PENS. **Watch** by *TAG Heuer*, at authorized dealers. "Comic Relief": **T-shirts** by *Blitzz Sportswear*, at Boogies Diner stores. **Sweater** by *Iceberg*, at Tyrone, 76 Spruce St., Cedarhurst, NY, 516-569-3330. **Tie** by *Cartoon Network*, at Dayton's, Hudson's and Marshall Field's stores. **Jacket** by *Mirage*, 908-287-4900. "Sexy Studs": **Cuff links:** By *Swank*, at Macy's, 151 W. 34th St., N.Y.C., 800-446-2297. By *Ralph Lauren*, at Polo Ralph Lauren stores. By *L'Aiglon*, at Macy's, 151 W. 34th St., N.Y.C., 800-446-2297. By *Mignon Faget*, 800-375-7557. By *Cartier*, 800-227-8437. **Studs** by *Tiffany & Co.*, 727 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C., 212-755-8000. "Clothes Line": **Boots** by Tony Lama, 800-866-9526. **Suits** by *Giorgio Armani*, at Giorgio Armani boutiques.

WIRED

Page 28: "Home Video Editing, Take One": **Editing machines:** By *Videonics*, for information, 800-338-EDIT. By *Sony*, 201-368-9272. By *Panasonic*, 201-348-9090. By *Newtek*, 800-847-6111. "Talk-Free Radio": **Digital radio:** By *Digital Cable Radio*, 800-835-5327. By *Digital Music Express*, 310-444-1744. "Five Games of Xmas": **Video games:** By *Sony Imagesoft*, 213-937-7460. By *THQ*, at electronics dealers. By *Spectrum Holobyte*, 800-695-GAME. By *Acclaim*, 516-624-9300. "Wild Things": **Stereo** by *Bang & Olufsen*, 800-284-BANG. **Headset** by *Noise Cancellation Technologies*, 203-961-0500. **Sound processor** by *High Definition Audio Entertainment*, 800-348-6655.

PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT COLLECTION

Pages 120–125: **Watch** by Special Editions Limited, 800-258-8523. **Motorcycle** by *Yamaha*, 800-889-2624. **Headphone system** by *Sennheiser*, 203-434-9190. **Pen** by *Montblanc*, at authorized dealers nationwide. **Guitar** by *Fender*, at Fender Custom Shop, 909-734-7739. **Sunglasses** by *Bollé*, 303-321-4300. **Personal digital assistant** by *Apple*, 800-365-3690. **Champagne** by *Dom Pérignon*, at fine wine shops. **Camcorder** by *Sony*, 800-937-SONY. **Lithograph** by *Leonetto Cappiello*, at Spencer Weisz Gallery, 207 W. Ohio St., Chicago, 312-477-1888.

OUR HEROES HAVE ALWAYS BEEN COWBOYS

Pages 149–153: "Ronnie Dunn": **Leather jacket** by *Chrome Hearts*, at Bergdorf Goodman Men, 745 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C., 212-753-7300. **Shirt** by *Acorn*, at Riflefire, 1801 21st Ave. South, Nashville, 615-297-6241. **Jeans** by *Wrangler*, at Western specialty stores. **Belt** by *Al Beres*, at Saks Fifth Avenue. **Boots** by *Stallion Boot Co.*, at Buffalo Chips, 116 Greene St., N.Y.C., 212-274-0651. "Kix Brooks": **Shirt** by *Wahmaker*, 602-696-5791. **Stud** by *Nancy & Risë*, at Nancy & Risë, 48 W. 48th St., N.Y.C., 212-391-1484. **Vest** by *Chrome Hearts*, at Bergdorf Goodman Men, 745 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C., 212-753-7300. **Boots** by *Justin Boot Co.*, at Thieves Market in southern California. **Hat** by *Resistol Hat Co.* "Travis Tritt": **Jacket** by *J.O.E.*, at Joseph Abboud, 37 Newbury St., Boston, 617-266-4200. **Shirt** by *For Joseph*, at Townsquire, 153 Main St., Sayville, NY, 516-589-7255. **Jeans** by *The Lee Apparel Co.*, at JCPenney stores. **Belt** by *Double RL*, at Polo–Ralph Lauren. **Boots** by *Ammons Boot Co.*, at Buffalo Chips, 116 Greene St., N.Y.C., 212-274-0651. "Billy Dean": **Suede jacket** by *Alan Michael USA Leather Works*, at Buffalo Chips, 116 Greene St., N.Y.C., 212-274-0651. **Shirt** by *Dalinger*, at Billy Martin's, 812 Madison Ave., N.Y.C., 212-861-3100. **Jeans** by *Edwin*, at Bloomingdale's. **Boots** by *Durango*, at Village Cobbler, 60 W. 8th St., N.Y.C., 212-673-8530. "Billy Ray Cyrus": **Shirt** by *Wilke-Rodriguez*. **Jeans** by *Guess*. **Vest** by *Bounty Hunter*, all at Bloomingdale's.

PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO GROOMING

Pages 162–165, 224–225: **Grooming products:** *Aveda*, 800-328-0849. *The Body Shop*, 800-541-2535. *Braun*, 800-272-8611. *Joico*, 800-445-6426. *Joop!*, at Bloomingdale's, Burdines and Macys. *Kiehl's*, 800-543-4571. *Mastey*, 800-662-7839. *Norelco*, 800-243-3050. *Oralgiene*, 800-933-6725. *Paul Mitchell Systems*, 800-321-JPMS. *Phytotherathrie*, 800-648-0349. *Pro-Dentec*, 800-228-5595. *Rene Furturer*, 800-522-8285. *Sebastian*, 800-829-7372. *Wahl*, 800-SAY-WAHL. *Brut, Chanel, Davidoff, Dorian, Guerlain, Terme di Saturnia* are available in drug and department stores nationwide. **Health spas:** Canyon Ranch, 800-742-9000. La Costa, 800-854-5000. Safety Harbor Spa and Fitness Center, 800-237-0155. Gurney's Inn, 516-668-2345. Steiner Ultimate Spa at Sea aboard the QE2, 800-221-4770.

ON THE SCENE

Page 237: **Camera** by *Rolleiflex*, at Wall Street Camera, 82 Wall St., N.Y.C., 212-344-0011.

tall, slim and handsome, with salt-and-pepper hair, a high forehead, strong jaw and nose, pale blue eyes—a hint of Mel Gibson. He grew up in the South with an older brother and younger sister. Now Ted lives in a West Coast city and works as a free-lance graphic artist, though not as successfully as he would like. A few months ago he married Mary, the woman with whom he has lived for nine years. He is, he says, like his father: "Loyal to my wife, but not faithful."

My sexual relationship with Mary has never been explosive. It's gotten better over the years as we have come to know each other's ways, but for the first five or six years it was kind of boring. It's more a relationship of compatibility. There's a fondness, a familiarity, a comfort.

Last year I was having dinner with the woman who was my first real love, Jacqueline. She knows my feelings toward her are still strong, and she challenged me. She said, "You just want to be comfortable." That hit a nerve, because I guess it's true. And it's not just sexual. I didn't have passion for Mary, and that goes beyond sexual. It's a passionate feeling of being in love with someone, and I never felt that. I didn't feel an electric spark. For years I thought maybe I should break up with Mary and go back to Jacqueline. Or try to find someone I felt passionate about. In the past I've been with women who were really great, and I broke up with them for no reason except I wasn't ready for a relationship. So I just kept thinking about how compatible Mary and I were, and I didn't want to give that up.

Temperament has something to do with it. We're both pretty easygoing. We share interests in politics, art, everything. We like to act silly, goof around. Being shy, it's hard for me to express myself physically. Mary and I don't have boundaries about stuff like that. We're always putting our hands all over each other. And not just in affectionate ways, but in ways that might be offensive to other people. I'll grab her and stick my hand right up her crack, or I'll do that in a tickling way. How many times a day do I grab her breasts? Or she'll grab me. She's very affectionate. I like that.

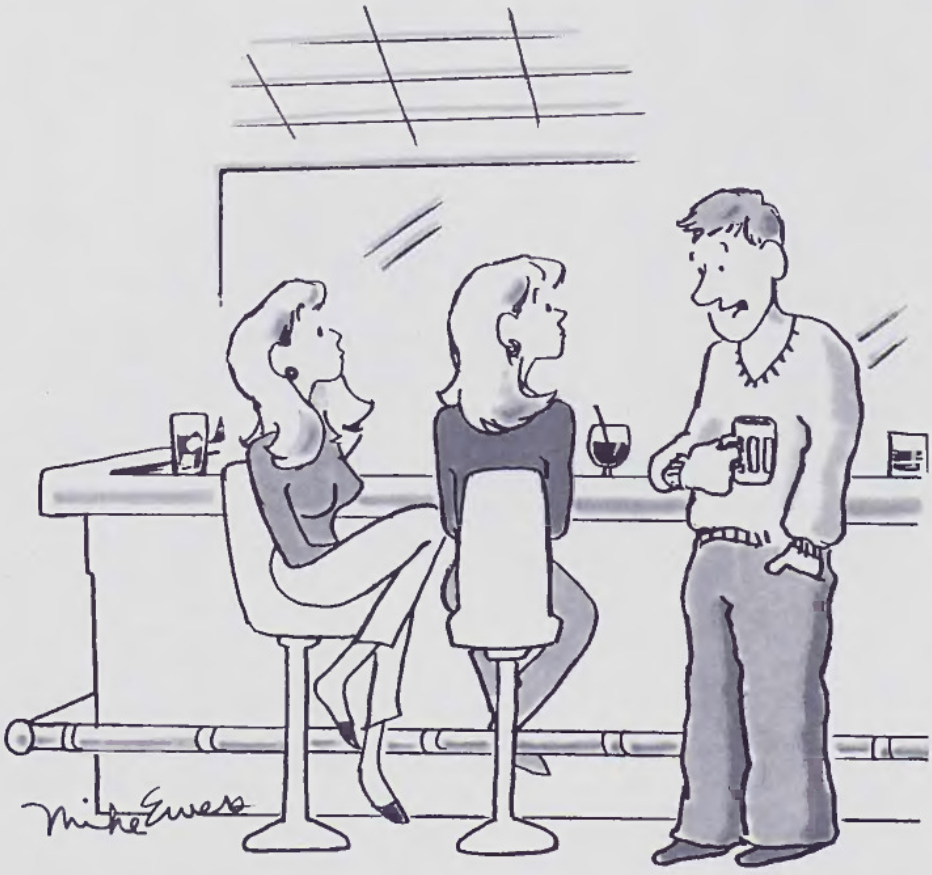
It was mainly the sex I was dissatisfied with. I felt she was passive, which might seem to contradict what I said about her being affectionate, but there's being affectionate and there's being sexual. There wasn't the feeling of getting hot and bothered, where you're moving your bodies and there's a rhythm. There were times when I would almost scream because she would just lie there. I felt like I was using her, like I was fucking an inanimate object. I'd say, "Do you want me to go down on you? Do you want this, or that?" She'd say, "Oh, I enjoy it all." I didn't totally accept it because I know what it's like when a woman is really turned on. Not that everyone has to respond the same way, but I knew Mary was missing out on something.

An orgasm for her was a little blip. A little tremor, a half-second shake. Of course, what do I know about a woman's orgasm? It just didn't seem like enough.

Maybe if I knew more about what it really felt like, I would feel less guilty about having sex with other women, or I'd be able to give Mary more pleasure. When I say guilty, part of my assumption has been that men get more pleasure out of sex than women do. I'm not sure that's true, but it's part of my conditioning. If I were convinced that women enjoy it, then I'd be more inclined to accept my own sexuality and my own desires. But I don't get clear responses from Mary. We do it about once a week. I'm happy doing it once a week with her, but that doesn't mean I'm happy about it. I'm frustrated that I'm not able to meet more women and have more affairs. Flings, that is. Affair implies something ongoing. I have one fling a year at most, but it's always on my mind. I can walk down the street and fall in love every 20 minutes. No, every five minutes.

I'm reticent about starting anything. Maybe it's because of all the horrible things that women are presented with—guys are always coming on to them. I associate it with being dirty, being bad. Even when I wasn't living with someone, I still felt like my interest in a woman was something bad. I guess that's a common attitude in American society, where sex is bad. It's really stupid. Tragic.

It reminds me of this other girl—she was a girl at the time. I was working on an ad campaign, this was eight or nine years ago. I was drawing sketches and she was a model. She wasn't at all shy about standing in the studio, taking off her underwear and putting on other underwear. I found myself being turned on, because this girl was really attractive. Later on she came back to my studio alone to look at the sketches. We were hanging out, and I wasn't sure if she wanted to look at the pictures and leave, or what. I could have taken the risk of rejection, but I didn't. It's uncanny that it's so hard to say certain things about sex without sounding moronic. But what goes through my head is: Here's a young woman, I'm a young man. Why is it so hard for people to look each other in the eyes and say, "Shall we or shan't we?"



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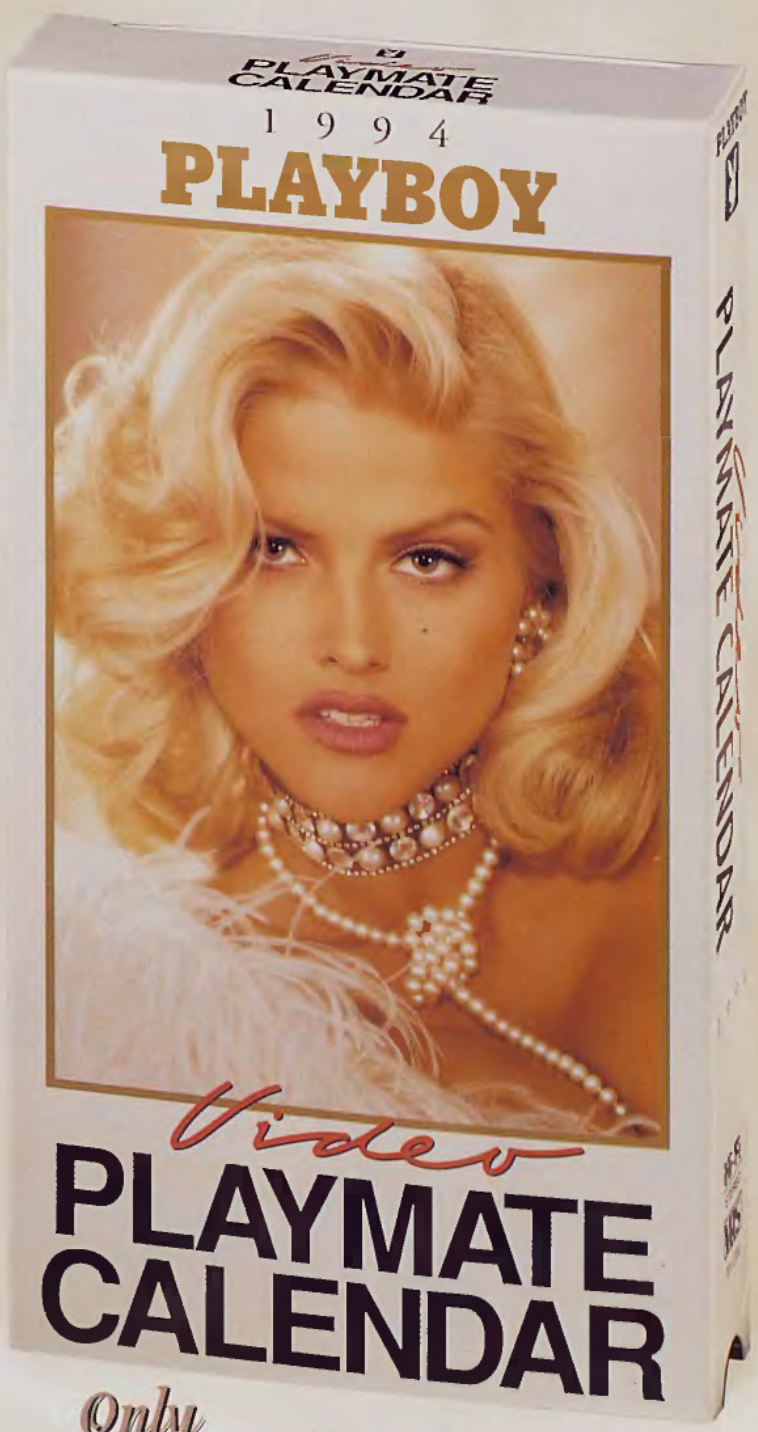

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OBSEQUIOUSNESS *(continued from page 147)*

"Youthful seat smoochers should sharpen their skills, because they'll be facing a competitive job market."

his head chopped off in the Tower of London, and it was Mussolini's decades-spanning kissing of Hitler's ass that got him strung up by his boot heels and machine-gunned by Italian partisans at the end of World War Two. Proving that he who lives by the ass dies by the ass.

But Henry Kissinger, Clark Clifford and Robert Strauss, who developed the art of ass kissing over the past 40 years, not only bussed an astonishingly large number of buns but engaged in something called bipartisan ass kissing. In his 80-plus years on the planet, Clark Clifford has amassed a large fortune by kissing such conventional, eminently kissable asses as Harry Truman's and John F. Kennedy's, and has also kissed the ass of the mysterious Lebanese mastermind behind the BCCI empire.

The short history of the Clinton administration is a case study of the dynamics of ass kissing in contemporary America. How fitting that the defining moment in the 1992 campaign should have occurred when the embattled, going-nowhere, trailing-even-Perot-in-the-polls Clinton appeared on the *Arsenio Hall Show* and made a fool of himself: first, by donning cheap sunglasses; second, by playing the sax atrociously, like a bad, fat, white Clarence Clemons; and third, by generally kissing the ass of a talk-show host whose very name is synonymous with ass kissing.

How appropriate that when Clinton's puppy-yuppie staff got him in trouble because of the $200 haircut and Travelgate he should respond by hiring David Gergen, an almost mythical GOP ass kisser, as his new communications director. The hiring of Gergen sent an unmistakable message to the American middle class: My lips are steeled. First, I will kiss your ass. Next, Dave here will kiss the press' ass. And before long the press will be back kissing my ass. Then, in 1996, you can return the favor by kissing my ass. Oh, and incidentally, no new taxes and forget all that stuff about cutting entitlement programs.

Two troubling elements that anyone contemplating a career in ass kissing should bear in mind are that ass kissing is a full-time job and that the asses kissed will not always be asses he will want to kiss. Caveat busser. One of the most startling developments in postwar ass kissing is the proliferation of rather ordinary asses one must kiss in order to get ahead. This is particularly true in the field of journalism. In olden days, writers and scribes kissed the asses of fiendish potentates and bloodthirsty warriors because the alternatives were completely unthinkable. It made sense to kiss Ivan the Terrible's ass, because if you didn't he'd have you impaled on a sharp wooden pike. Ditto Attila the Hun, Genghis Khan, Tamerlane the Great and Süleyman the Magnificent.

But Michael Ovitz? Michael Ovitz does not have the power to have anyone boiled in hot pitch or sodomized by cobras just because they're not nice to him. Yet journalists kiss his ass simply to ensure that he'll make his clients available for vapid magazine interviews. The fervor and frequency with which journalists kiss the Messrs. Ovitz and Geffen's asses have enabled ass kissing to shed its traditionally negative image. No longer spiritual cousin to brownnosing or bootlicking, it has become so embedded in the American psyche and in the American way of doing business that the term ass kisser, far from being an expression of contumely or disdain, is now more akin to hale-fellow-well-met or stand-up guy. What's more, a growing number of social scientists, geneticists and obstetricians believe that ass-kissing genes can be transmitted via DNA to unborn progeny and that infants are now being born into the world with full-fledged ass-kissing personalities. If this is the case, youthful seat smoochers contemplating a career in ass kissing had better sharpen their skills at an early age, because they will be facing a highly competitive job market a few years down the road. One suggestion is to take Spanish or French in high school and learn how to kiss ass in a foreign language, since bilingual ass kissing may be a boom industry in the next century. Another possibility is to master a specialized form of ass kissing, such as ass kissing through sign language, ass kissing through braille, telekinetic ass kissing or interactive on-line ass kissing.

Finally, to paraphrase George Santayana, let us be mindful that those who cannot remember past asses they have kissed are condemned to kiss them again. For this reason, the youthful ass kisser must take special pains to acquaint himself with the most successful ass-kissing techniques used throughout history. "Go West, young man" is no longer a maxim to abide by. "Kiss south, young man" is more like it.

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Playboy's 40th Anniversary Playmate Search

It's survival of the sexiest. Join PLAYBOY photographers, editors and celebrity guests in the selection of finalists for this coveted title from across the country and around the world.

PLAYBOY Late night

Playmate Jacqueline Sheen sparkles in this cornerstone magazine-styled series featuring sizzling segments and the most entertaining short subjects ever produced.

WHO'S ON TOP

It's the latest in the War Between the Sexes as guest experts spar with PLAYBOY'S "Men" column author Asa Baber and "Saturday Night Live" alum Nora Dunn on topics ranging from sexual experimentation to the orgasm.

All month long, be sure to tune in to these exclusive Playboy cable programs – and so much more!

December on Playboy TV.

Call your local cable operator to order.

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THE EYE OF NEWTON

From Ava Gardner to Mick Jagger, Helmut Newton has spent more than half a century photographing the world's most celebrated men and women—mostly women. Renowned as a chronicler of elegant eroticism, his black-and-white works have graced the pages of magazines such as PLAYBOY and Vogue, as well as museums from London to Los Angeles. To celebrate his career, Newton has teamed up with Rolleiflex, maker of his favorite camera, to launch the Helmut Newton limited-edition Rollei 2.8 GX. A 6x6 format camera based on Rolleiflex' original 1929 design, it combines a twin-lens body with the exposure features of a modern automatic camera. Only 500 are available, and they will probably be sold in the time it takes to press the shutter.

Because they cover about four times the area of their 35mm counterparts, 6x6 format cameras are the preferred creative format for many professional photographers worldwide. Below: The latest twin-lens reflex camera from Rolleiflex, the 2.8 GX is the first of its kind to offer through-the-lens exposure metering. Available as a Helmut Newton limited edition (with his signature), it features a Zeiss Planar f2.8/80mm lens and a viewfinder with color LED indicators that show underexposures and overexposures in red and yellow and correct exposures in green, $3500.

JAMES IMBROGNO

Where & How to Buy on page 231.

PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Belly Laughing

Tanya Donelly says the name of her new group BELLY is her "favorite word, soft, warm and female, like the music." Get the LP *Star*, listen to the single *Feed the Tree* or catch them on a club tour. Belly's up.

© CARL STUDNA/RETNA

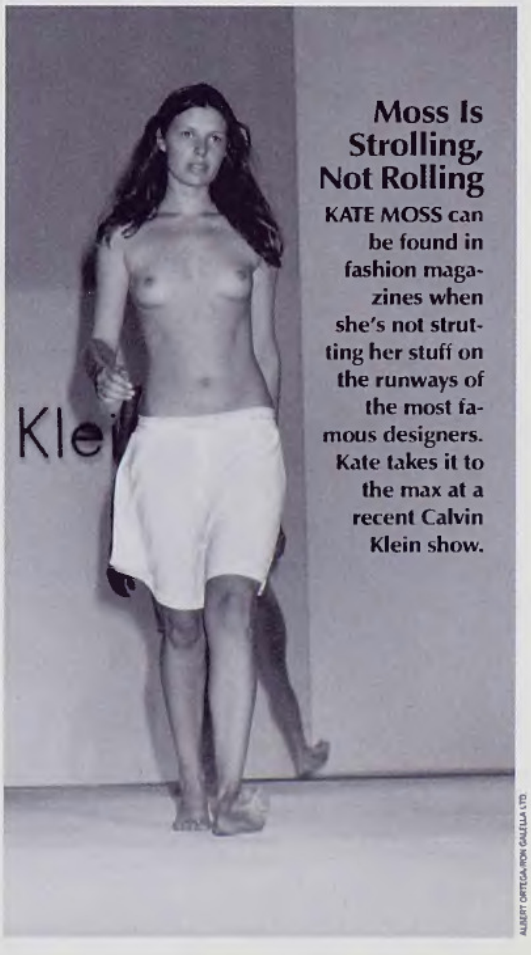
He Feels Good

The Godfather of Soul has not slowed down at all. JAMES BROWN has a new men's fragrance, Zino, and he's on the road showing another generation what the hardest-working man in showbiz does.

DOUGLAS MAGBY

Shawna's Dangerous Curves

Model and beauty-pageant contestant SHAWNA RENER is hot stuff. She graced the Texas Bikini Team calendar and was a finalist in the Hawaiian Tropic contest. Shawna wins, hands up.



ALBERT ORTEGA/RON GALELLA LTD.

Moss Is Strolling, Not Rolling

KATE MOSS can be found in fashion magazines when she's not strutting her stuff on the runways of the most famous designers. Kate takes it to the max at a recent Calvin Klein show.

© ANDY PEARLMAN

Julia Holds Forth

If you saw *The Firm*, you caught aspiring actress JULIA HAYES in a bar scene, or if you get *Playboy TV* on cable, you saw her in Becky LeBeau's *Softbodies* video. Julia has also been a cover girl for *Easy Rider* magazine. Now she's hanging out with us.

Prime Time Diane

ABC news correspondent DIANE SAWYER, co-host of *Prime Time Live*, steps away from her more serious side when she wears this shirt in public. We always suspected there was a flirt hiding out behind Sam Donaldson. Now we have proof.

© ANDY PEARLMAN

Dutch Treat

NICOLETTE JANSSEN moved from Holland to Hollywood after starring in a German film and TV commercials. She is a Dutch *Playboy* Playmate and is now getting along swimmingly in the U.S.

LADY IN RED

Never mind if someone accuses you of having ulterior motives. We think On Gossamer's satin-and-Lycra push-up bra and matching thong would make a fabulous gift for your significant other. In fact, just in time for the holidays, the Miami-based lingerie company has added Santa's-helper red, shown here, to their alluring black and gold selections. Bra sizes range from a 32B to a 36C; the thong is one size fits all. The price: $64, postpaid, including gift wrapping, by calling 800-976-6767. On Gossamer also offers a brochure for $3. Bubbles Smolev (is that a great name for the owner of a lingerie company, or what?) tells us that the white mesh bra worn by Carrie Westcott as this past September's Playmate is also available in nude and black for $27, including a thong.

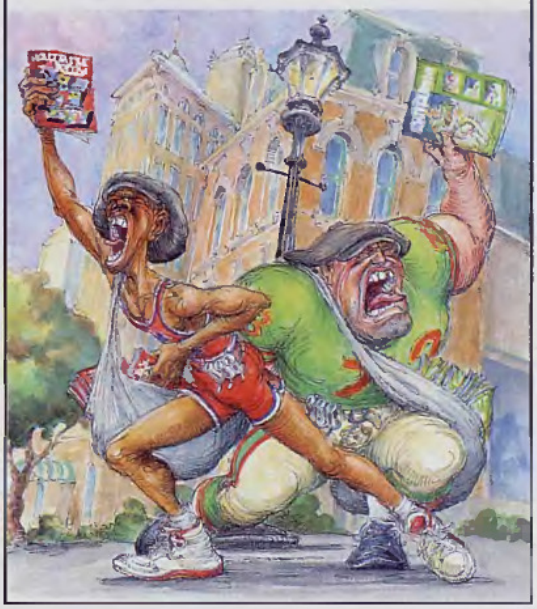
ROB DAY

A WHOLE NEW VISTA

Window film, a microthin laminated material, has been used on office and auto windows for years as a means of saving energy and improving privacy. Now, Courtaulds Performance Films in Martinsville, Virginia has taken the benefits one step further with Vista Window film, a home version that also filters out 99 percent of ultraviolet rays. (That means that your carpets and books won't fade when Old Sol is at his brightest.) Vista comes in three shades—clear, medium and dark—and isn't a do-it-yourself project. Installation materials cost $4 a square foot and up, depending on your windows. Once the job is completed you can't tell that it's in place. For more information, call 800-345-6088.

READ ALL ABOUT IT, FANS

Tired of hassling with the cold and the crowds in order to get your favorite National Football League team's yearbook? Most NFL yearbooks will soon be sold nationwide outside the stadiums. (Sport stores will stock them, too.) The publisher, Sports Media Inc., tells us that the same deal goes for NBA teams and—by April—major-league baseball teams. The price: $6.95 a copy.



JOHN SCHMELTER

CHRISTOPHER CHRISTMAS

If you want your Christmas tree to look like art, hunt down some of Christopher Radko's hand-blown glass ornaments. Radko's unusual designs range from an ornament of Eddie Munster to a Santa icicle named St. Nickcicle to one called a Shy Rabbit's Heart, which raises funds for AIDS charities. These and other Radko ornaments are available at top stores, including Saks Fifth Avenue, Neiman Marcus, Dayton's, Hudson's and Marshall Field's, priced from $15 to $60.

CRACKING GOOD TIME

The firm of Tom Smith originated the English cracker in the 1840s (the kind that explodes when you pull the string at either end, not the one you eat), and it still holds a royal warrant from Queen Elizabeth II. If you'd like to add a little bang to your Yule, a box of eight crackers costs about $23, postpaid, from the importer, Global Marketing, at 305-771-0068. Safe for revelers of all ages, each Christmas cracker contains a small toy or other gift, a fortune or joke and a paper hat.

GLENN ARVIDSON

PARIS FOR PUZZLERS

We guarantee that Wrebbit's three-dimensional jigsaw puzzle of an 1859 Paris street will keep you occupied on those long cold winter nights by the fire. Re-created from original photographs, the 774-piece puzzle is made from a sturdy yet pliable ¼-inch memory foam. Assembled, the scale model measures 11½"x 28½"x 9". Price: $44.95, postpaid. To order, call 800-234-2423 and ask about the company's free color brochure.

LIGHT UP, READ UP

"Finding the Perfect Cigar" and "Spirits & Smoke" are just two chapters in *The Ultimate Cigar Book*, a 288-page hardcover book by Richard Carleton Hacker devoted to the cheroot. In researching the book, Hacker puffed his way across Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Honduras and Europe, sampling the world's best smokes (just as he did for *The Ultimate Pipe Book*, previously featured in *Potpourri*). *Ultimate Cigar* is available from Hacker at P.O. Box 634, Beverly Hills, California 90213, for $38.50, postpaid.

JAMIE FISHER

THE GAME IS STILL AFOOT

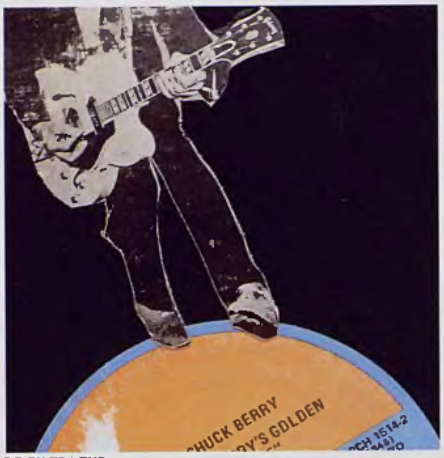
It's the good guys versus the bad guys in a new Sherlock Holmes chess set from British Exports. Carved in finely detailed marble resin, each piece resembles a character or place from Arthur Conan Doyle's detective tales. Sherlock Holmes and his adversary, Professor Moriarty, are the kings, and police constables and crooks are the pawns. The price: $430, postpaid, from British Exports, P.O. Box 11240, Merrillville, Indiana 46411. A maple chessboard is $170.

HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS

If Playboy's Holiday Gift Basket doesn't persuade you to forsake the great outdoors for more cozy confines, nothing will. Each cellophane-wrapped basket contains the Playboy video *Secrets of Making Love, Volume II*, Scentual Pleasures bath oil, a romance candle and almond-roca and caramel clusters to nibble. The price is another reason to celebrate: It's $65, postpaid, when you call 800-423-9494 and ask for item number RW4295.

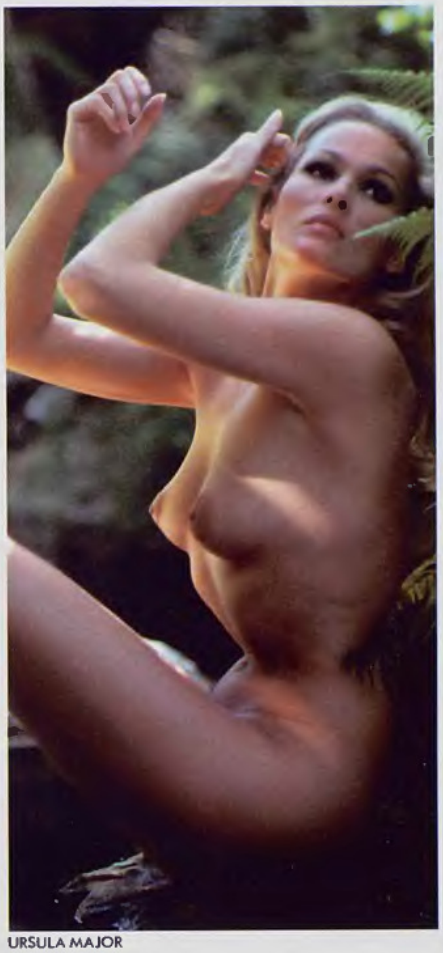
ELVIRA REGINE

NEXT MONTH: SPECIAL 40TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE



ROCK TRACKS

WAR'S END


URSULA MAJOR

SEARCH SPECTACULAR

UNTERSEEBOOT DOKTOR—SIGMUND FREUD TOLD US ABOUT PERISCOPES—OR WAS IT CIGARS? SCIENCE FICTION FROM THE DEEP BY **RAY BRADBURY**

GOLF-BALL-SIZE HAIL—ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN—AND DOES—WHEN WAYNE NEWTON (NOT THAT ONE) AND TALLULAH HIT THE TOWN—FICTION BY **STANLEY ELKIN**

MY LITTLE ROCK—THIS QUIRKY SHANGRI-LA IN THE HEART OF ARKANSAS SPAWNED A PRESIDENT—AND THEN SUFFERED A POTOMAC SUICIDE. **BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN** SNIFFS THE PINEY AIR OF AMERICA'S AMBIGUOUS FIRST CITY

POKER—GAMING PEARLS OF WISDOM, OR WHETHER TO BLUFF THROUGH LIFE, FROM AMERICA'S PULITZER PRIZE–WINNING CARD-SHARK **DAVID MAMET**

SO WHAT'S THE DEAL WITH THE MILLENNIUM?—THE FRENZY IS REACHING FULL THROTTLE AS WE APPROACH THE YEAR 2000. BRACE YOURSELF FOR WHAT'S SHAPING UP TO BE A CRAZY RIDE—BY **GARRY WILLS**

REQUIEM FOR THE COLD WAR—THE END OF A STANDOFF CONJURES MEMORIES OF THE EPIC BATTLE AT VIETNAM'S IA DRANG VALLEY—BY **DAVID HALBERSTAM**

THE BIRTH OF PLAYBOY—IN THE FIRST PUBLISHED EXCERPT FROM HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY, OUR EDITOR-IN-CHIEF RECOUNTS HOW HE LAUNCHED AN EMPIRE FROM HIS LIVING ROOM—BY **HUGH M. HEFNER**

WHAT I KNOW ABOUT WOMEN—KEEN OBSERVATIONS ON THE GENTLER SEX FROM KINDLY CONSERVATIVE **WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.**

HILLARY—NO FIRST LADY HAS SEIZED CONTROL WITH SUCH ZEST. BUT ONE YEAR INTO HER REIGN THE MYSTERY RETAINS ITS GRIP—DOES HILLARY RODHAM CLINTON CRACK THE WHITE HOUSE WHIP?—PROFILE BY **SHANA ALEXANDER**

SHAQUILLE O'NEAL—THE NEWEST NBA WONDER TALKS ABOUT FAME, FAMILY AND HIS RAZZLE-DAZZLE SHAQ ATTACK IN A HOME COURT 20 QUESTIONS—BY **RICH LALICH**

PLUS: THE 40TH ANNIVERSARY PLAYMATE—CHOSEN FROM THOUSANDS OF HOPEFULS, PLAYBOY LEGENDS, FOUR DECADES OF THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN, JAZZ AND ROCK HISTORY, A **DAVID LETTERMAN** INTERVIEW, AND A **VARGAS** SALUTE BY **JOHN UPDIKE.** DON'T MISS THIS COLLECTOR'S ISSUE!

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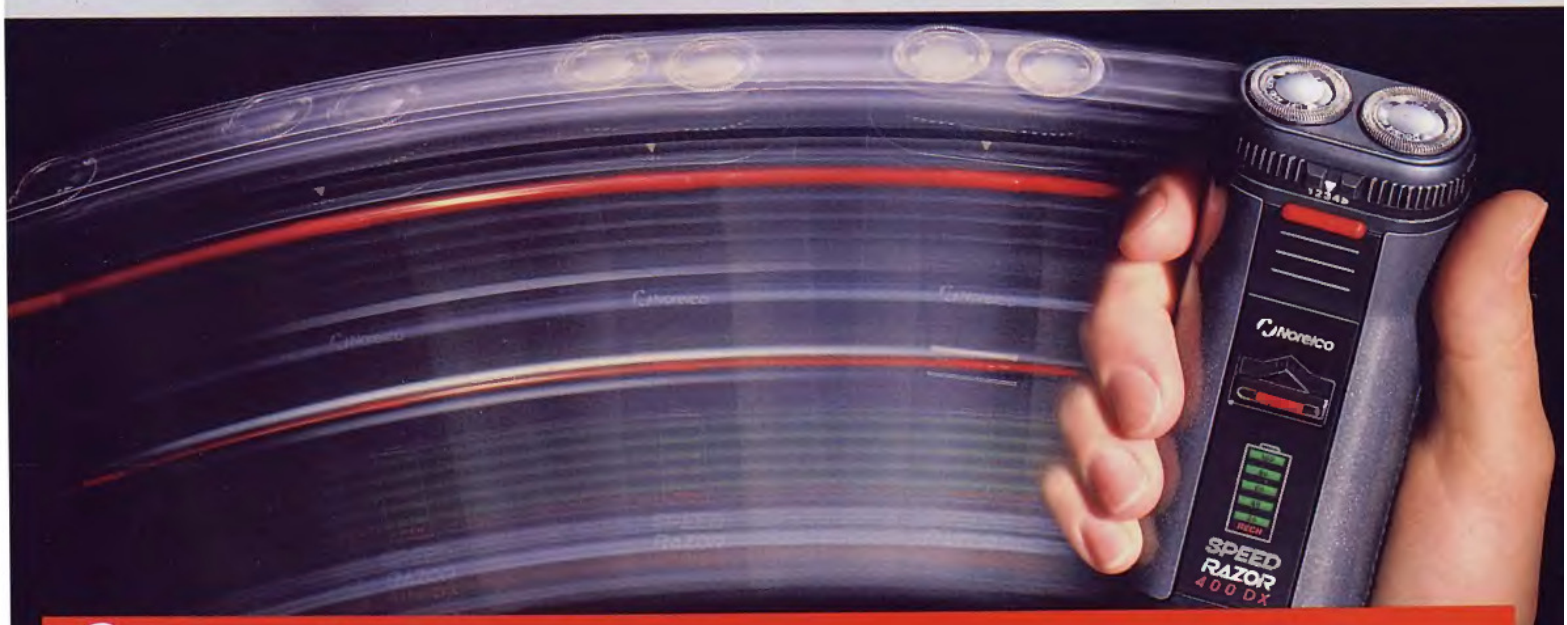

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The RCA 35" Home Theatre. So real, it's scary.

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